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THE PHYSICAL PROPORTIONS OF THE TYPICAL MAN.

By D. A. Sargent, M.D.

AT no time in the history of our country has more attention been given to the subject of physical training than is given to it at the present day.

Schools, colleges, and Christian associations are building costly gymnasia, while athletic organizations, ball-clubs, boat-clubs, tennis-clubs, etc., are forming in many of our towns and cities.

Fifteen thousand dollars is expended annually to bring the Yale and Harvard boat-crews together at New London, and it is estimated that fifty thousand dollars does not meet the yearly expenses of the athletic organizations of these two universities. Add to this sum the cost of athletic sports to the smaller colleges and city clubs and the total would foot up in the millions.

The object of this outlay is to vanquish some rival club, to win a championship, to beat the record, or to furnish recreation and amusement to those who are willing to pay for it. With the representatives of our institutions of learning, and with a portion of the intelligent public, the object of the encouragement given to athletics is to counteract the enervating tendency of the times, and to improve the health, strength, and vigor of our youth.

This being the fact, the questions at once arise, how large a proportion of young men in the land systematically practise athletics?

Probably less than one per cent.

How large a proportion of those who are members of athletic organizations take an active part in the sports fostered and patronized by their respective clubs?

Probably less than ten per cent.

In the opinion of the writer the cause for so little active interest in athletics is an increasing tendency with us, as a people, to pursue sport as an end in itself rather than as a means to an end.

In making excellence in the achievement, the primary object of athletic exercises, we rob them of half their value in various ways:

(I.) *By increasing the expense of training.* The money expended at the present day on an athletic team is greatly in excess of the amount spent upon the same number of men a few years ago. This increased expenditure may be attributed to the improved facilities demanded for practice, to the establishment of training-tables, the employment of "coaches," or trainers, and special attendants—the latter to anoint and rub the athletes, look after the boats, ground, running-tracks, etc.—to the purchase of uniforms, the expenses of travelling, etc. A long purse is fully as essential to success in athletics as in war or politics.

(II.) *By increasing the time devoted to practice.* In former years it was deemed advisable to practise no sport out of season. At the present time it is found necessary to skate in the summer and to

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row and play ball in the winter months in order to maintain the high standard of excellence demanded of those who would win prizes in these events. In fact, any athlete, to stand above mediocrity in his chosen sport, must keep in practice the greater portion of the year. So severe a tax is this upon the time and energies of those who are engaged in other occupations that it is quite impossible for them to attend to business; consequently the attempt to make a business of sport is the first step in the direction of professionalism. It is a question, indeed, if many of our so-called amateurs, who devote so much of their time to the practice of athletics, do not belong to the professional class. In either case the effect they have upon the practice of athletics is detrimental.

(III.) *By reducing the number of active competitors.* A characteristic trait of human nature is the desire to excel. Excellence in one thing often presupposes excellence in another, though none know better than the specialist in athletics how weak he is outside of his favorite sport. A man who gains the reputation of being a champion oarsman or tennis-player will in all probability confine his athletic efforts to his specialty, thinking it unwise to risk a well-earned reputation as an expert in one sport by dawdling with another. Moreover, so strong is this desire to become a skilful exponent of an art or sport which one has adopted as a pastime, that as soon as circumstances debar a man from the required amount of practice necessary to maintain a high degree of excellence, he is likely to withdraw from all active participation in the game. In this way the number of competitors in every sport is gradually reduced, until the actual practice is left largely in the hands of a class of experts.

(IV.) *By relying upon natural resources rather than upon cultivated material.* As athletics approaches a higher standard the time required for development is necessarily lengthened. For this reason those who are naturally strong and vigorous, or who have inherited or acquired the qualifications requisite to success in a given sport, are in great demand. The college clubs look to the academies, the academies to the schools, the schools to homes and firesides to furnish candidates for athletic honors, while many of the city clubs are eager to absorb members from any source that is capable of supplying them with good athletic material.

(V.) *By depriving the non-athletic class of every incentive to physical exertion.* So long as accomplishing a feat, winning a prize, and breaking a record are the only objects of systematic physical training, a man who lacks the requisite qualifications of a successful athlete is likely to despair at the outset. Ask the members of any athletic organization why they do not take an active interest in the sports their club is supposed to foster, and you will be told that the standard is too high for them, that they cannot spare the time for practice, or that they are too light or too heavy and would not be a credit to the club.

In our colleges few men practise running, rowing, ball-playing, etc., systematically without a hope of becoming members of the "crew," "nine," or "eleven." "No chance for the prize" is considered a laudable excuse for neglecting many admirable exercises, such as sparring, fencing, and jumping.

In consequence of this erroneous idea as to the ultimate object for which all sports are encouraged, a small portion of the community are overdoing the practice of these valuable adjuncts to health and education, while the vast majority are not availing themselves of their advantages. In fact, the importance of winning an athletic victory is becoming so exaggerated in the minds of many young men that some of them have already resorted to unscrupulous methods as a means to the much-desired end.

Many men fail to realize that the real value of athletics is in the preparatory training, not in the contest or in the prize. Long before the day of trial unseen forces are at work building up a structure fit to stand the test and to make a noble effort for the victory. Whether the coveted prize be won or lost is of little importance compared to the prize in shape of an improved physique already in possession of those who have undergone a faithful course of training.

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(VI.) *By arousing the spirit of antagonism and fostering viciousness and brutality.* In all competitive sports that bring individuals into personal contact, such as sparring, wrestling, foot-ball, lacrosse, polo, etc., there is a constant tendency to roughness and brutality. The object being to "win at all hazards," the reason for the roughness is apparent. These sports without doubt furnish the best kind of general exercise for the body, and develop courage, manliness, and self-control. How to retain the good features and to hold the evil ones in check are the problems that are ever present to those who are interested in the preservation of these invigorating pastimes. They are worth perpetuating and ought not to fall into disrepute for the want of a few friends to throw a protecting influence around them. Certain it is that as soon as brutality gains the ascendency gentlemen will cease to compete, and the sport will fall into decline. It is a question now in the minds of many whether some of these sports have not already reached a stage of deterioration in which, in the colleges at least, their future existence is threatened.

(VII.) *By depriving them of their efficacy as a means to health.* An individual having this aim (excellence in the achievement) in view, and having decided upon a specialty in athletics, at once proceeds to strengthen those muscles most used in his chosen sport. The runner or jumper develops his legs, the oarsman his legs and back, and the gymnast his arms, chest, and shoulders. The runner argues that the heavier his body is above the hips so much more of a burden is there for him to carry; the gymnast reasons in a similar way with regard to the weight of his body below the hips.

There is a constant tendency on the part of specialists to over-develop a few sets of muscles, and to undervalue the importance of keeping the muscles all in a healthy condition. Consequently, through incompleteness of structure and a want of harmony in function, some local weakness is produced which sooner or later not only incapacitates the individual for any great mental or physical effort, but also renders him liable to disease.

What is true of athletics to-day was equally true of gymnastics some fifteen or twenty years ago. Many of our college and city gymnasia were in the hands of a class of experts and specialists, who selected the apparatus as a means of exhibiting their strength and prowess rather than a means of physical culture and self-improvement. The weaker members, finding few forms of apparatus that were suited to their capacity, would stand idle, content with admiring the exploits of their more vigorous companions. In fact, a man was made to feel that the gymnasium was no place for him unless he at least

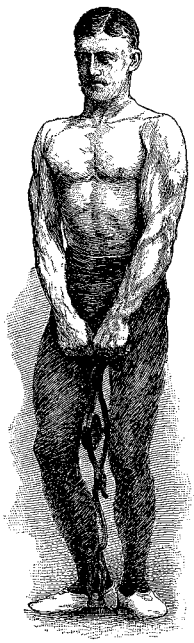

Fig. 1.—Method of Testing the Strength of Back and Legs.

could turn a backward somersault, do the giant's swing, or hang by his toes.

It would be foreign to my purpose to carry this discussion any further at the present time. My object has been merely to show that all sports, exercises, and pastimes, pursued as ends in themselves, are necessarily limited to a very small class, and constantly tend to degenerate.

What, then, can be done to make physical exercise more attractive to the masses, and to relieve our popular

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sports of some of the evils that tend to degrade them? I know of no better way of accomplishing this desirable end than by repeatedly reminding the individual of the ultimate aim of every kind of physical exercise. Do not the harmonious development of the physique, and the building up and broadening out of the highest types of manhood and womanhood, offer an inducement to work for?

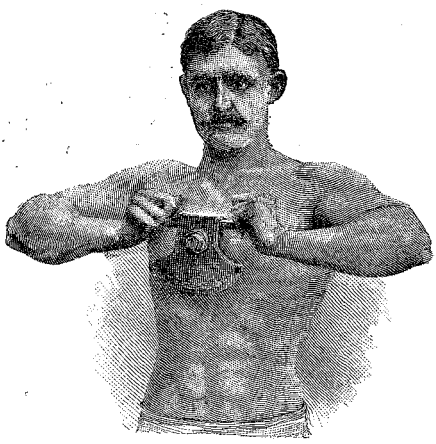

Fig. 2.—Method of Testing the Strength of the Chest and Triceps.

This has been the theme of the philosophers and sages of all times. Every writer on education, from Plato to Herbert Spencer, has advocated physical activity as a means of attaining that full-orbed and harmonious development of all parts of the human economy so essential to robust, vigorous health.

We have had no end of treatises on the sports, games, and gymnastic exercises that are reputed to give strength and symmetry to the body; but unfortunately the wise and good men of old have left us no standards by which to judge of symmetry or strength. The ancient masterpieces are models of symmetry and beauty, but they were made largely from ideal standards, certainly not from actual measurements; while the miraculous exhibitions of strength attributed to some of the Grecian athletes must, in the light of the present day, be regarded as a trifle mythical. Is this love of symmetry in form a myth, or has it a deep moral significance? I hold that it has not only a moral significance, but also a physiological significance, and that the size, shape, and structure of the body have a direct dynamic relation to all the vital organs, and appreciably influence the functions of the brain and nervous system.

Aside from the investigations of the Provost-Marshal-General's Bureau, of the Sanitary Commission, on recruits during the late war, and of the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, but little systematic effort has been made to obtain reliable information by means of physical measurements. As to the actual size or proportions of the body at various ages and among different nationalities there are absolutely no data to which we can turn for assistance in shaping the course of growth and development. True, there is an abundance of data on the height, weight, and chest-girth of persons of different ages and nationalities, and the dimensions of other parts of the body have been taken at various times by artist anatomists, military surgeons, and gymnasiarchs, yet no one system of measurements has ever been adopted by any two examiners; on the contrary, each observer has taken measurements for a specific purpose, according to a system peculiar to himself, so that we look in vain for anything like harmony or congruity in the results obtained.

Fig. 3.—Method of Testing the Strength of the Forearms and Hands.

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In some cases the subjects are measured or weighed without clothing, and in others partly or completely clothed. In one class of measurements the height is taken with the boots on, in another class with the boots off, while by another observer the girth measurements are taken with the muscles contracted at one part of the body.

What is most needed at the present day is a uniform system of measurements and a common understanding among observers as to what points and under what conditions the various parts of the body are to be measured; a great step will then be taken toward securing valuable anthropometric data.

Having resolved some years ago to make physical training my profession, and believing that all teaching should be preceded by inquiries into the "nature, capabilities, and requirements of the being to be taught," I began a system of independent investigation with regard to the growth and development of the body under the various conditions of life.

I was moved to this undertaking by the conviction that whatever might be the nature of the physical training pursued the ultimate object should be the improvement of the individual. "The indispensable part of the experimental observation of physical facts," says a distinguished philosopher, "is the measurement of quantities."

I resolved, therefore, to widen the range of observations, believing that on the simple factors—weight, height, and chest-girth—could not be based a true estimate of one's physical condition. I had seen weight obtained at the expense of structure, height at the expense of circumference, and the girth of the chest increased as the girth of the lower limbs diminished. I had found that increase of stature might be largely due to great length of neck and legs with a comparatively short body, and that these proportions, which would indicate weakness rather than strength, could not be brought out by taking only the stature. Realizing how much depends upon the proportions of the different parts of the body, the comparative size of body and limbs, the difference between bone and muscle measurements, etc., I began my observations by an extended series of measurements.

My next aim was to test the strength of the most important parts so far as this was practicable. As a general rule the girth of the upper arm may be said to represent the potential strength of the biceps and triceps muscles. So, too, the girth of the forearm, thigh, leg, or chest is usually indicative of the latent power of the muscles in that particular region. These facts are familiar to any

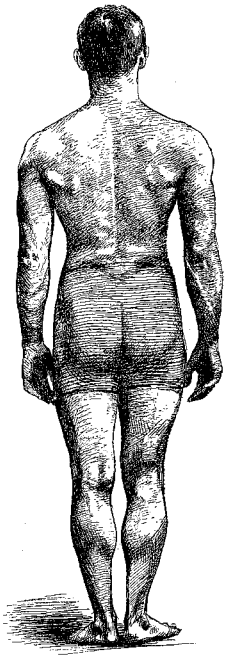

Figure A.

school-boy who has learned from his daily experiences to associate size with strength. There are many exceptions to this rule, however, and the record of the tape-measure often needs to be confirmed by an actual strength test. In order to make these trials I had recourse to three spring-dynamometers, a spirometer, manometer, a pair of suspended rings, and a set of parallel bars. With these appliances it is possible to test the strength of nearly every part of the body. I limited these tests to the back, legs, chest, upper arm, and forearm.

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The strength of the back and legs was tested by a dynamometer (see Fig. 1). The strength of chest, triceps, and back was determined by the number of times that the subject could raise his weight between the parallel bars while supporting himself on his hands. The number of times a person while holding on to the suspended rings could raise his own weight by contracting the arms was the manner of testing the biceps, chest, and upper back. The strength of the chest and triceps of all who were unable to lift their own weight was tested by means of a dynamometer constructed for the purpose (see Fig. 2). The strength of the forearms and hands was tested by a hand-dynamometer (see Fig. 3). The capacity of the lungs was determined by the number of cubic inches of air the individual could blow into a spirometer. The manometer was used to test the strength of lung-tissue and the force of the expiratory muscles.

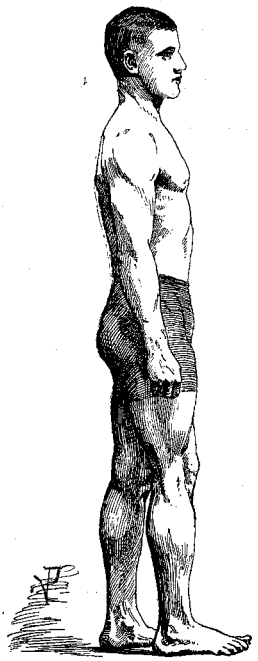

Figure B.

In order to form some idea of the general strength of the individual the results of the several tests were summed up. The amount represented the total strength so far as determined. I should add that, before summing up the result of the arm or chest tests, the number of times that a person had lifted himself either way was multiplied into a tenth of his weight, the object being to credit each person with the number of foot-pounds lifted, rather than to reckon the number of times the body was raised without regard to its weight. A tenth of the weight was decided upon in order to reduce the number of figures that would result from the multiplication.

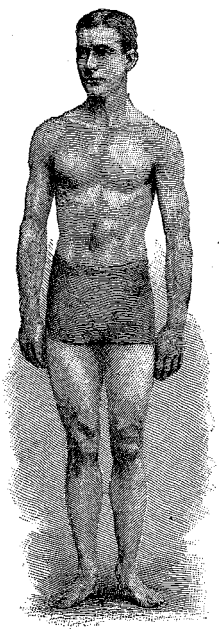

Figure C.

To add interest to the work, the girths of the head, chest (natural and inflated), waist, thighs, upper and forearms—these being the parts tested —were summed up. The difference between this amount, which was taken to represent the potential strength, and the amount found to represent the actual strength was termed the *condition*.

In tabulating the first thousand measurements the sum of the figures representing the potential strength and the sum of the figures representing the actual strength were found to correspond very closely in healthy persons who had received no preparatory training. This fact, though really an accidental discovery, was made by construction a relative standard to work by. If the actual strength exceeded the potential strength, the condition was marked plus the amount of the excess. If the actual strength fell short of the potential strength, the condition was marked minus the amount of the deficiency.

In order to ascertain the influence of the various conditions of life upon the growth and development of the individual, answers to the following questions were solicited:

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Name or number,
Class and department, or occupation,
Age, yrs. ms. Birthplace,
Nationality of father, mother,
" " his father, her father,
" " his mother, her mother,
Occupation of father,
If father is dead, of what did he die ?
If mother is dead, of what did she die ?
Which of your parents do you most resemble ?
What hereditary disease, if any, is there in your family ?
Is your general health good ?
Have you always had good health ?
Check (✓) such of the following diseases as you may have had:
Asthma, Dizziness, Gout, Pleurisy, Palpitation of the heart, Pneumonia, Habitual constipation, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Shortness of breath, Headache, Varicose veins, Spitting of blood, Chronic diarrhœa, Dysentery, Neuralgia, Jaundice, Piles, Liver complaint, Paralysis.
What injuries have you received ?
What surgical operation have you undergone ?

It frequently happened that answers to these questions would account for some peculiarity of development or some deficiency in the size of body or limbs, or for extreme muscular weakness, that could not otherwise be explained. Immediately before and after the strength tests the heart and lungs were examined by auscultation and percussions, and any peculiarities noted. The information obtained from the physical examination just described, in connection with the history of the individual and the many facts brought out by personal observation, served as a basis for advice.

At the time the system I am now discussing was inaugurated, the gymnasium was wholly inadequate to meet the demands of at least two-thirds of the pupils who came under my observation. Most of them had discovered this fact for themselves, and had let the gymnasium and its apparatus severely alone. The tendency to specialism already alluded to had served to make the gymnasium distasteful to many who wished to use it, but who had neither the ability nor inclination to perform the feats usually practised on the old style apparatus. In order to make the gymnasium serviceable to a larger portion of the community, and especially to those most needing its advantages, it seemed necessary that a new system of apparatus should be introduced, and a new spirit infused into the institution. With this aim in view, I devised a system of appliances designed to develop the different parts of the body, and to be adjusted

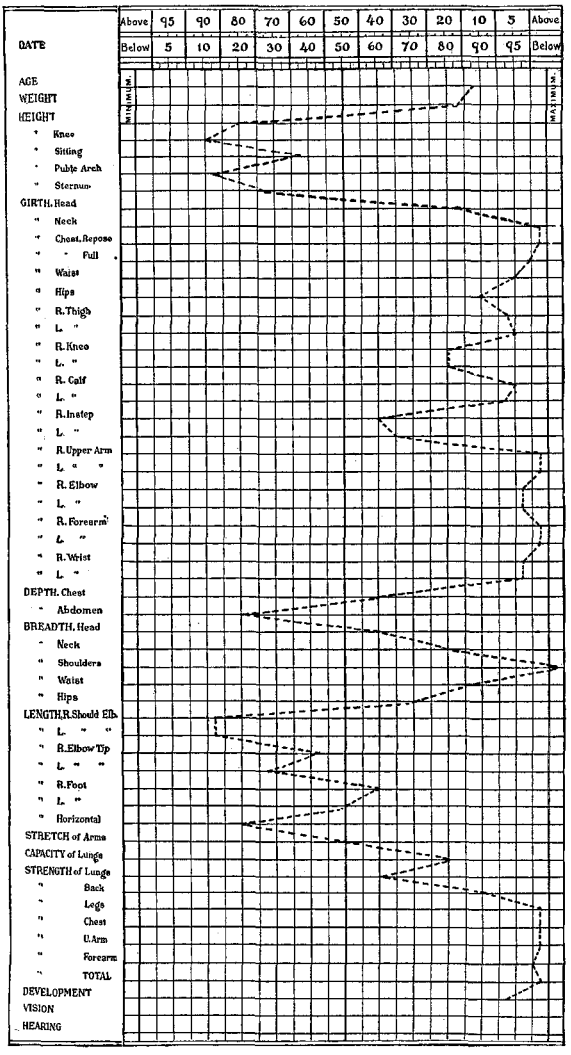

Chart I., plotted from the original of Figs. A and B.

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to the strength of the strong or the weakness of the weak.

In introducing these mechanical devices into the gymnasium, I made a radical departure from one of the traditions that had governed physical education in the past. The idea had become thoroughly established in the community that in order to be beneficial physical exercise must be interesting. Physiologists and writers on education have given the weight of their testimony to this opinion, and it is quite difficult to convince many persons at the present day that the value of exercise is not solely dependent upon its being made pleasing and attractive in itself.

If a walk, run, game of ball, or system of gymnastic training does not accord

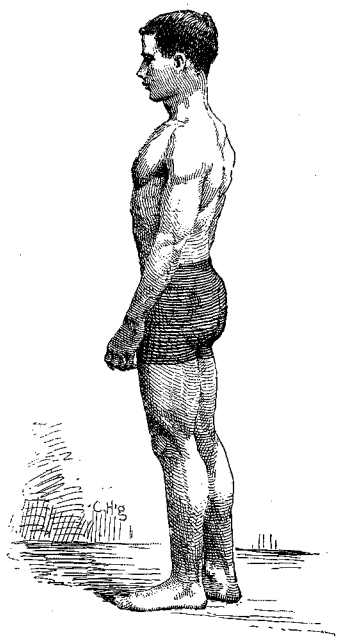

Figure D.

with our inclinations, we are likely to enter into it with less spirit, and consequently to reap less benefit. But let it be understood that exercise itself is beneficial, however disagreeable or distasteful. If the effort is made, the physiological effects of exercise are realized. Old tissue is broken down and new tissue demanded to take its place, and in answer to this demand the vital functions are increased. All physical exercises, however pleasant at first, tend to become irksome and distasteful when pursued systematically day after day; but the very energy that one is obliged to put forth in overcoming this distaste is a wholesome discipline. Having recognized the fact that physical exercise is necessary, and that the exercise is best which best meets one's individual needs, a man should pursue it with all the energy and vigor that he is capable of throwing into any other duty or line of conduct. By so doing, the training of the will is added to the training of the body, and the lesson learned in abnegation and self-mastery contributes the most important elements to the formation of character. Add to these attainments a correct method of working and a healthy habit of living, and the young man will have had the best kind of preparatory training for the business of life.

The undergoing of present hardship for the sake of future gain is one of the most encouraging features connected with athletic sports and games. That the participants may be in the best physical condition at the day of the contest, they are obliged to undergo a long and arduous course of training, denying themselves luxuries, foregoing pleasures, and holding themselves down to a rigid system of mechanical exercises for an ultimate object—the winning of a foot-race, boat-race, or a ball-game. If one man in a hundred will practise self-denial, and undergo hardship in order to win a prize in a fleeting pastime, is it not an insult to the remaining ninety-nine to assume that they have not sufficient morale to make a similar effort in preparing to win the higher prize of life?

After obtaining the measurements of a thousand individuals ranging from sixteen to thirty years of age, I tabulated them according to age and sought to obtain the average height, weight, chest-girth, etc., as indicated in the list previously described. The averages thus obtained have been used as a working basis up to the present time. Immediately after the examination of the individual he was furnished with a book or

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card in which his measurements at the parts specified were compared with those of the average man of the same age. If a measurement fell below the average, the fact would be indicated by the minus sign following it; if the measurement exceeded that of the average, it would be shown by the plus sign.

The interest manifested in physical examinations by the public at large during the last few years, and the adoption of my methods and standards of measurement in several institutions of learning, have enabled me to collect sufficient data to form a more reliable basis for deductions concerning the human figure, male and female, and to offer a more attractive form of expressing these deductions.

Everyone who has attempted to draw any conclusion from the measurements of the body must have realized the need of some guide that would show at a glance, not only the relative standing of one individual as compared with another, but also the relation of every part of the individual to every other part. Unless these facts are known, all estimates of the physical ability or capacity of a man are simply matters of opinion. One person may be above another in height and below him in weight. The significance of the fact lies in the degree of the difference. Then, again, the same man may be above the normal in one measurement and below the normal in another. The extent of the variation is the desirable thing to know. In one instance this variation might not exceed the physiological limits; in another instance it might result in a deformity. These differences are but vaguely suggested when expressed in figures, yet it is futile to tell a person that he is above or below the average without indicating the degree or informing him of its significance.

The object of the chart (see Charts I., II., III.) is to meet this difficulty, and to furnish the youth of both sexes with a laudable incentive to systematic and judicious physical training by showing them, at a glance, their relation in *size, strength, symmetry,* and *development* to the normal standard, as deduced from the measurements of ten thousand individuals ranging from seventeen to thirty years of age.

The reference-tables, of which this chart is a reduced skeleton, are the

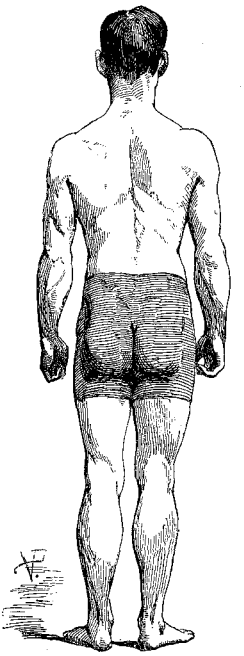

Figure E.

result of seventeen years' observation. The deductions have been drawn from measurements taken largely from the student class of the community.

The tables for females have been made up from measurements taken by trained assistants at the principal female colleges.

The parts at which the observations were made are indicated by the list at the left side of the chart.

The perpendicular lines divide into classes all of the measurements for each part that were surpassed or unsurpassed by given percentages of the persons examined, as shown by the figures at the top of the chart. The upper number at the top of a perpendicular line shows the per cent. that at each part surpassed the class indicated by that line. The lower number shows the per cent. that at each part failed to surpass that class. The small per cent. that exactly represented that class at any part—varying as it did with the per cent. of that class

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at every other part and with the per cent. of every other class at every part—is not separately taken into account.

The reference-tables from which this chart is made give all the figures representing the measurements of the fifty-one classes for either sex. These figures are placed where the perpendicular lines intersect the lines leading from the parts measured.

The perpendicular line in the centre of the chart is the normal or typical line—*i.e.*, the line that was represented at each part by a larger per cent. of the

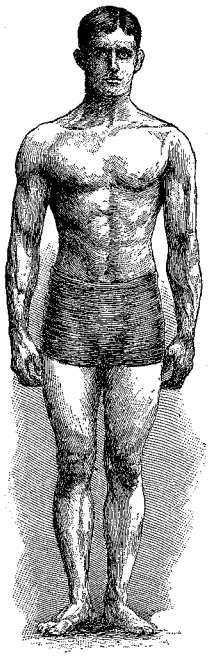

Figure F.

persons examined than was any other line at any other part.

The class marked "minimum" and the class marked "maximum" were each represented at every part by about one-twentieth of one per cent. of all the persons examined.

After a few moments' study it will readily be seen that the uses of the chart are numerous, showing the relation of the individual to the normal standard, the relation which every part of the individual bears to every other part, and suggesting many other comparisons of interest.

That the unit of measurement should be as small as possible, owing to the tendency of many observers to record a measurement at the nearest whole number, the metric system was adopted.

In computing the normal height, weight, and chest-girth, I used, simply for comparison with and in verification of my own deductions, data compiled from various sources representing over a million measurements of each of these parts.

The directions for the use of the chart are very simple: To find the standing of an individual in relation to the total number examined, ascertain which one of the perpendicular lines, at its junction with the horizontal line, is intersected by the dotted line indicating his standing. For instance, if his line, at its junction with the horizontal line leading from the weight, intersect the perpendicular line immediately under the figure 20, it would indicate that 80 per cent. of all those examined surpassed him in weight, while the complement of this, or 20 per cent., failed to surpass him.

If, however, his line, where it intersects the line of measurement, fall on the line at the right or left of one of the numbered perpendicular lines, add or subtract $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. unless it fall outside of either the figure 10 or 90, in which case but $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. should be reckoned.

As a rule, all the measurements of a *small* person fall to the left, and all the measurements of a *large* person fall to the right, of the normal line.

If strong for his age, weight, height, or development, the part of his line that indicates the *strength* will be on the right of the part that indicates the age, weight, or measurement.

Symmetry will be determined by the degree to which his line approaches the perpendicular.

Asymmetry, by the extent to which his line departs from the perpendicular.

To ascertain his *development* as compared with others, observe the intersection of his line with the lines of muscle measurements.

His development, as compared with his *capacity* for development, will be shown by the difference between the muscle measurements and the bone

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measurements for corresponding parts; as the knee, elbow, wrist, etc.

Figs. A, B, represent a young man of English descent, twenty-three years of age, weight 149 pounds, and height 5 feet 6 inches.

Upon referring to Chart I.,* where his measurements have been plotted, the relative standing of the young man as compared with the total number examined is readily observed, as well as the relation which every part of the individual bears to every other part.

His line, at its juncture with the horizontal line leading from the age, falls to the right of the perpendicular line immediately under the figure 85. This indicates that $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all those examined surpassed him in years, while the complement of this, or $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., failed to surpass him.

The weight falls in the $82\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and the height in the 20 per cent. class. The height of knee and pubic arch falls to the left, and the sitting height and height of sternum fall to the right of the line indicating the full stature. This discrepancy indicates that his diminutive stature is due to the shortness of the lower extremities, and that the upper part of the legs is too short for the lower part.

The girth of head is above the 85 per cent. line, and the girth of the neck and chest above the $97\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. line.

The measurements of the waist and hips fall off a little proportionally from those of the chest, but it will be observed that all of the girths are unusually large for the height, indicating a fine muscular development.

The depth of chest and abdomen, and the breadth of the head, neck, waist, and hips, are relatively small, but the breadth of the shoulders approaches very near to the maximum.

The length of the upper arm is a trifle short, as shown by the measurements from the shoulder to the elbow. The forearm and hand are also below the normal in length, but slightly longer in proportion than the upper arm. The left forearm and hand are half a centimetre shorter than the right. This difference is made apparent by the variation in the points denoting the

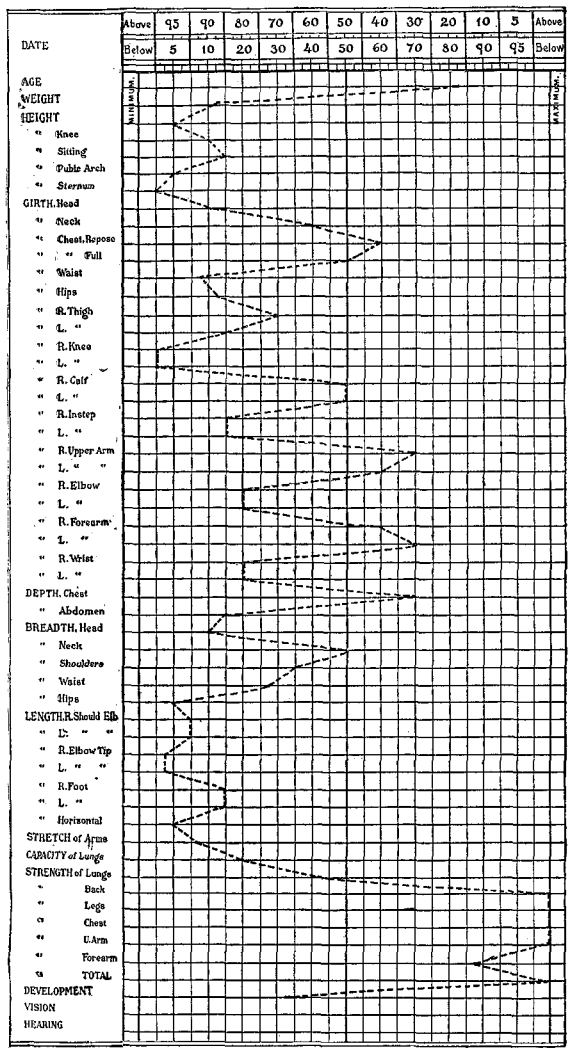

Chart II., plotted from Figs. C, D, and E.

* This chart is obviously limited in its application to those who have been examined according to the system of measurements herein described. More explicit directions will be furnished by the author to anyone desiring to pursue the same method.

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right and left elbow-tips. There is also a discrepancy in the length of the feet.

His horizontal length is about the same as the height, while the stretch of arms is appreciably greater, reaching, as it does, to the 50 per cent. line. This may seem slightly paradoxical, as the length of the forearm and upper arm is below the average, but the increased extension of the arms, when measured horizontally from finger-tip to finger-tip, is due to the great breadth of the shoulders.

The capacity and strength of lungs,

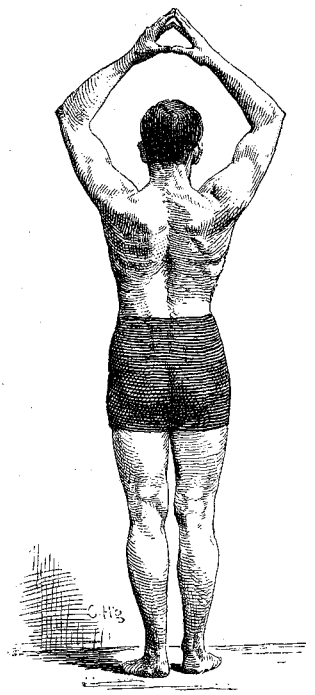

Figure G.

though fairly good, are not what might be expected from the prominence of the chest measurements. Referring to the accompanying illustrations, however (Figs. A, and B, back and side views), we find that the large chest-girth is undoubtedly due to the development of the chest-muscles, and to those of the upper back, while the region below the nipples is somewhat narrow and contracted. It will also be observed that the girth of the chest (full) is proportionately below that of the chest in repose. This indicates that the power of inflation is less than it ought to be.

The strength of the back accords with the measurements of the waist, and that of the arms and chest with the measurements of these parts; but the strength of the legs is somewhat greater than we should have reason to look for from the development presented at the thighs and knees.

Upon the whole, the strength is in excess of the development, and the condition is favorable.

The weak points are the waist, loins, and abdomen.

Figs. C, D, E, as shown in Chart II., represent a young man of a different type. He is of Irish descent, aged twenty-two years six months, 5 feet 4 inches in height, and weighs 117 pounds.

In this case the weight and height are more nearly in accord, and the weight is a little more uniformly distributed.

The striking peculiarity in his case is the difference between the bone measurements and the muscle measurements for corresponding parts—as at the knee, elbow, wrist, etc. Are the bones proportionately very small or the muscles proportionately very large? From a comparison of the weight and height it will be seen that a large per cent. of the bone measurements are in advance of those of the same class on the tables to which this young man evidently belongs. We must conclude, therefore, that the muscular development is in excess of that warranted by the bony framework, and that the size of the bones in the arms and legs has been increased to meet the demands put upon them.

When we compare the total strength as shown by the chart with that of the total development, we find the former greatly in excess. The sum of the measurements would merely entitle the young man to a place in the 30 per cent. class, while the total strength test would entitle him to a place in the 97 per cent. class. The falling off in the strength of the forearm is accounted for by an impairment of the muscles of the hand, due to an injury.

In summing up the condition of this individual we are warranted in saying that he has made the best of himself

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in point of development. Under more favorable circumstances he might have attained greater stature and weight, but his ancestry and nurture prescribed the limit, and no amount of physical training at this late date can make up the deficiency. By physical exercise under good conditions the development of the muscles has been lifted above that of the average or typical man, and the strength made greatly to exceed it. A few months' special training might bring the measurement of the thighs to the normal standard, and add a little to the development of other parts, but it would add nothing to the health, permanent strength, or longevity of the individual.

Figs. F, G, H, and Chart III. represent an individual of another type—of American ancestry.

His age is thirty-three years, weight 161 pounds, and height 5 feet 9.7 inches.

Upon referring to the chart it will be noticed that the most remarkable characteristic of this figure is its approach to perfect symmetry in some parts and its marked divergence from it in others. The weight, which is a trifle heavy for the height, is very uniformly distributed, the only excess being in the region of the chest, hips, and arms.

The relative proportion of the different heights of the body is very nearly true. The only divergence is a slight falling off in the sitting height, which is probably due to the shortness of the neck. The neck and chest are large in circumference.

The excess in the chest-girth may be accounted for by the prominence of the shoulder-blades, for the girth of the waist is consistent with other measurements. The girth of the hips, thighs, and knees indicates the nearest approach to perfect symmetry that it is possible to attain.

The calves are a trifle small, and the insteps somewhat flat; but for these slight deficiencies, and the fact that the upper and lower leg are a few centimetres short, the lower extremities of this individual would be perfect in form.

The upper and fore arms are too large for the body and limbs, and a trifle inconsistent in themselves, the wrist being relatively greater in circumference than the elbows.

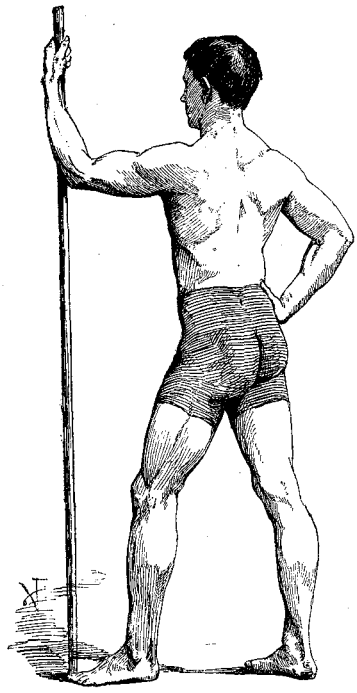

Figure H.

The falling off in the depth of the chest is very marked, dropping, as it does, from the 80 per cent. to the 5 per cent. class.

This is decidedly the weak point in this individual. It is not apparent in the illustrations, nor would it be detected readily in the individual.

It is attributable to an inward or antero-posterior curve of the spine, between the shoulder-blades, and a depression of the lower part of the sternum, or breast-bone.

There has been considerable compensation, as evidenced by the size of the chest and the lateral prominence of the ribs, but it will be observed that the breathing capacity, although higher than we would expect from the depth of the chest, is still lower than it should be.

The depth of the abdomen falls in the 80 per cent. class, as do nearly all the breadths and lengths, the only exception being the trifling deficiency in the breadth of head and the slight excess in the breadth of hips.

In most persons the horizontal length is about one-half of an inch greater than the height. This is undoubtedly due to

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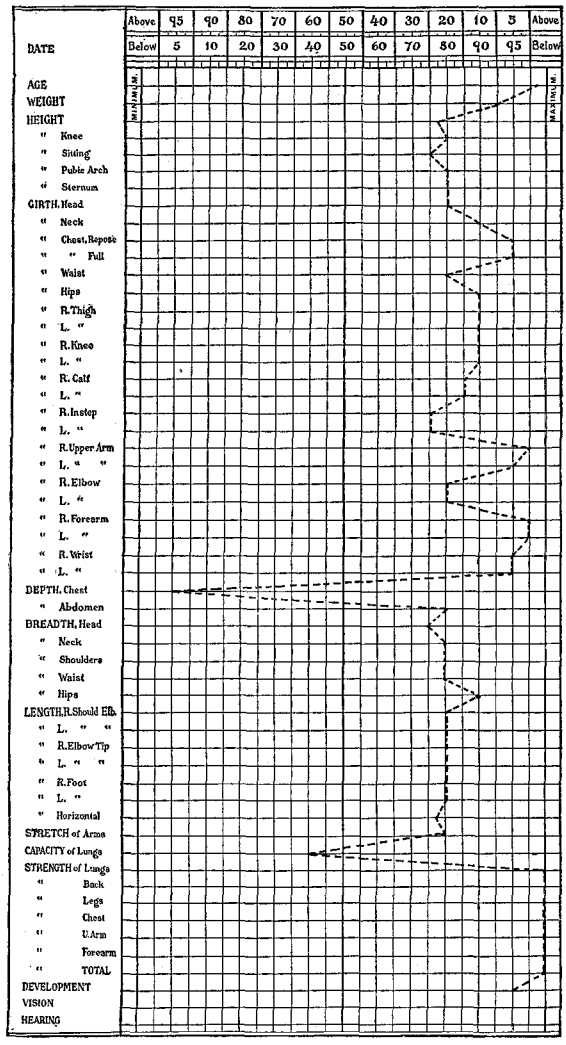

Chart III., plotted from Figs. F, G, and H.

the straightening of the spine and the relaxing of the cartilages while in the horizontal position. In this case the spine is comparatively straight, so that little difference is shown between the standing and horizontal length.

The strength tests in this case, as in the others, approach near to the maximum class.

Upon glancing over the chart as a whole it will be readily seen that the normal position of this individual is in the 80 per cent. class. Nearly all of the bone measurements which are not readily changed in adults fall on the 80 per cent. line, while those of the soft parts which are more easily affected fall above this line. To bring the depth of the chest up to this standard by natural processes, although impossible now, would have been a simple matter in early youth. With this exception, the individual just considered could so develop himself by a judicious course of exercise as to approach very near to perfect symmetry.

In this case the dotted line on the chart, indicating the actual and relative standing of the individual at all the parts considered, would be perpendicular. This is the grand object to be attained. The straight line is the physical sign of health and longevity, of perfect structure and harmony of function, and a symmetrical development of the whole body.

The weight must not be too great, or the stature too short or tall; the limbs too massive for the body, or the body too heavy for the limbs; the head too large or too small, or the neck too short or too long and slender. A small, well-made engine, with all parts adjusted, will do more work than a larger one with parts loosely constructed and a great disproportion between the important members. So a small man, compactly built, with symmetrical proportions and a well-balanced organism, can accomplish more than a larger man less solidly made, with all parts wanting in symmetry and shapeliness. This law of adaptation and harmonious adjustment of parts prevails throughout the greater portion of the animal kingdom.

Among the civilized portion of the human race it is controverted by social laws that tend to foster an inharmonious development. The division of labor, for instance, has made it possible for a man to earn a livelihood and to maintain a footing in the world by the use of very few

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muscles and faculties. Under such circumstances the large head and massive shoulders and chest are not necessarily accompanied by a broad, substantial waist and pelvis and well-developed lower extremities. It is true that the waist and legs would have to bear the burden of the weight above if the individual engaged in any kind of physical activity in an upright position; but a person with his weight so unequally distributed would find it very irksome to walk or run, and would naturally avail himself of all the modern conveniences for locomotion. In choosing his life's work, the chances are that he would gravitate into some sedentary occupation in which he could render an equivalent service to any who were willing to do his back and leg work for him. Had he been advised to enter a gymnasium or join an athletic club for the purpose of improving his physical condition, he would probably have selected that exercise from which he could derive the greatest amount of pleasure with the least amount of effort. This would be something to call into play the muscles that were already strong. The result of this inharmonious development would be a further modification of structure which would eventually throw the remaining organisms out of gear, and constitute a greater or less tendency to disease.

"Cultivate both mind and body along the line of the least resistance."

"Study yourselves; and most of all note well wherein kind nature meant you to excel."

These are the sentiments that are shaping the tendencies of the age and moulding our systems of mental and physical education. In neither case are we looking for improvement in blood and tissue, or for the promotion of organic perfection. The leading object is to achieve immediate success in social aims and distinctions, and a false method is taken of attaining even this. In the effort the welfare of both body and mind is frequently jeopardized and the foundation for vigorous health undermined.

Nowhere are these tendencies to degeneration more apparent than in the radical changes that take place in the physique through impaired nutrition. These changes can readily be observed by comparing the measurements of those in feeble condition with the typical or normal standard as shown by the chart. This comparison need not be limited to individuals, for it is fully as applicable to schools, clubs, classes, or communities.

While the primary object of the chart is to offer the youth of the land an incentive to proper physical training, and to place in the hands of instructors a key to the strong and weak points of their pupils, the author hopes, as the data from different sources accumulate, to show the anthropologist, the naturalist, the physician, the surgeon, the artist, and the sculptor the importance of the tables in the pursuit of their respective professions.

To parents in guiding the growth and development of their children, to teachers in watching the effects of study and local conditions upon the health of their pupils, to superintendents of shops, mills, and factories, and to those who have charge of prisons, asylums, and penitentiaries, a knowledge of the typical proportions of the body are indispensable to the proper performance of their duties. To the sociologist and statesman in tracing the influence of occupation and of town and city life upon the health and strength of a people; to the civil-service examiner in selecting those best qualified to serve in certain capacities; to the life-insurance examiner in deciding what risks to accept, etc., a thorough acquaintance with the physical signs of health and approaching disease is of the greatest importance.

In one or two subsequent papers I hope to show the influence of systematic training upon the growth and development of the young, to point out by means of the chart the physical characteristics of distinguished athletes, to show the influence of the higher education upon the physical development of women, and to compare the proportions of the human figure, according to the canons of art, with those determined by anthropometry.

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A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

IV.

[Written to Mrs. Fanshawe and Mrs. Brookfield.]

HÔTEL BRISTOL, PLACE VENDÔME.

Tuesday, March 5th. 1850

MY DEAR LADIES:

I am arrived just this minute safe and sound under the most beautiful blue sky, after a fair passage and a good night's rest at Boulogne, where I found, what do you think?—a letter from a dear friend of mine, dated September 13th, which somehow gave me as much pleasure as if it had been a fresh letter almost, and for which I am very much obliged to you. I travelled to Paris with a character for a book, Lord Howden, the ex-beau Caradoc or Cradock, a man for whom more women have gone distracted than you have any idea of. So delightful a middle-aged dandy! Well, he will make a page in some book some day. In the meantime I want to know why there is no letter to tell me that madame is getting on well. I should like to hear so much. It seems a shame to have come away yesterday without going to ask. It was the suddenest freak, done, packed and gone in half an hour, hadn't time even to breakfast. . . . And as I really wanted a little change and fresh air for my lungs, I think I did well to escape. . . . . .

I send this by the Morning Chronicle's packet. Don't be paying letters to me, but write & write away, and never mind the expense, Mrs. Fanshawe.

W. M. T.

HÔTEL BRISTOL, PLACE VENDÔME.

[1850]

MADAME:

One is arrived, one is at his ancient lodging of the Hôtel Bristol, one has heard the familiar clarions sound at nine hours and a half under the Column, the place is whipped by the rain actually, and only rare umbrellas make themselves to see here and there; London is grey and brumous, but scarcely more sorrowful than this. For so love I these places, it is with the eyes that the sun makes itself on the first day at Paris; one has suffered, one has been disabused, but one is not blaséd to this point that nothing more excites, nothing amuses. The first day of Paris amuses always. Isn't this a perfectly odious and affected style of writing? Wouldn't you be disgusted to have a letter written all like that? Many people are scarcely less affected, though, in composing letters, and translate their thoughts into a pompous unfamiliar language, as necessary and proper for the circumstances of letter-writing. In the midst of this sentiment Jeames comes in, having been employed to buy pens in the neighbourhood, and having paid he said three frances for twenty.—I go out in a rage to the shop, thinking to confound the woman who had cheated him; I place him outside the shop and entering myself ask the price of a score of pens; one franc says the woman; I call in Jeames to confront him with the tradeswoman; she says, I sold monsieur a box of pens, he gave me a five-franc piece, I returned him two 2-franc pieces, and so it was; only Jeames never having before seen a two-franc piece, thought that she had given back two franc pieces; and so nobody is cheated, and I had my walk in the rain for nothing.

But as this had brought me close to the Palais Royal, where there is the exhibition of pictures, I went to see it, wondering whether I could turn an honest penny by criticising the same. But I find I have nothing to say about pictures. A pretty landscape or two pleased me; no statues did; some great big historical pictures bored me. This is a poor account of a Paris exhibition, isn't it? looking for half a minute at a work which had taken a man all his might and main for a year; on which he had

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Dieppe
Hotel Morgan

I'm sure I have a sweet quiet in being in France dear Lady, for I can write you a line on Saturday night & know that it will travel Norway Sunday and reach you some time the next day. As yet the journey hasn't done me any good. on the Country Observer with my unwonted liquor and made me ill - I was in bed the greater part of yesterday & to day and when I went to look at the towers and sea wh are very pretty only saw them with sick bilious eyes as a person does who dines out every day of his life. Why didn't I accept your invitation on Wednesday instead of Wednesday? - it seems to me about 2 years since Wednesday - I thought I'd been to see you in the day. Well! we always made heartily welcome that I'd no business to come, and so instead went to the Piggle Family, where without exceeding I had exactly 4 times as much wine as was good for me and woke sick and ill and have been ill & sick ever since - more better. Please the frigate for I took a delightful drive into the Country, & saw a beautiful old Church and a charming ruined castle and an ancient castle wh interested me vastly a very little (You may pass over the rest of this sentence and page if you please for I warn you that my intelligence is to encourage you a surprise on the other side of the page and all this following is as I have to do with my blocks in Pendennis Gentlemen) until I hired a gig and horse to drive me & who do you think was my driver?

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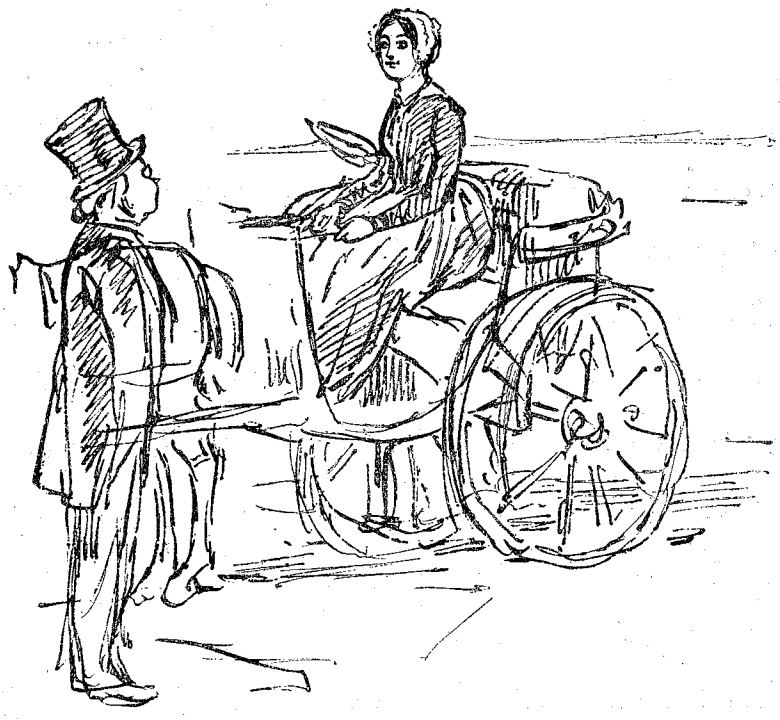

Clive drawn it shockingly she thought I look the gold pen - but there was my Coachwoman a very lovely lively girl whose name was Angelina Henrion and who told me she was heiress of fifteen horses and six carriages w^h her Papa kept. As we were driving to Angelina we met one of the carriages and Angelina cried out Voilà Papa - and I thought Papa looked a little queer at seeing his daughter drive a gentleman of forty. But she amused me with her artless prattle - and Papa did not know that I was suffering from something not at all unlike Cholera

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Wh. reads Some of my grimaces to Angelina ghastly to look at. However the drive did me good & the beautiful air and Scene. and Angelina if you like. There came to see me old Lady before Angelina's arrival you must know I found an elderly female waiting in the Hotel passage who I instantly knew to be the wife of the Scottish clergyman of the place — an honest brandy and water divine whom I recognised at once (without having ever seen before) and whose acquaintance I made at the Packet. I shall go to his Church tomorrow — and if he is free to dine out of a Sunday, visit his old Skin with strong drink.

The continental Harrow is a sort you don't know — ah. Mum! her very different to the white chokers of St James a Saint Mary-le-bone a Saint Montgomery's! What a deal that woman has had to suffer what insults from butchers and lodging house keepers whom her Revd. conduct pay. what hats have gone round for her — what Strength to be respectable She has kept up since the day twenty years ago when that ogreating old woman was so pretty for young Lass! — but you see this is getting like a book! and am I not going to be able to write pathetically even to you my dear Lady? Since I have been here I have read through 3 f.cap. Tome of Beaumarchais the Figaro cycle, and 2 novels one in 6 volumes very impudent and amusing by other Andre Burnan fils — and I have had a letter from Mr James, a

A P

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compendious as elegant as you could write a lui recommandez, and below forget us any fortunate dear just the things we'll I told him to put there.

And now Chaarm I dont like to ask you to write to me because I dont think I shall stop here very long, may come back by next Monday, packet but that would perhaps hurt the feelings of my old folks at Paris who might like to see me — And will you make me a birthday present please. and it shall be a dinner at the 18th to see you off with your wife, and there — fare away at Pendennis.

Coming here wont do. very moderate horses, let at 50f for the season. Then to go & come with my family is 20f more. — Voiture we may go to Boulogne back for 6f and get rooms for 25f.

And so god bless you dear friend — and God bless all yours prays your affectionate brother Makepeace.

There was a little girl of 10 in the Railroad going to East bourne who was so beautiful that I had nearly gone after her, for I wanted very little to decide me one way or other, and only came hither because I saw by Bradshaw in the morning that the boat started on that day. And I think and hope I shall be better for the little change. There's a play here tomorrow night Sunday; will you come?

employed all his talents, and set all his hopes and ambition; about which he had lain awake at night very probably, and pinched himself of a dinner that he might buy colours or pay models,—I say it seems very unkind to look at such a thing with a yawn and turn away indifferent; and it seemed to me as if the cold, marble statues looked after me reproachfully and said, "Come back, you sir! don't neglect me in this rude way. I am very beautiful, I am indeed. I have many hidden charms and qualities which you don't know yet, and which you would know and love if you would but examine a little." But I didn't come back, the world didn't care for the hidden charms of the statue, but passed

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on and yawned over the next article in the Catalogue. There is a moral to this fable, I think; and that is all I got out of the exhibition of the Palais Royal.

Then I went to beat up the old haunts, and look about for lodgings which are awfully scarce and dear in this quarter. Here they can only take me in for a day or two, and I am occupying at present two rooms in a gorgeous suite of apartments big enough and splendid enough for the Lord Chief Baron * and all his family. Oh! but first, I forgot, I went to breakfast with Bear Ellice, who told me Lady Sandwich had a grand ball, and promised to take me to a soirée at Monsieur Duchâtel's. I went there after dining at home. Splendid hotel in the Faubourg Saint Germain; magnificent drawing room; vulgar people, I thought; the walls were splendidly painted; "C'est du Louis Quinze ou du commencement de Louis XVI," the host said. *Blagueur!* the painting is about ten years old, and is of the highly ornamental Café school. It is a Louis Phillippist house, and everybody was in mourning —for the dear Queen of the Belgians, I suppose. The men as they arrived went up and made their bows to the lady of the house, who sat by the fire talking to other two ladies, and this bow over, the gentlemen talked, standing, to each other. It was uncommonly stupid. Then we went off to Lady Sandwich's ball. I had wrote a note to her ladyship in the morning, and received a Kyind invitation. Everybody was there, Thiers, Molé, and the French Sosoiatee, and lots of English; the Castlereaghs, very kind and hearty, my lady looking very pretty, and Cas—(mark the easy grace of Cas)—well, and clear-sighted; Lord Normanby and wife, exceeding gracious;—Lady Waldegrave; —all sorts of world, and if I want the reign of pleasure, it is here, it is here. Gudin the painter asked me to dine today and meet Dumas, which will be amusing I hope.

And I forgot to say that Mr. Thomas Fraser says, that Mr. Inspector Brookfield is the most delightful fellow he ever met. I went to see my aunt besides all this, and the evening and the morning was the first day.

Sunday morning. I passed the morning yesterday writing the scene of a play, so witty and diabolical that I shall be curious to know if it is good; and went to the pictures again, and afterwards to Lady Castlereagh and other polite persons, finishing the afternoon dutifully at home, and with my aunt and cousins, whom you would like. At dinner at Gudin's there was a great stupid company, and I sat between one of the stupidest and handsomest women I ever saw in my life, and a lady to whom I made three observations which she answered with Oui, Monsieur, and non, monsieur, and then commenced a conversation over my back with my handsome neighbour. If this is French manners, says I, Civility be hanged, and so I ate my dinner; and did not say one word more to that woman.

But there were some pleasant people in spite of her: a painter (portrait) with a leonine mane, Mr. Gigoux, that I took a liking to; an old general, jolly and gentlemanlike; a humorous Prince, agreeable and easy: and a wonderful old buck, who was my pleasure. The party disported themselves until pretty late, and we went up into a tower fitted up in the Arabian fashion and there smoked, which did not diminish the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. L. the engineer's wife, brought me home in her brougham, the great engineer sitting bodkin and his wife scolding me amiably, about Laura and Pendennis. A handsome woman this Mrs L. must have been when her engineer married her, but not quite up to her present aggrandized fortune. . . . . .

My old folks were happy in their quarter, and good old G. P. bears the bore of the children constantly in his room, with great good humour. But ah, somehow it is a dismal end to a career. A famous beauty and a soldier who has been in twenty battles and led a half dozen of storming parties! Here comes Jeames to say that the letters must this instant go; and so God bless you and your husband and little maiden, and write soon, my dear kind lady, to

W. M. T.

* The late Lord Chief Baron was the father of thirty-two children.

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[*Paris*, 1850]

I send this scrap by a newspaper correspondent, just to say I am very well and so awfully hard at business I have no time for more.

Wednesday.

MADAM AND DEAR LADY:

If I have no better news to send you than this, pray don't mind, but keep the enclosures safe for me against I come back, which won't be many days now, please God. I had thought of setting off tomorrow, but as I have got into working trim, I think I had best stop here and do a great bit of my number, before I unsettle myself by another journey. I have been to no gaieties, for I have been laid up with a violent cold and cough, which kept me in my rooms, too stupid even to write. But these ills have cleared away pretty well now, and I am bent upon going out to dinner *au cabaret*, and to some fun afterwards, I don't know where, nor scarce what I write, I am so tired. I wonder what will happen with Pendennis and Fanny Bolton; writing it and sending it to you, somehow it seems as if it were true. I shall know more about them tomorrow; but mind, mind and keep the manuscript; you see it is five pages, fifteen pounds, by the immortal Gods!

I am asked to a marriage tomorrow, a young Foker, of twenty-two, with a lady here, a widow, and once a runaway.

The pen drops out of my hand, it's so tired, but as the ambassador's bag goes for nothing, I like to say how do you do, and remember me to Miss Brookfield, and shake hands with William. God bless you all.

This note which was to have gone away yesterday, was too late for the bag, and I was at work too late today to write a word for anything but *Pendennis:* I hope I shall bring a great part of it home with me at the end of the week, in the meantime don't put you to the trouble of the manuscript, which you see I was only sending because I had no news and no other signs of life to give. I have been out to the play tonight, and laughed very pleasantly at nonsense until now, when I am come home very tired and sleepy, and write just one word to say good-night. . . . .

They say there is to be another revolution here very soon, but I shall be across the water before that event, and my old folks will be here instead. You must please to tell Mrs. Fanshawe that I am over head and ears in work, and that I beg you to kiss the tips of her gloves for me. There is another letter for you begun somewhere, about the premises, but it was written in so gloomy and egotistical a strain, that it was best burnt. I burnt another yesterday, written to Lady Ashburton, because it was too pert, and like Major Pendennis, talking only about lords and great people, in an easy off hand way. I think I only write naturally to one person now, and make points and compose sentences to others. That is why you must be patient please, and let me go on twaddling and boring you.

[*Paris*, 1850.]

MY DEAR LADY:

Do you see how mad everybody is in the world? or is it not my own insanity? Yesterday when it became time to shut up my letter, I was going to tell you about my elders, who have got hold of a mad old Indian woman, who calls herself Aline Gultave d'origine Mogole, who is stark staring mad, and sees visions, works miracles, *que sais-je?* The old fool is mad of sheer vanity, and yet fool as she is, my people actually believe in her, and I believe the old gentleman goes to her every day. To-day I went to see D'Orsay, who has made a bust of Lamartine, who, too, is mad with vanity. He has written some verses on his bust, and asks, Who is this? Is it a warrior? Is it a hero? Is it a priest? Is it a sage? Is it a tribune of the people? Is it an Adonis? meaning that he is all these things,—verses so fatuous and crazy I never saw. Well, D'Orsay says they are the finest verses that ever were written, and imparts to me a translation which Miss Power has made of them; and D'Orsay believes in his mad rubbish of a statue, which he didn't make; believes in it in the mad way that madmen do,—that it is divine, and that he made it; only as you look in his eyes, you see that he doesn't quite believe, and when pressed hesitates, and turns away with a howl of rage. D'Orsay has fitted him-

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self up a charming *atelier* with arms and trophies, pictures and looking-glasses, the tomb of Blessington, the sword and star of Napoleon, and a crucifix over his bed; and here he dwells without any doubts or remorses, admiring himself in the most horrible pictures which he has painted, and the statues which he gets done for him. I had been at work till two, all day before going to see him; and thence went to Lady Normanby, who was very pleasant and talkative; and then tramping upon a half dozen of visits of duty. I had refused proffered banquets in order to dine at home, but when I got home at the dinner hour, everybody was away, the *bonne* was ill and obliged to go to the country, and parents and children were away to dine with a Mrs. . . . a good woman who writes books, keeps a select boarding-house for young ladies who wish to see Parisian society, and whom I like, but cannot bear, because she has the organ of admiration too strongly. Papa was king, mamma was queen, in this company, I a sort of foreign emperor with the princesses my daughters. By Jove, it was intolerably painful; and I must go to her soirée to-morrow night too, and drag about in this confounded little Pedlington. Yesterday night,—I am afraid it was the first day of the week,—I dined with Morton, and met no less than four tables of English I knew, and went to the play. There was a little girl acting, who made one's heart ache; —the joke of the piece is, the child, who looks about three, is taken by the servants to a casino, is carried off for an hour by some dragoons, and comes back, having learned to smoke, to dance slang dances, and sing slang songs. Poor little rogue, she sung one of her songs, from an actor's arms; a wicked song, in a sweet little innocent voice. She will be bought and sold within three years from this time, and won't be playing at wickedness any more. I shall shut up my desk and say God bless all the little girls that you and I love, and their parents. God bless you, dear lady.

I have got a very amusing book, the *Tatler* newspaper of 1709; and that shall be my soporific I hope. I have been advancing in Blue Beard, but must give it up, it is too dreadfully cynical and wicked. It is in blank verse and all a diabolical sneer. Depend upon it, Helps is right.

Wednesday. If I didn't write yesterday it was because I was wickedly employed. I was gambling until two o'clock this morning, playing a game called *lansquenet* which is very good gambling; and I left off, as I had begun, very thankful not to carry away any body's money or leave behind any of my own; but it was curious to watch the tempers of the various players, the meanness of one, the flurry and excitement of another, the difference of the same man winning and losing; all which I got, besides a good dinner and a headache this morning. Annie and Minnie and my mother, came to see me yesterday. I don't think they will be so very eager for Paris after three weeks here; the simple habits of our old people will hardly suit the little women. Even in my absence in America, I don't quite like leaving them altogether here; I wonder if an amiable family, as is very kind to me, will give them hospitality for a month? I was writing Blue Beard all day; very sardonic and amusing to do, but I doubt whether it will be pleasant to read or hear, or even whether it is right to go on with this wicked vein; and also, I must tell you that a story is biling up in my interior, in which there shall appear some very good, lofty and generous people; perhaps a story without any villains in it would be good, wouldn't it?

Thursday.—Thanks for your letter madame. If I tell you my plans and my small gossip, I don't bore you do I? You listen to them so kindly at home, that I've got the habit, you see. Why don't you write a little handwriting, and send me yours? This place begins to be as bad as London in the season; there are dinners and routs for every day and night. Last night I went to dine at home, with *bouilli boeuf* and *ordinaire*, and bad ordinaire too; but the dinner was just as good as a better one, and afterwards I went with my mother to a *soirée*, where I had to face fifty people of whom I didn't know one; and being there, was introduced to other *soirée* givers, be hanged to them. And there I left my ma, and went off to Madame Gudin's the painter's wife, where really

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there was a beautiful ball; and all the world, all the English world that is; and to-night it is the President's ball, if you please, and tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, more gaieties. It was queer to see poor old Castlereagh in a dark room, keeping aloof from the dancing and the gaiety, and having his thoughts fixed on kingdom come, and Bennett confessor and martyr; while Lady Castlereagh, who led him into his devotional state, was enjoying the music and the gay company, as cheerfully as the most mundane person present. The French people all talk to me about *Ponche*, when I am introduced to them, which wounds my vanity, which is wholesome very likely. Among the notabilities was Vicomte D'Arlincourt, a mad old romance writer, on whom I amused myself by pouring the most tremendous compliments I could invent. He said, *j'ai vu l'Écosse; mais Valter Scott n'y était plus, hélas!* I said, *vous y étiez, Vicomte, c'etait bien assez d'un*—on which the old boy said I possessed French admirably, and knew to speak the prettiest things in the prettiest manner. I wish you could see him, I wish you could see the world here. I wish you and Mr. were coming to the play with me tonight, to a regular melodrama, far away on the Boulevard, and a quiet little snug dinner *au Banquet d'Anacréon*. The *Banquet d'Anacréon* is a dingy little restaurant on the boulevard where all the plays are acted, and they tell great things of a piece called *Paillasse* in which Le Maître performs; *nous verrons*, Madame, *nous verrons*. But with all this racket and gaiety, do you understand that a gentleman feels very lonely? I swear I had sooner have a pipe and a gin and water soirée with somebody, than the best President's *orgeat*. I go to my cousins for half an hour almost every day; you'd like them better than poor Mary whom you won't be able to stand, at least if she talk to you about her bodily state as she talks to me. What else shall I say in this stupid letter? I've not seen any children as pretty as Magdalene, that's all. I have told Annie to write to you and I am glad Mrs. Fan is going to stay; and I hear that several papers have reproduced the thunder and small beer articles;* and I thank you for your letter; and pray the best prayers I am worth for you, and your husband, and child, my dear lady. W. M. T.

* Thackeray's reply to a criticism in the *Times*.

Tuesday [23*rd April* 1850]

Your Sunday's letter only came in this morning, I am sorry to see my dear lady writes *tristely*, but I would rather you would write sorrowfully if you feel so than sham gaiety or lightheartedness. What's the good of a brother to you, if you can't tell him things? If I am dismal don't I give you the benefit of the dumps? Ah! I should like to be with you for an hour or two and see if you are changed and oldened, in this immense time that you have been away. But business and pleasure keep me here nailed. I have an awful week of festivities before me; today Shakespeare's birthday at the Garrick Club, dinner and speech. Lunch, Madame Lionel Rothschild's; ball, Lady Waldegrave's; she gives the finest balls in London, and I have never seen one yet. Tomorrow, of five invitations to dinner, the first is Mr. Marshall, the Duke of Devonshire's evening party, Lady Emily Dundas' ditto. Thursday, Sir Anthony Rothschild. Friday, the domestic affections. Saturday, Sir Robert Peel. Sunday, Lord Lansdowne's. Isn't it curious to think—it was striking my great mind yesterday, as Annie was sorting the cards in the chimney-glass,—that there are people who would give their ears, or half their income to go to these fine places? I was riding with an Old Bailey barrister, yesterday in the Park, and his pretty wife (*on les aiment jolies, Madame*). He apologised for knowing people who lived in Brunswick Square, and thought to prove his gentility by calling it that *demned* place.

The good dinner on Friday was very pleasant and quiet with old acquaintances, the ladies, M. P.'s wives, took me aside and asked confidentially about the fashionable world in which it is supposed, I believe, that I live entirely now; and the wonder is that people don't hate me more than they do. I tried to explain that I was still a man, and that among the ladies of fashion, a lady could but be a lady, and no better nor no worser. Are

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there any better ladies than you and Pincushion? Annie has found out that quality in the two of you, with her generous instincts. I had a delightful morning with her on Sunday, when she read me the *Deserted Village*, and we talked about it. I couldn't have talked with her so, with anybody else, except perhaps you, in the room. Saturday! what did I do? I went to Punch and afterwards to a play, to see a piece of the *Lady of Lyons* performed, by a Mr. Anderson. Before that to the Water-Colour Society, which was choke-full of bishops and other big-wigs, and among them Sir Robert Peel elaborately gracious,—conversation with Lady Peel, about 2000 people looking on. Bows, grins, grimaces on both sides, followed by an invitation to dinner next Saturday. The next person I shook hands with after Sir Robert Peel, was—who do you think? Mrs. Rhodes of the Back Kitchen; I thought of you that very instant, and to think of you, dear lady, is to bless you.

. . . . . .

After, in going home from the Berrys, where was a great assembly of polite persons, Lady Morley, whom you love, (we laughed and cracked away so that it would have made you angry) my dear Elliot, and Perry, Lord Lansdowne, Carlyle, ever so many more. Oh! stop, at the Water Colours on Saturday, Mr. Hallam asked me to dinner. He and Lord Mohun and Miss Julia went and admired a picture, O! such a spoony picture. Sunday I went to Hampstead with the infants, and dined at the Crowes'; I went to Higgins', a very pleasant little party; sorry his reverence could not come. And then, which is I believe Monday, I was alarmed at not getting my manuscript back; I drew wood blocks all day, rode in the Park for three hours without calling or visiting anywhere; came home to dinner, went to the Berrys's and am back again at twelve, to say G. B. Y.

[1850]

CAMBRIDGE.

MADAM:

I have only had one opportunity of saying how do you do to-day, on the envelope of a letter which you will have received from another, and even more intimate friend W. H. B. This is to inform you that I am so utterly and dreadfully miserable now he has just gone off at one o'clock to Norwich by the horrid mail, that I think I can't bear this place beyond tomorrow and must come back again.

We had a very pleasant breakfast at Dr. Henry Maine's and two well-bred young gents of the University, and broiled fowls and mushrooms, just as we remember them 200 years ago. . . .

I have had the meanness not to take a private room and write in consequence in the Coffee Apartment in a great state of disquiet. Young under-graduates are eating supper, chattering is going on incessantly. I wonder whether William is safe in the train, or will he come back in two minutes, too late for the conveyance. Yes, here he comes actually—no, it is only the waiter with a fresh supply of bitter beer for the young gents. Well, we brexfested with Mr. and Mrs. Maine, and I thought him a most kind, gentle, and lovable sort of man, so to speak, and liked her artlessness and simplicity, (Note that this is the same horrid ink of last night, which will blot.) and then we went to fetch walks over the ground, forgotten, and yet somehow well remembered. William says he is going to bring you down here, and you will like it and be very happy. . . .

Just now William, I was going to write *Villiam*, but I knew you wouldn't like it, says, "She is dining at Lady Monteagles, so I said "Let us drink her health, and we did, in a mixture of ale and soda water, very good. There was a bagman asleep in the room, and we drank your health, and both of us said, "God bless her," I think this is the chief part of my transactions during the day. . . . I think I said we walked about in haunts once familiar. We went to the Union where we read the papers, then drove to the river where we saw the young fellows in the boats, then amidst the College groves and cetera, and peeped into various courts and halls, and were not unamused, but bitterly melancholious, though I must say William complimented me on my healthy appearance, and he for his part, looked uncommonly well.

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I went then to see my relations, old Dr. Thackeray 75 years of age, perfectly healthy, handsome, stupid and happy, and he isn't a bit changed in twenty years, nor is his wife, strange to say. I told him he looked like my grandfather, his uncle, on which he said, "Your grandfather was by no means the handsomest of the Thackerays," and so I suppose he prides himself on his personal beauty. At four, we went to dine with Don Thompson in Hall, where the thing to me most striking was the — — if you please, the smell of the dinner, exactly like what I remember afore-time. Savoury odours of youth borne across I don't know what streams and deserts, struggles, passions, poverties, hopes, hopeless loves and useless loves of twenty years! There is a sentiment suddenly worked out of a number of veal and mutton joints, which surprises me just as much as it astonishes you, but the best or worst of being used to the pen is, that one chatters with it as with the tongue to certain persons, and all things blurt out for good or for bad. You know how to take the good parts generously and to forget the bad, dear kind lady. .

Then we went to Jenny Lind's concert, for which a gentleman here gave us tickets, and at the end of the first act we agreed to come away. It struck me as atrociously stupid. I was thinking of something else the whole time she was jugulating away, and O! I was so glad to get to the end and have a cigar, and I wanted so to go away with Mr. Williams, for I feel entirely out of place in this town. This seems to me to be spoken all in a breath, and has been written without a full stop. Does it not strike you as entirely frantic and queer? Well, I wish I were back. . .

I am going out to breakfast to see some of the gallant young blades of the University, and tonight, if I last until then, to the Union to hear a debate. What a queer thing it is. I think William is a little disappointed that I have not been made enough a lion of, whereas my timid nature trembles before such honours, and my vanity would be to go through life as a gentleman—as a Major Pendennis—you have hit it. I believe I never do think about my public character, and certainly didn't see the gyps, waiters and under-graduates whispering in hall, as your William did, or thought he did. He was quite happy in some dreary rooms in College, where I should have perished of *ennui*,—thus are we constituted. An old hook-nosed clergyman has just come into the Coffee-room, and is looking over my shoulder I think, and has put a stop to the sentence beginning "thus are we constituted &c.

Jenny Lind made £400 by her concert last night and has given £100 to the hospital. This seems rather pompous sort of piety, it would be better to charge people less than 31/6 for tickets, and omit the charity to the poor. But you see people are never satisfied (the hook-nosed clergyman has just addressed a remark) only I pitied my cousins the Miss Thackerays last night, who were longing to go and couldn't, because tickets for four or five of them in the second rows, would have cost as many guineas, and their father could not afford any such sum. . . . Present my best compliments to Mrs. Fanshawe. If you see Mrs. Elliot remember me to her most kindly, and now to breakfast.

Written to us, when we were at Cambridge. [1850.]

Wednesday, Midnight.

I have made an awful smash at the Literary Fund and have tumbled into 'Evins knows where;—It was a tremendous exhibition of imbecility. Good night. I hope you 2 are sound asleep. Why isn't there somebody that I could go and smoke a pipe to?

Bon Soir

But O! what a smash I have made!

I am talking quite loud out to myself at the Garrick sentences I intended to have uttered: but they wouldn't come in time.

After the fatal night of the Literary Fund disaster, when I came home to bed (breaking out into exclamations in the cab, and letting off madly, parts of the speech which wouldn't explode at the proper time) I found the house lighted up, and the poor old mother waiting to hear the result of the day.—So I told her that I was utterly beaten and had made a fool of myself, upon

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which with a sort of cry she said "No you didn't, old man,"—and it appears that she had been behind a pillar in the gallery all the time and heard the speeches ; and as for mine she thinks it was beautiful. So you see, if there's no pleasing everybody, yet some people are easily enough satisfied. The children came down in the morning and told me about my beautiful speech which Granny had heard. She got up early and told them the story about it, you may be sure ; *her* story, which is not the true one, but like what women's stories are.

I have a faint glimmering notion of Sir Charles Hedges having made his appearance somewhere in the middle of the speech, but of what was said I haven't the smallest idea. The discomfiture will make a good chapter for Pen. It is thus we make *flèche de tout bois;* and I, I suppose every single circumstance which occurs to pain or please me henceforth, will go into print somehow or the other, so take care, if you please, to be very well behaved and kind to me or else you may come in for a savage chapter in the very next number.

As soon as I rallied from the abominable headache which the Free Masons tavern always gives, I went out to see ladies who are quite like sisters to me, they are so kind, lively and cheerful. Old Lady Morley was there and we had a jolly lunch, and afterwards one of these ladies told me by whom she sat at Lansdowne House, and what they talked about and how pleased, she, my friend was. She is a kind generous soul and I love her sincerely.

After the luncheon (for this is wrote on Saturday, for all yesterday I was so busy from nine till five, when my horse was brought and I took a ride and it was too late for the post) I went to see ——, that friend of my youth whom I used to think 20 years ago the most fascinating, accomplished, witty and delightful of men. I found an old man in a room smelling of brandy and water at 5 o'clock at ——, quite the same man that I remember, only grown coarser and stale somehow, like a piece of goods that has been hanging up in a shop window. He has had 15 years of a vulgar wife, much solitude, very much brandy and water I should think, and a depressing profession ; for what can be more depressing than a long course of hypocrisy to a man of no small sense of humour? It was a painful meeting. We tried to talk unreservedly, and as I looked at his face I remembered the fellow I was so fond of.—He asked me if I still consorted with any Cambridge men ; and so I mentioned Kinglake and one Brookfield of whom I saw a good deal. He was surprised at this, as he heard Brookfield was so violent a Puseyite as to be just on the point of going to Rome. He can't walk, having paralysis in his legs, but he preaches every Sunday, he says, being hoisted into his pulpit before service and waiting there whilst his curate reads down below.

I think he has very likely repented : he spoke of his preaching seriously and without affectation : perhaps he has got to be sincere at last after a long dark lonely life. He showed me his daughter of 15, a pretty girl with a shrewish face and bad manners. The wife did not show. He must have been glad too when I went away and I dare say is more scornful about me than I about him. I used to worship him for about 6 months ; and now he points a moral and adorns a tale such as it is in Pendennis. He lives in the Duke of —— park at —— and wanted me to come down and see him, and go to the Abbey he said, where the Duke would be so glad to have me.—But I declined this treat—O fie for shame! How proud we get! Poor old Harry ——! and this battered vulgar man was my idol of youth! My dear old Fitzgerald is always right about men, and said from the first that this was a bad one and a sham. You see, some folks have a knack of setting up for themselves idols to worship.

Don't be flying off in one of your fits of passion, I don't mean you.

Then I went to dine at ——'s, where were his wife and sister. I don't think so much of the wife, though she is pretty and clever—but Becky-fied somehow, and too much of a *petite maîtresse.* I suppose a deal of flattery has been poured into her ears, and numberless men have dangled round that pretty light little creature. The sister with her bright eyes was very nice though, and I passed

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an evening in great delectation till midnight drawing nonsense pictures for these ladies, who have both plenty of relish for nonsense. Yesterday, after working all day, and then going to the London Library to audit accounts—doesn't that sound grand?—and taking a ride, I came home to dinner, fell asleep as usual afterwards, slept for 12 hours, and am now going to attack Monsieur Pendennis. Here is the journal. Now Ma'm have you been amused? Is King's very fine? is Trinity better? did you have a nice T at Mrs. Maine's? When are you coming back? Lord and Lady Castlereagh came here yesterday, and I want you to come back, so that I may give them an entertainment;—for I told my lady that I wanted to show her that other lady mentioned in the Punch article as mending her husband's chest of drawers—but I said waistcoat.—Sir Bulwer Lytton called yesterday.

To-night I am going to the bar dinner, and shall probably make another speech.—I don't mind about failing there, so I shall do pretty well. I rode by Portman Street on Thursday. Please to write and let me know whether you'll dine on the 28th or the 30th, or can you give me both those days to choose from. And so God bless both on you.

(Signed 3 hands clasped.)

Fragment of a letter

About 1850

I could not come yesterday evening to ring at the door; for I did not return until 8 o'clock from the visit to the emigrant ship at Gravesend, and then I had to work until 12, and polish off Pendennis. There are always four or five hours work when it is over, and four or five more would do it all the good in the world, and a second, or third reading.

That emigrant business was very solemn and affecting; it was with difficulty I could keep my spectacles dry—amongst the people taking leave, the families of grave-looking parents and unconscious children, and the bustle and incidents of departure. The cabins in one of the ships had only just been fitted up, and no sooner done than a child was that instant born in one of them, on the very edge of the old world as it were, which it leaves for quite a new country, home, empire. You shake hands with one or two of these people and pat the yellow heads of the children (there was a Newcastle woman with eight of them, who interested me a good deal) and say "God bless you, shake hands, you and I shall never meet again in this world, go and do your work across the four months of ocean, and God prosper it." The ship drops down the river, it gives us three great cheers as we come away in the steamer with heavy hearts rather. In three hours more Mr. W. M. T. is hard at work at Punch office; Mr. Parson Quikette has got to his night school at St. George's in the East; that beautiful gracious princess of a Mrs. Herbert is dressing herself up in diamonds and rubies very likely, to go out into the world, or is she up stairs in the nursery, reading a good book over the child's cradle? Oh! enormous, various, changing, wonderful, solemn world? Admirable providence of God that creates such an infinitude of men, it makes one very grave, and full of love and awe. I was thinking about this yesterday morning before six, when I was writing the last paragraph of Pendennis in bed, and the sun walked into the room and supplied the last paragraph with an allusion about you, and which I think means a benediction upon William, and your child, and my dear lady. God keep you.

As I am waiting to see Mrs. Bullar, I find an old review with an advertisement in it, containing a great part of an article I wrote about Fielding, in 1840 in the *Times*. Perhaps Madame will like to see it, and Mr. Williams. My wife was just sickening at that moment; I wrote it at Margate, where I had taken her, and used to walk out three miles to a little bowling-green, and write there in an arbour—coming home and wondering what was the melancholy oppressing the poor little woman. The *Times* gave me five guineas for the article. I recollect I thought it rather shabby pay, and twelve days after it appeared in the paper, my poor little wife's malady showed itself.

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How queer it is to be carried back all of a sudden to that time, and all that belonged to it, and read this article over; doesn't the apology for Fielding read like an apology for somebody else too? God help us, what a deal of cares, and pleasures, and struggles, and happiness I have had since that day in the little sunshiny arbour, where, with scarcely any money in my pocket, and two little children, (Minnie was a baby two months old) I was writing this notice about Fielding. Grief, Love, Fame, if you like.—I have had no little of all since then (I don't mean to take the fame for more than it's worth, or brag about it with any peculiar elation.)

My dear Madam: On calling on our mutual friend Mrs. Procter, yesterday, she was polite enough to offer me a seat in her box at Drury Lane theatre this evening, when Her *Majesty* honours the play-house with a visit for the benefit of Mr. Macready. Shakespeare is always amusing, and I am told the aspect of the beef-eaters at the royal box is very *imposing*. I mentioned to Mrs. Procter that I had myself witnessed many entertainments of this nature, and did not very much desire to be present, but intimated to her that I had a friend who I believed was most anxious to witness Mr. Macready's performance in the *august presence* of the Sovereign. I mentioned the name of your husband, and found that she had *already*, with her usual politeness, dispatched a card to that gentleman, whom I shall therefore have the happiness of meeting this evening. But perhaps you are aware, that a *chosen few* are admitted *behind the scenes* of the theatre, where, when the curtain rises, they appear *behind the performers*, and with loyal hearts join in the national anthem, at the very feet of their Queen. My reverend friend has an elegant voice, perhaps he would like to lift it up in a chorus, which though performed in the *temple of Thespis*, I cannot but consider to be in the nature of a *hymn*. I send therefore a ticket of which I beg his polite acceptance, and am dear Madam, with the utmost respect,

Your very faithful servant,

W. M. Thackeray.

P. S. I was a little late for the magnificent entertainment of my *titled friends* Sir William and Lady Molesworth, on Saturday, and indeed the first course had been removed, when I made my appearance. The banquet was sumptuous in the extreme, and the company of the most select order. I had the happiness of sitting next to Clarence Bulbul Esq., M.P., and opposite was the most noble, the Marquis of Steyne. Fancy my happiness in the company of persons so *distinguished*. A delightful concert followed the dinner, and the whole concluded with a sumptuous supper, nor did the party separate until a late hour.

Written about the time when we were at Park Cottage Southampton

[1850]

As the Sunday Post is open again, I write you a word of good-bye—and send you a little commission. Please to give Dr. Bullar's Infirmary 30/ for me and the children,—or put that sum into his money-box at Prospect Place. I tried my very hardest to compose my mind and ballad in the railway but it was no use. I start for Antwerp at 9 tomorrow morning; shall be there at 6 or so on Monday; and sleep probably at Cologne or Bonn; and if anybody chooses to write to me at Frankfort, Poste Restante, I should get the letter I daresay.—Shall I send you Lady Kicklebury's Tour? I will if it is at all funny or pleasant, but I doubt if it will do for letters well. Oh how glum and dingy the city looks, and smoky and dreary! Yesterday as I was walking in the woods with Mrs. Procter looking at the columns of the fir trees, I thought of the pillars here, and said "This place is almost as lonely as the Reform Club in September." But the difference to the feeling mind is very great betwixt the two solitudes, and for one I envy the birds in the Hampshire boughs—what rubbish!

Fragment.

We have been to Shoolbred's to buy a gown for granny. We have been to Madame Victorine's to order new dresses

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for ourselves. We have been to call at Mrs. Elliot's, Mrs. Prinsep's, Lady Rothschild's, Mr. H. Hallam's, Mrs. James's, Mrs. Pollock's, Lady Pollock's, and the young women are gone home, and I am expecting Mr. William to dine here. I have ordered such a nice dinner; we are to go to the Sartoris' afterwards. Will you go there next Friday? I think I shall go somewhere on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, I have no engagements for those three days, isn't it wonderful? But I'll be magnanimous and not bother my dear lady's friends.

I saw Harry Hallam, he and the faithful Maine were reading hard. Maine wanted me to fix to go to his house on Friday the 4th May, but I wouldn't. Harry was very pleasant, jovial, and gracious. He has been speaking well of me to the Elliots'. The artful dodger, he knew they would tell me again. What kind women they are! They say they had a very nice letter from you; I didn't have a nice letter from you; and as for your letter to my mamma, which I read, O! ma'am, how frightened you were when you wrote it, and what for were you in a fright? You have brains, imagination, wit; how conceited it is to be afraid, then.

I saw my lovely Virginia to-day, she was as kind and merry as ever. The children seemed to stare to hear me laugh and talk, I never do at home. . .

Mr. Inspector,

Mr. Kenyon having called upon me to fix a day when you may have the honour of meeting me at his house, I have proposed Christmas Eve, and am with compliments to the *geehrte Frau Schulinspektorin*

Yours

W. M. T.

THE RETURN TO NATURE

By Edith M. Thomas.

Oh, Nature, take me home, and henceforth keep!
  Laugh out at me with all thy mirthful streams,
  To break the tenor of dull-hearted dreams;
From ambush in a waving thicket leap,
And startle with a song as past I creep;
  Or speed me by invisible wild-teams
  That drive through forests and rough mountain-seams,
And furrow dark the forehead of the deep.
  Nay, do thou more for me, great griefless friend!
Hurt to the core, without the gift to weep,
  Back from man's world to thine I groping tend;
Now let thy clods unkindled smoothly sweep
  This cooling clod—my heart; then do thou bend,
Uplift, and in bright calm my spirit steep.

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SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES.

By John C. Ropes.

II.

THE career of Napoleon is naturally divided by the Peace of Tilsit into two periods. In the first we have seen him young, ardent, fortunate beyond measure, marching in step with the advance of the liberal ideas in law and government which the French Revolution had introduced into Western Europe. We have seen how marvellously he succeeded in embodying in legislation the important reforms and changes which were the outcome of the Revolution, and how his repeated victories over the coalitions formed against him resulted in the establishment of an empire permeated by the new ideas and governed on the new system. This empire comprehended France, Belgium, Holland, the German states composing the Confederation of the Rhine, Italy, and a part of Poland. These widely differing communities, although so recently united, were in the main satisfied with their new position and attitude. The people were great gainers in every way by the new laws. It was felt that there had been an immense advance from the petty tyranny of the smaller principalities, a most welcome deliverance from the innumerable inequalities of legal condition, from the various burdens and monopolies which had always interfered so greatly with the material interests of the people and had rendered rational enjoyment of life out of the question for the humbler classes. Probably ten years of uninterrupted peace would have brought all these populations up to a pitch of prosperity and contentment such as they had never enjoyed before, and such, let us add, as they have never known since. Unfortunately, however, Napoleon desired to add Spain to the new confederacy — Spain, the most backward of all the countries in Western Europe, more given over to priestly bigotry and fanaticism than any other part of Europe, in no respect prepared to welcome the new system, and possessed of a national pride which resented fiercely all foreign intervention, in whatever interest it might come.

Plate II.—Sir John Moore, from a mezzotint.

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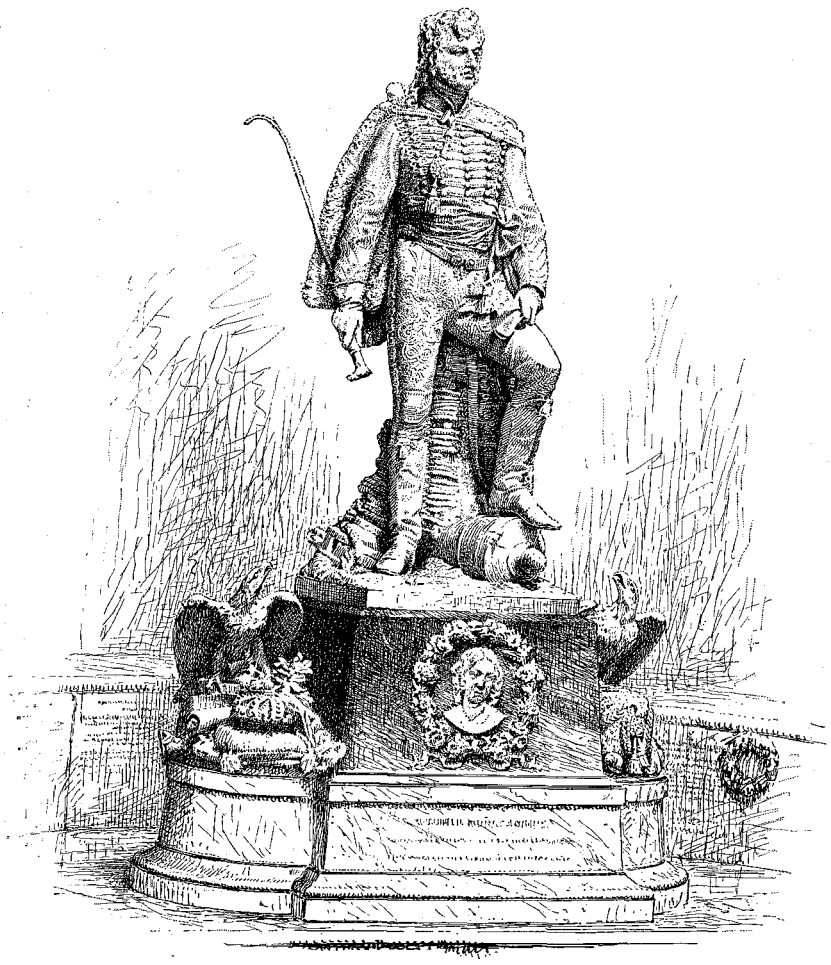

Plate III.—Statue of Murat in the Campo Santo at Bologna.

Napoleon, however, took small account of these things. Well aware of the worthless character of the Spanish Bourbons, convinced that the new system would work a great change for the better in the condition of the Spanish people, he assumed that he should find in the liberals of the Spanish Peninsula as cordial and intelligent helpers as he had found the liberals of Italy and Germany to be. Filled with these notions, he proceeded, by means most arbitrary and unjustifiable, to carry the royal family from Madrid to France, where he did not hesitate to detain them. It is needless to repeat the story; there was no warrant or excuse for what he did. In his mind, apparently, on this occasion at least, the end justified the means. What he intended to do was to replace the old, worn-out, bigoted, ignorant rule of the Spanish Bourbons by an enlightened and humane administration, carried on by his own brother Joseph—to sweep away, as fast as was possible, antiquated and obstructive laws, to abolish the Inquisition, to reduce the excessive influence of the priests, to establish religious toleration, to make all men equal before the law; in short, to place Spain in line with France, with Holland, with Bavaria, with Italy. And however unjustifiable and reprehensible were the means which he employed, it was unquestionably a

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Plate IV.—Marshal Ney, from an engraving of Gérard's painting (1814).

very great misfortune for the Spanish people that he failed in his projects.

The admirable portrait which forms the frontispiece of this number (Plate I.) is from a painting by an artist by the name of Frédéric Millet, and is signed by him, but, unfortunately, not dated. It is painted on porcelain—is about seven inches in length by five and a quarter in breadth—and is exquisitely finished. It originally belonged to Marshal Soult, and was purchased at the celebrated sale of his gallery in 1852 in Paris, by Mr. John Templeman Coolidge, Jr., of Boston. It is now the property of his son, Mr. John Templeman Coolidge, 3d, of Boston, and it is owing to his courtesy that I am enabled to present to my readers this excellent representation of it. In my judgment it is one of the best likenesses — if not the very best — of Napoleon as he was at this period of

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his life, about the years 1808 or 1810, perhaps—that I have ever seen. It is the face of an energetic, clear-headed, masterful, though not unkindly, man, exceedingly handsome, but, as it seems to me, with a certain over-confident look, as of one who had had everything too much his own way, had had too uninterrupted a career of success. There is not a trace of the vigilant, eager, indefatigable soldier whose portraits we saw when he was general of the Army of Italy. In this picture we have evidently before us a man of a luxurious habit of life, not to say more. But it is a strikingly fine countenance, and one of great power.

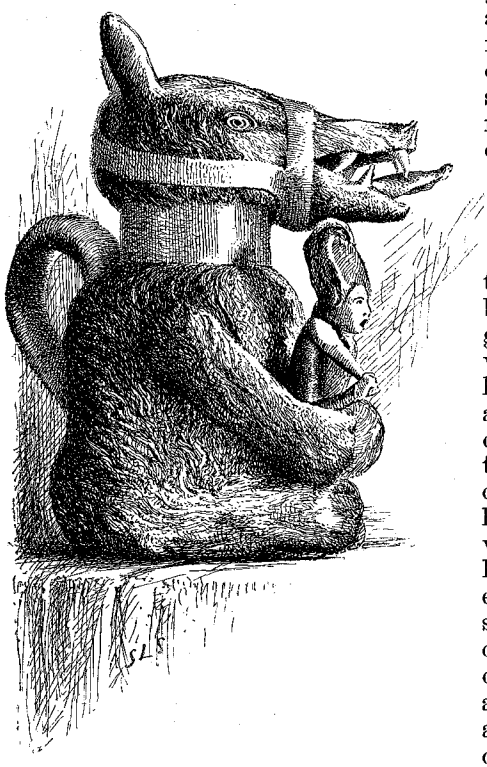

Plate V.—"Boney in the Grasp of the Russian Bear."—A pitcher, of English manufacture, in the possession of the author.

The celebrated Heine saw Napoleon about this time, in 1810. It may be interesting to recount the impression he received. It is thus recorded: "It was five years after the French had first entered Düsseldorf, and therefore five years since the little Heine had been drinking in day by day those tales of wonder about Napoleon from the lips of the drummer Legrand, which made him a supernatural being in his childish eyes, that the war-god himself passed through Düsseldorf for the first time. Heine was then eleven (A.D. 1810), and stood with his school-fellows, looking on the wondrous procession of the entry, the remembrance of which never faded within him. 'But how felt I when I first saw him—Hosannah the Kaiser!—with mine own most blessed eyes? It happened even in the avenue of the Castle-garden at Düsseldorf. As I peered though the gaping spectators, I thought on the deeds and battles which M. Legrand the drummer had told me of, and my heart beat quick march; and then I thought at the same time of the police notice, that all riding down the avenue was forbidden on pain of five thalers fine. And the Emperor with his staff rode right down the middle of the avenue. The quivering trees bent down as he came by; the sunbeams trembled curiously fearful through the green foliage; and in the blue heaven above him visibly floated a golden star. The Emperor wore his well-worn green uniform, and his world-historic little hat. He rode a white horse; and his horse moved along in such a quiet, proud, sure, distinguished way, that if I had then been the Crown Prince of Prussia I should have envied that horse. The Emperor sat in a negligent way, almost hanging; the one hand held his bridle, the other patted good-humoredly the neck of his horse. It was a sunny, marble hand—a mighty hand—one of the two hands which had bound down the many-headed monster of Anarchy, and arranged the duels of nations, and it patted good-humoredly the neck of his horse. His countenance had the same color that we see on Greek and Roman marble heads; the lineaments of the same were also as nobly cut as those of the old statues, and on his face was written, "Thou shalt adore no other gods but me." A smile which warmed and tranquillized every heart hovered over his lips; and yet we know that those lips had only to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus;* those lips had only to whistle, and the priesthood had rung its last bell; those lips had only to whistle, and the

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Plate VI.—A Contemporary German Caricature.

whole Holy Roman Empire would be set dancing; and the lips laughed and the eyes laughed. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men, and saw in a glance the whole things of the world; while we others can only see them one by one, and then only in a shadow. The brow was not quite clear; the spirits of future battles were crowded there; and there went a quiver over the brow from time to time, and that was a thought of creation, one of those seven-leagued-boot thoughts with which the spirit of the Emperor invisibly bestrode the world; and I believe every one of those thoughts would have given a German author enough stuff to write about for a whole life.

"'The Kaiser rode quietly through the avenue: no policeman stopped his way. Behind him on snorting steeds, and stiff with gold and jewels, rode his staff; the drums rolled out, the trumpets clanged, and the people cried, with a thousand voices, "Long live the Emperor!" '" *

Recurring now to Spain. Joseph had no sooner got himself crowned at Madrid than the French arms met with the very serious disaster of Baylen on July 20, 1808, when eighteen thousand men under General Dupont surrendered to the Spaniards. Immediately the whole country rose; Joseph precipitately left Madrid; and England, always on the watch to oppose Napoleon's projects, ordered a part of the army which had compelled the French to evacuate Portugal to advance into Spain. Sir John Moore, whose portrait we give in Plate II., a very capable and gallant officer, commanded this column. He marched a considerable distance into the interior, relying on the promises of the Spanish patriots that he would find an organized and formidable resistance to the French aggression. He found nothing of the sort, however; on the contrary, nothing could be more wretched than the plans and performances of the Spanish provisional government. While deliberating on his best course, Napoleon appeared in Spain. With his customary energy, he swept everything before him,

Plate VII.—An English Caricature by Rowlandson, 1814.

* Life, Works, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine. By W. Stigand. Vol. i., page 40. London: Longmans. 1875.

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Plate VIII.—From an engraving of a portrait made at Elba, 1814.

and reoccupied Madrid. There was nothing for Moore to do but to retreat. Accordingly he fell back to Corunna, where his transports and the fleet were to await him, followed by Soult. At Corunna the French assaulted the English lines, but the British repelled their assailants and made good their escape to their ships. But the action was fatal to Sir John Moore, whose death and burial have been forever commemorated in the well-known poem of Charles Wolfe, beginning:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

The many boys and girls who have been obliged to learn this piece of poetry by heart may often perhaps have wondered what sort of a man this dead hero was. The portrait we have given shows him to have had a fine face, and an interesting face. There is a statue of him in Glasgow, where he was born.

While Napoleon was in the midst of his operations in the Spanish Peninsula he was suddenly recalled to Paris by the alarming news that Austria had taken advantage of the concentration and employment of such large numbers of French troops in Spain and of the embarrassments attending the conquest of the country, to take up arms. For this course on the part of Austria there was no justification, other than the very natural one that she desired to regain a part at least of the territory and influence she had lost in former wars, and that she deemed the opportunity afforded by the Spanish complication a favorable one—in other words, there was no special *casus belli*. This war was therefore virtually a consequence of the invasion of Spain, and it showed most clearly the impolicy of Napoleon's conduct in that regard. Had it not been that the Austrian statesmen supposed that Napoleon had so involved his armies in the Spanish Peninsula as to leave his German allies comparatively unprotected, they assuredly would not have assailed him. They miscalculated, it is true, on the whole; but the war of 1809 was, nevertheless, a very close thing. In spite of the exertions of the French Emperor, the advantages of position and numbers were at the outset of the campaign with his opponents. The brilliant combinations which he conceived, and which were executed with a thorough appreciation of their object as well as with great energy and gallantry by Masséna and Davout, secured, it is true, the defeat of the Austrians at Abenberg and Eckmühl, and opened the way to Vienna; but the moral effect of this success was greatly impaired by the bloody and indecisive battle of Aspern, which resulted in the retirement of the French army to the island of Lobau in the River Danube, near Vienna.

For nearly six weeks did Europe witness the extraordinary spectacle of the French Emperor residing at the palace of Schönbrunn, and there reorganizing his forces preparatory to taking the field again. In the first days of July the army crossed to the north side of the Danube, and on the sixth the great battle of Wagram was fought. The

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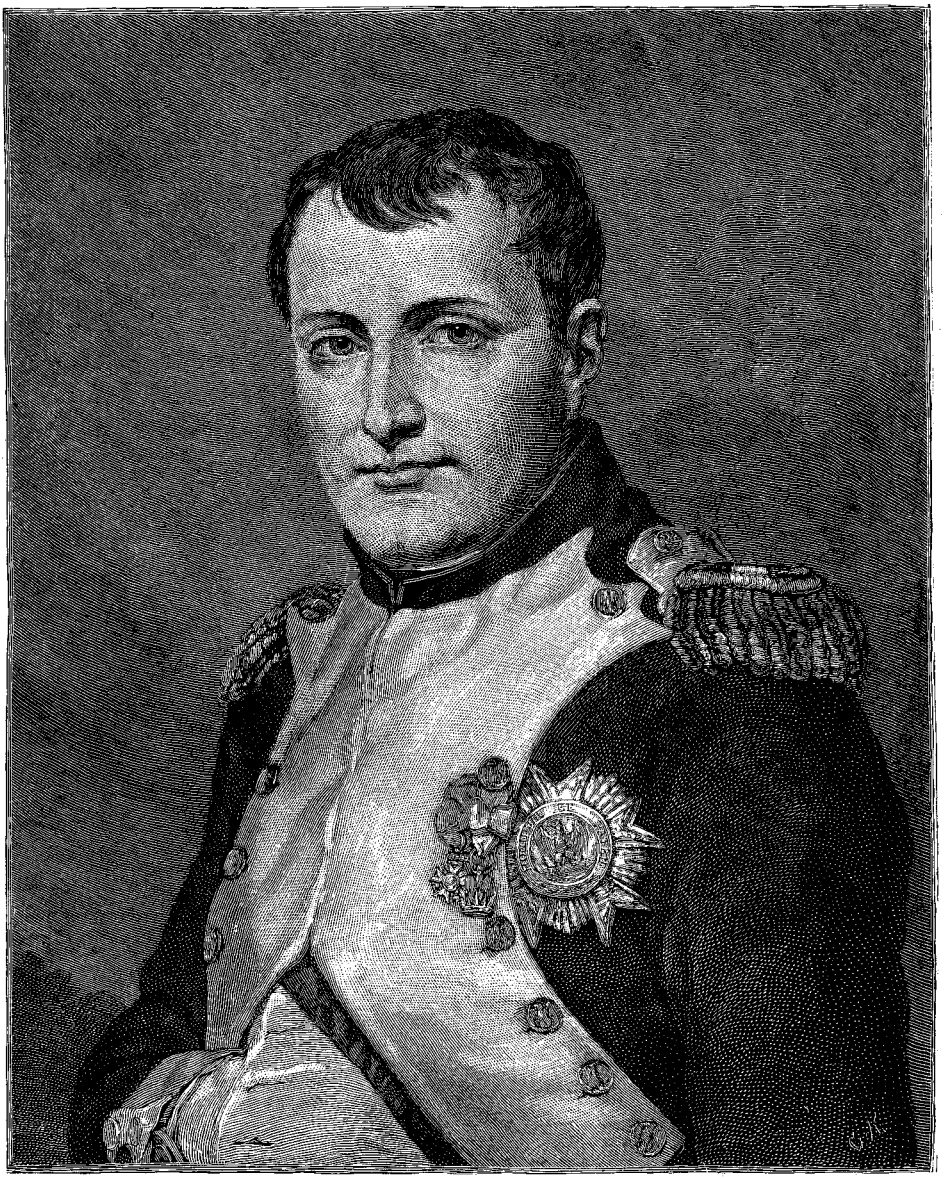

Plate IX.—From an engraving of a portrait by Bourgeois, a pupil of David.

forces actually engaged were nearly equal in number; there were somewhere about 150,000 men on each side. The field of battle was an immense plain, called the *Marchfeld* from the name of the little stream that runs through it. The Austrians were commanded by the Archduke Charles, who at that time ranked in Europe next to Napoleon as a general.

The French took the offensive. On the 5th of July the Austrians were pushed back several miles from the river, their left resting on the village of Neusiedl, and thence extending in a sort of semicircle covering the villages of Wagram and Aderkläa to a point a mile or more beyond the hamlet of Süssenbrunn. The concave side was presented to their antagonists. The Aus-

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Plate X.—Marshal Grouchy, from a colored print.

trian general was expecting large re-enforcements to arrive from the eastward under his brother the Archduke John, and his true policy, therefore, was to remain on the defensive. Napoleon attacked him with great vigor on the morning of July 6th, making his principal effort against the Austrian left, in the hope of rendering the junction of the two Austrian armies impossible. His communications with the island of Lobau were unavoidably exposed, and it has been thought by some that that part of his line was intentionally denuded of troops. At any rate, the temptation, thus presented, of assailing the communications of the French army, proved too strong for the Archduke Charles to resist, and he

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threw his whole right wing, re-enforced largely from his centre, upon them. Masséna was detached from his position in the centre of the French line, and ordered to the left, to resist this attack. Then Napoleon, as soon as the necessary dispositions rendered necessary by Masséna's withdrawal could be made, determined to renew the attack on the Austrian left near Neusiedl, and at the same time to pierce their centre between Aderkläa and Sussenbrunn. A column consisting of two divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, and preceded by an enormous battery of one hundred pieces of cannon, was organized, and, led by General (afterward Marshal) Macdonald, was pushed upon the Austrian centre. The guns were advanced at a trot, and their tremendous cannonade visibly shook the Austrian infantry. But the attacking force was subjected from the start to a severe fire, and suffered greatly, particularly the infantry. So destructive, however, had been the fire of the French guns, massed in such numbers, upon the Austrian infantry in their front, that when the word was given for the cavalry of the Guard and the cuirassiers of Nansouty to charge, they swept everything before them. The Austrian centre was pierced, and their right wing, which had been operating with some success against Masséna, was now compelled to fall back. At or about the same time Davout succeeded in his attack against the Austrian left, and the junction with the main body of the force brought by the Archduke John was rendered impossible. The French had won the day; but they did not make such captures either of guns or of prisoners as to make Wagram one of Napoleon's most striking victories. It ended the war, it is true; but the campaign had shown that Napoleon was vulnerable, like other men. The lesson it should have taught him, to withdraw from Spain, and conserve his commanding position in Germany, for the purpose of consolidating his empire and of securing beyond a peradventure the benefits which his government and laws carried to the populations comprised in his empire, was not learned. Napoleon persisted in his original purpose of reducing Spain, a task which, however feasible it may have appeared after the withdrawal of Sir John Moore's army, was now rendered vastly more difficult by the decision of the English Ministry to recommence active operations from Portugal as a base, and to intrust their conduct to a very able soldier, Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward Lord Wellington. Opposed by his skilful management the

Plate XI.—Wellington, from an engraving of a portrait by Burney, 1814.

French marshals, to whom, in the absence of Napoleon, was intrusted the conduct of operations in different parts of Spain, made little progress in the conquest of the country. What was gained in one campaign was lost in another. Wellington never missed a chance, and never allowed himself to be taken at a grave disadvantage. Alert and vigilant, cool and collected, daring enough when the occasion allowed, he was yet resolute in taking the steps, however unpopular they might for the time make him in England, which he judged to be needed to insure the safety of his army. He was equally willing to advance to Madrid or to fall back behind the lines of Torres Vedras; with him, it was only a question of military judgment. No better man could have been selected for the very difficult and often embarrassing *rôle* which a commander of English troops was at that

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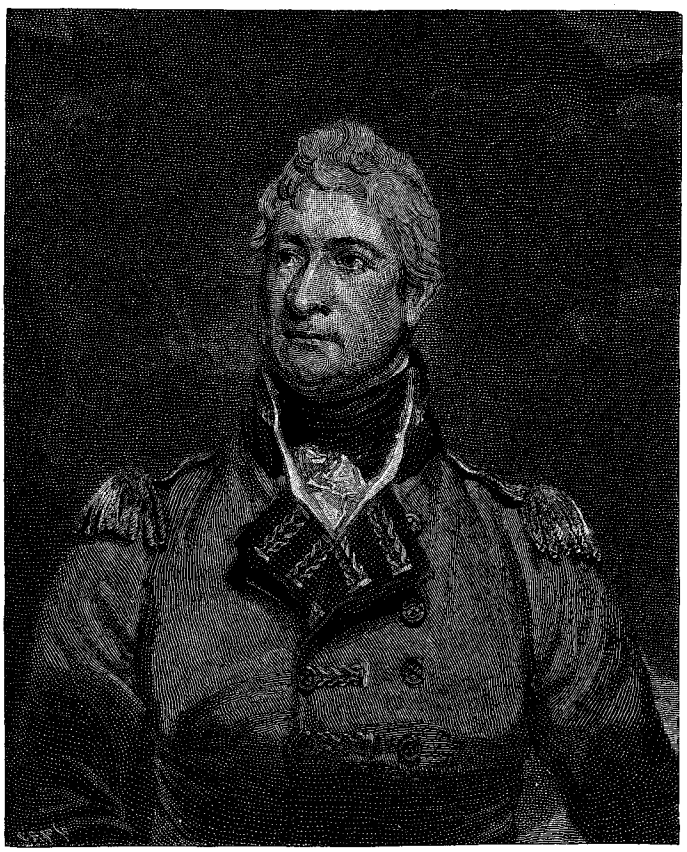

Plate XII.—Sir Thomas Picton, from a mezzotint published in 1810.

time compelled to play in the struggle between Spain and France. Of Wellington himself we give in Plate XI. a good portrait, from a drawing by Burney, engraved by Heath, and published in 1814.

For nearly three years—from the autumn of 1809 to the spring of 1812—the Continent, with the exception of the Spanish Peninsula, was at peace; or, to speak more correctly, there was no great war. The Emperor Alexander, it is true, improved this opportunity to attack Sweden and to add the Swedish province of Finland to the Russian Empire. He also engaged in war with the Turks, and occupied, after some hard fighting, the Danubian Principalities.

It is not possible here fully to discuss the causes of the tremendous struggle which followed this brief period of peace, but I will say a word about them. Russia had gained in Finland and Wallachia all that she had counted upon gaining by the alliance with France, made at Tilsit. She now set her eyes upon the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, a sort of Poland *redivivus*, though on a small scale—originally constituted in 1807 out of what had been Prussian Poland, to which a part of Austrian Poland had been added in 1809. Alexander had a grand scheme in his head in respect to Poland. He wanted to reunite all the scattered fragments, to reconstitute Poland in all its ancient entirety, to make of it again a kingdom. Of that kingdom the Czar of Russia was to be the king. He had in his mind something of the same kind that we have seen effected in Southeastern Europe, where the Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary. For this end he intrigued with Polish patriots in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, endeavoring to detach the Grand Duchy from the French alliance, and to add it to the dominions of Russia.* These projects were formed, and these intrigues were carried on, while he was not only at peace with France, but held himself out as being a friend and ally of Napoleon. No one in the least acquainted with Russian diplomacy will be surprised at this sort of thing. Failing, however, to make the smallest impression on the Poles, who, he ascertained, waited their complete enfranchisement from the action of Napoleon, Alexander bethought

* Joyneville's Life and Times of Alexander I., vol. ii., pp. 96 et seq.

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himself of the other alternative—war. There was much in the situation of Europe that attracted Alexander to this course. The Continent had been for several years suffering from the enforced prohibition of trade with England, known as the Continental System. There was much discontent, and much ground for it. Napoleon insisted on the blockade, or, rather, embargo, as the only means of forcing England to make peace. But the English aristocracy did not propose to depart from their policy of opposing France and her revolutionary government because of the suffering occasioned to certain classes of merchants and manufacturers in England by Napoleon's closing to them the great continental markets. They had the power, and they were determined to use it until the Corsican usurper should be defeated and dethroned and the old state of things substantially restored. Besides this special reason for dissatisfaction, Alexander counted on the chronic grievances of Prussia and Austria bringing them upon his side, or, at any rate, causing them to remain neutral in the event of war, and thus enabling him to effect the occupation of the Grand Duchy without encountering any opposition other than that offered in the territory itself. He calculated on overwhelming any force he would be likely to find there. And he expected that such a success as this would not only secure to him and his cause, sooner or later, Austria and Prussia as active and willing allies, but that all the opposition to Napoleon and his empire which existed on the Continent, whether the result of jealousies of race or of political animosity or of outraged social prejudice, could be organized by him into a vast movement of which he would be the head and by which he could bring about what he termed "the liberation of Europe."

That these schemes and intrigues and expectations were known to Napoleon no one can question. He felt that the situation was certain to result in war. He had nothing to gain by such a war, unless it was the complete re-establishment of Poland, which would without much doubt be the result of a completely successful war. But there is no reason to think that he undertook the invasion of Russia in order to accomplish this project. It seems, on the

Plate XIII.—Marshal Blücher, from a contemporary engraving.

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whole, far more probable that the war was one of Alexander's making, although no one was more disappointed than he at the failure of the expectations in regard to the attitude of Austria and Prussia, on which he had based his calculations for a successful move at the outbreak of the struggle.

Napoleon out-manœuvred him in the cabinet and in the field. Prussia and Austria, so far from aiding Russia, allied themselves to France, and furnished contingents of troops. The whole Russian frontier was thus laid open. Instead of a French army pushing its way into the Grand Duchy between neutral or semi-hostile powers, only to meet the whole disposable force of the Russian army and be overwhelmed, the Czar found himself assailed by all Europe, a Prussian army invading his Baltic provinces, an Austrian army moving into his Southern Polish provinces, and between these auxiliary armies an immense force, in three columns, the largest one commanded by Napoleon in person, marching into the interior of Russia with such speed and so admirably directed that there was absolutely nothing for the Russian armies to do but to retreat with all precipitation.

How these armies, under Barclay de Tolly and Bagration, were obliged to fall back upon their widely distant bases, how the great masses of the allied forces were at one time actually between them, how Napoleon somehow missed the great chance, seemingly within his grasp, of dealing with each separately, and how they finally effected a junction before Smolensk, and afterward, under old Koutousof, made a stand, and fought the bloody battle of Borodino, I have no room to tell. The wonderful description of the battle itself in Count Tolstoï's "War and Peace," drawn in part, I imagine, from the recollections of survivors of the fight, gives, I should suppose, an amazingly accurate description of the incidents of the actual struggle. His picture of the interior of the great redoubt, of the gallant young officer working his battery, of the hardy veterans who stuck to their guns until they were literally ridden down by their antagonists, is a most realistic and telling picture. This, however, is about the extent of the count's merits as a historian. His incorrigible race-prejudice, shown in the caricatures he invariably gives of the French and German officers whom he introduces from time to time into his story, his fatalism, blocking the way to all rational conclusions, and, in fact, rendering argument impossible and the study of past facts a wholly useless and idiotic performance—these peculiarities throw him completely out of the list of historians. His opinion is worth nothing; but his insight into character is simply wonderful, only it must be a Russian character, as has been intimated above. His portrait of Koutousof agrees perfectly, so far as its outline is concerned, with that which we gather from the historians; but it is so powerfully and so carefully drawn that we feel as we do sometimes when standing before a portrait by Velasquez—we know it must be a great likeness. Of the glimpses which he vouchsafes us of Napoleon from time to time it is impossible to speak favorably. He has evidently taken his subject at second-hand; it is a poor card photograph thrown up as a picture, and daubed a little here and there.

The two great figures in the campaign of Russia on the French side were Murat and Ney. In Plate III. we give a representation of the statue of Murat in the Campo Santo at Bologna. Throughout the advance he was always at the van, urging the pursuit, brave to recklessness, and possessing, probably, a good deal more military capacity than he has generally been credited with. Ney was specially the hero of the battle of Borodino, and for his great services on this occasion was made "Prince of the Moskwa"—after the river which runs through the field of battle. On the retreat, too, Ney showed his great courage and tenacity, and he was almost the only one of the principal officers of the army who added to his military reputation by his behavior during that terrible ordeal. The portrait we give of him (Plate IV.) is from a picture by Gérard, made in 1814, engraved by Tardieu. The portrait of him in the Invalides at Paris shows him to have red or reddish hair.

The story of the retreat from Moscow has been often told. The main French army was practically annihilated; the

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Plate XV.—Napoleon at St. Helena, from an engraving of a drawing by Horace Vernet.

wings—*i.e.*, the contingents furnished by Prussia and Austria—fared much better, it is true, but it was soon made plain that both these powers had decided to detach themselves from their alliance with France. The catastrophe was appalling—of somewhere about 530,000 men who entered the Russian territory only about 110,000 returned. About 200,000 were made prisoners; some 220,000 must have perished. The event was hailed with joy in England. Bona-

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parte, it was said, had at last met his match. The feelings of the people found expression, as usual, in caricatures, one of which is here reproduced in Plate V., "Boney in the Grasp of the Russian Bear." It is a beer-jug or pitcher, of brown stone-china, in the shape of a bear, which is hugging a diminutive fig-

Plate XIV.—From a portrait prefixed to Barnes' "Tour through the Island of St. Helena." (London, 1817).

ure in uniform with a chapeau on his head, on which is written "Boney." The bear's head can be moved in any direction, and the effect is sometimes exceedingly ludicrous.

The Emperor Alexander had reason to congratulate himself on the result of the war. The campaign had, to be sure, taken a very different course from that which he had expected, but then it had turned out far better than he had any reason to hope. Warsaw, with its adjacent territory, had, on the retirement of the wreck of the French army, passed into the power of the Russian Czar, where it has ever since remained. There was now no chance of the restoration of Poland. The humane and enlightened provisions of the code which, to a greater or less extent, were introduced by Napoleon into the Grand Duchy, were now to be replaced by Russian despotism. The cause of legitimacy and of privilege, as opposed to the cause of equal rights, had gained enormously in strength and prestige during that terrible winter campaign. It seemed now more than probable that an organized crusade could be undertaken against the French Emperor, which should reduce France to her former limits, restore the dispossessed princes, and undo those radical changes in law and government which made the new system, under which the countries composing the French Empire lived, so cordially detested by the ruling classes of Europe.

It is interesting in this connection to note that in England, at any rate, while the hatred of Napoleon still apparently continues in full force, historians of the present day who have taken the pains to acquaint themselves with the facts concerning the condition, in Napoleon's time, of the populations of the Continent, are obliged to admit that it may, after all, have been a misfortune for Europe that he was not successful in the war with Russia. The second volume of Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe" has recently appeared, and I venture to quote a few paragraphs from the first chapter:

"It is now not easy to suppress the doubt whether the permanent interests of mankind would not have been best served by Napoleon's success in 1812.

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His empire had already attained dimensions that rendered its ultimate disruption certain; less depended upon the postponement or the acceleration of its downfall than on the order of things ready to take its place. The victory of Napoleon in 1812 would have been followed by the establishment of a Polish kingdom in the provinces taken from Russia. From no generosity in the conqueror, from no sympathy on his part with a fallen people, but from the necessities of his political situation, Poland must have been so organized as to render it the bulwark of French supremacy in the East. The serf would have been emancipated. The just hatred of the peasant to the noble, which made the partition of 1772 easy, and has proved fatal to every Polish uprising from that time to the present, would have been appeased by an agrarian reform executed with Napoleon's own unrivalled energy and intelligence, and ushered in with brighter hopes than have at any time in the history of Poland lit the dark shades of peasant life. The motives which in 1807 had led Napoleon to stay his hand, and to content himself with half-measures of emancipation in the Duchy of Warsaw,* could have had no place after 1812, when Russia remained by his side a mutilated but inexorable enemy, ever on the watch to turn to its own advantage the first murmurs of popular discontent beyond the border. Political independence, the heritage of the Polish noble, might have been withheld, but the blessing of landed independence would have been bestowed on the mass of the Polish people. In the course of some years this restored kingdom, though governed by a member of the house of Bonaparte, would probably have gained sufficient internal strength to survive the downfall of Napoleon's empire or his own decease. . . . By the side of the three absolute monarchs of Central and Eastern Europe there would have remained, upon Napoleon's downfall, at least one people in possession of the tradition of liberty; and from the example of Poland, raised from the deep but not incurable degradation of its social life, the rulers of Russia might have gained courage to emancipate the serf without waiting for the lapse of another half-century and the occurrence of a second ruinous war."

Views like these, coming from a man whose hostility to and contempt for Napoleon are so pronounced, must be accepted, I submit, as wellnigh conclusive on the point of the general wisdom, justice, and humanity of the institutions which he established throughout his empire. And common-sense people may well question whether the writer is following the dictates of sound reason in persisting to regard the man whose rule carried equal rights, humane laws, solid reforms of all kinds, into the countries over which he held sway, as the unprincipled tyrant which, all through his two volumes, it is evident he sincerely believes Napoleon to have been.

The utter failure of the campaign convinced Napoleon that nothing but a prompt show of force, and that on a large scale, could avert the danger that threatened his empire. Accordingly, he left the army as soon as it was out of the enemy's reach, and returned post-haste to Paris. Here he worked with tireless energy, organizing and equipping a new army for the war which he knew was certain to break out in Germany. To this task he applied all his experience, his vast knowledge of the military art, his intimate acquaintance with the resources of the countries composing the empire. He did all that mortal man could do to meet the danger, save in two respects—he refused to withdraw his armies from Spain, although he weakened them by heavy drafts, and he refused to relax the rigor of the Continental System. But both these steps must have appeared to men of ordinary intelligence to be imperatively demanded by the situation.

Had Ferdinand been restored to Madrid, and a treaty of peace made with him, troops to the number of 250,000 men would have been available for service in Germany. No raw levies would have been needed; these veterans would have decided the conflict. Russia had, until August, 1813, only Prussia for an

* Bernhardi, Geschichte Russlands, iii., 26.
Note by the present writer: "Even the misused peasantry of Poland had been freed from their degrading yoke within the borders of the newly founded Grand Duchy of Warsaw." Fyffe's History of Modern Europe, vol. i., p. 350.

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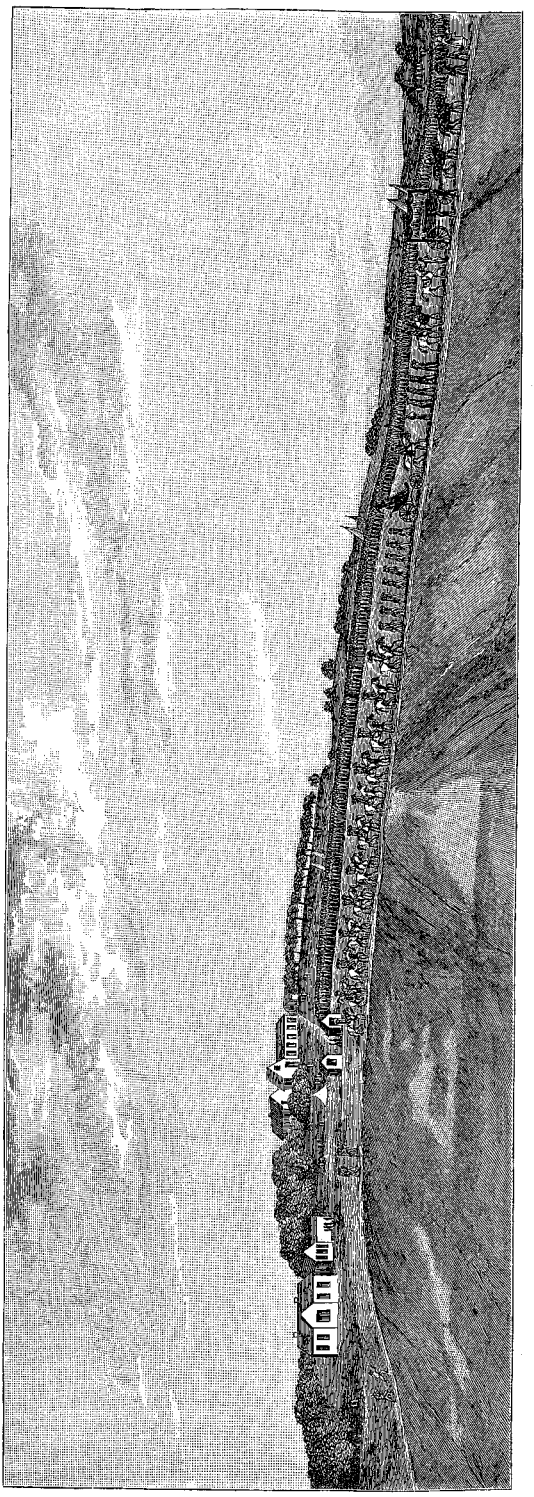

Plate XVI.—Napoleon's Funeral, from an engraving after Captain Marryat's drawing.

ally on the Continent, and neither nation was able at that time to raise and equip large armies. The Spanish army, if sent to the Elbe, would have amply sufficed to overawe Austria, and to defeat and drive back the Russian and Prussian armies. The integrity of the French Empire would have been maintained.

And if, in addition to this obviously necessary measure of increasing his available military force by ceasing to continue the contest in Spain, Napoleon had changed his policy regarding trade with England, he would have done a great deal toward allaying a spirit of uneasiness, not to say revolt, that was now making itself seen and felt, especially in Northern Germany. The bitter hatred to Napoleon of the ruling classes in Prussia, Brunswick, and others of the North German states, due mainly to political reasons, was now showing itself in fomenting among the people a race-hatred against the French as aliens in blood and language. Most of this fierce opposition to Napoleon existed in Northern Germany; but all over the country there was a feeling of irritation and anger springing naturally from the terrible sacrifices which the Spanish and Russian wars had entailed, and from the privations to which the Continental System subjected the people. In some quarters the hatred of Napoleon was of a sort not to be described; witness the caricature in Plate VI., in which Napoleon is represented as an infant in a cradle, embraced by the Devil. The legend is too profane for repetition here.

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We have no space to recount in detail the events of the year 1813; how Napoleon returned to Germany with a large though poorly disciplined army; how he at first defeated the Prussians and Russians at Lutzen and Bautzen; how he then called a halt, and entered into an armistice for reasons that have never been satisfactorily made plain; how Austria held the balance of power, and demanded a price for remaining neutral and not joining in the league against him; how he absolutely refused to pay any such price, and on the conclusion of the truce entered the field against the three great powers united. Successful himself in the first battle, that of Dresden, the enemy's columns retired in different directions; he sent his generals and marshals to follow them up, but every one of them returned beaten, save Vandamme, who was captured. The army, again reunited under the Emperor, made a stand at Leipsic, in October, 1813, and for three days fought against superior numbers, only to be finally driven from the field. Once successful, the allies lost no time, —they crossed the Rhine in December, and in January and February their armies were marching on the banks of the Seine and the Marne. The territory of France was invaded by the forces of all nations; her armies were reduced terribly in numbers. The contest indeed looked hopeless; and the tragic caricature which we reproduce in Plate VII. shows us what was thought of it in England. This picture, drawn by Rowlandson, was published in London on January 1, 1814. Bonaparte is seated alone on a drum, the allied hosts under their respective flags are pressing rapidly toward him, cutting down his soldiers, who are seen on the right of the picture fleeing for their lives. Directly in front of him is grim Death, seated on a dismounted gun, one of his feet resting on a broken staff which once supported an eagle. It is certainly a striking picture, though it be a caricature.

After the resolute and gallant, but unsuccessful, fight which Napoleon made in the spring of 1814, he was, as we all know, sent to Elba. In Plate VIII. we have an excellent portrait of him. The original bears this legend: "Dessiné à l'isle d'Elbe par Hubert—gravé par Henry. Dédié à S. E. Monseigneur le grand Maréchal Comte Bertrand."

Our next portrait (Plate IX.) * was taken after his triumphant return from Elba, and it is, probably, the last ever made of Napoleon in France. It is said that Napoleon was much pleased with this picture. It is certainly one of the most attractive of the later portraits.

Nothing in modern history equals in dramatic interest the story of the Hundred Days. Napoleon's daring escape from Elba, his triumphant march to Paris, his unopposed resumption of the reins of government, the banding together of all Europe against him, the acceptance by France of her isolated situation, her determined attitude in face of her many foes, her zealous and active preparations to defend herself—Napoleon's characteristic resolution to carry the war into the enemy's country, the first success at Ligny, and the terrible overthrow at Waterloo, followed by Napoleon's abdication and exile—constitute, perhaps, the most striking succession of great events ever witnessed. Volumes upon volumes have been written on the campaign of Waterloo; but as it seems to be still a topic of unfailing interest, I may perhaps be excused for sketching very briefly its principal features.

Napoleon's plan was to separate the English and Prussian armies, which were in their cantonments in Belgium, and beat them in detail. What especially induced him to form this plan was that the communications of these armies were in precisely opposite directions—those of the English being to the west, in the direction of the sea, and those of the Prussians to the east, in the direction of the Rhine. The case, therefore, was wholly different from what it would have been had the force opposed to him consisted of only one army, under one control, having but one base of supplies. It was much more

* The legend runs thus: "Dessiné par Eugène Bourgeois, Elève de Mr. David, et pensionnaire de S. M. l'Empereur et Roi. Gravé sous la Direction de Mr. David par Noel Bertrand. Napoléon le Grand. D'après le Portrait en pied de S. M. l'Empereur et Roi. Fait par Mr. David, son premier Peintre." This portrait of Napoleon is so very common, and is so very often seen without any description at all, that I have copied the legend in full.

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favorable to him. For, if he could beat either of these armies so completely as to force it to fall back upon its base, he would separate it completely from its ally. There were, of course, other plans which he might have adopted—for instance, that which the Duke of Wellington expected he would adopt, namely, to attempt to turn the English right, and cut them off from their base on the sea; but the plan above given—to separate, if possible, the two armies—was the one on which he determined to act.

Having, therefore, with great activity and skill concentrated his own force without awakening the serious suspicions of his antagonists, he directed it on the great road which runs north from Charleroi to Brussels. The English army was scattered about in various villages on the left or west of this road; the Prussian army was on the right or east side of it.

On the morning of the 15th of June the French began crossing the Sambre at and near Charleroi, and drove back the Prussian outposts as far as Fleurus. Blücher, who commanded the Prussians, instantly gave orders for a concentration of his own army at Ligny, sent word to Wellington of the French advance, and demanded his co-operation. For some unexplained reason Wellington did not get this information till late in the afternoon, and then, instead of exerting himself to ascertain the facts, he went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball—first, however, issuing orders for a concentration of a great part of his army at Enghien and other places fifteen or twenty miles to the west of the turnpike, under the erroneous supposition, before mentioned, that Napoleon was really moving with the intention of cutting him off from his base on the sea.

The consequence of this action on the part of the Prussian and English commanders was this—that while the former had collected a large part of his forces at and near Ligny during the forenoon of the 16th, the vitally important position of Quatre Bras, where the road from Ligny crosses the Charleroi pike, was occupied only by one Dutch-Belgian division from Wellington's army, the rest of that army being miles away either to the north or west. On the turnpike, a few miles south of this small force at Quatre Bras, were the First and Second Corps of the French army, under the command of Marshal Ney, numbering some 40,000 men or more. The rest of the French army, under Napoleon himself, was at Fleurus, on the right of the turnpike, making ready to engage the Prussians.

Ney's orders to drive the enemy from Quatre Bras were rather late in reaching him on the morning of the 16th of June, so that, by two in the afternoon, when the action commenced, the English had received considerable re-enforcements. Ney's two corps were, however, far superior in numbers to the array opposed to him, and no historian, so far as I know, has ever doubted that, had he brought both his corps into action, he would have carried the position and inflicted a severe defeat on his opponents. But this he was, by a strange accident, prevented from doing. The First Corps had bivouacked some two or three miles in rear of the Second, and while it was marching to the front, a staff officer, carrying despatches from the Emperor to Marshal Ney, took it upon himself to read them to the officer commanding the leading division, who, misapprehending their purport, marched off in the direction of the main army, leaving Ney with one corps only to fight the English. When Ney learned of this, he sent to recall the corps, but it was too late. These 20,000 men occupied the entire afternoon marching and countermarching between the main army and the left wing, and never fired a shot. For this blunder the staff officer and the commander of the leading division were principally responsible. D'Erlon was not with his troops at the moment when the corps turned back, having gone on in advance of his men to the front.

The Second French Corps, thus left alone, was not strong enough to defeat the force which Wellington, now convinced of his mistake, concentrated on the turnpike as fast as he could.

Hence at the close of the 16th, although the French had won the battle of Ligny against the Prussians, the English general, having successfully maintained himself at Quatre Bras, had it in his power * to retire on the turnpike to

* Subject, however, to such molestation as the French might choose to give him; Napoleon, in fact, has often been criticised for not throwing his whole army against Wellington on the morning of the 17th.

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Waterloo, where he could be joined by the Prussians, if Blücher were willing for a brief period to renounce his natural line of retreat to the eastward, and fall back instead, by roads running generally north—that is, parallel to the turnpike—to Wavre, a village only seven or eight miles from Waterloo. This, Blücher, or, rather, Gneisenau, his chief of staff, for Blücher had been ridden over in the fight, gladly agreed to do; and accordingly, the night after the battle of Ligny, the Prussians retreated upon Wavre. If the English had been badly defeated at Quatre Bras by the employment against them of both the corps which Ney commanded, Wellington would hardly have been willing or able to engage that he would receive, the next day but one, at so near a point as Waterloo, the assault of the French in presumably superior numbers, and that he would hold his ground until the Prussians should arrive; the probability is that, but for the accident which prevented d'Erlon's corps from taking part in the battle of Quatre Bras, the English and Prussian armies would have been definitely separated.

Napoleon, after the battle of Ligny, seems to have made no attempt to follow up the retreating Prussians and ascertain where they were going. His chief of staff in this campaign was Marshal Soult, who had commanded an army for several years himself, in Spain, and probably was now unfitted to discharge the peculiar duties of a chief of staff. At any rate, neither he nor the Emperor attempted that night to find out where the Prussians were going.

The next morning, therefore, Napoleon was obliged to guess where the Prussians had gone, and he guessed wrong. He thought they had probably retreated to the eastward, toward their base of operations. He therefore divided his army; he gave to Marshal Grouchy (Plate X.) the command of the Third and Fourth Corps, with a large force of cavalry, and instructed him to pursue the Prussians, ordering him at first to Gembloux, a village some ten miles to the eastward. Moreover, he did not despatch Grouchy until noon or after. Had Napoleon or his chief of staff ascertained the direction of the Prussian retreat, that it was to the northward, or had Napoleon rightly conjectured its direction, he never would have divided his army—for the only conceivable reason why the Prussians should retreat north was that they might unite their forces with the English, and fight another battle—and in this case the Emperor would, of course, need his entire army.

Napoleon, however, did not overlook the possibility of his antagonists playing this game. In his written instructions to Grouchy—which were dictated to Bertrand, who happened to be with him, and which ordered Grouchy to march on Gembloux—occurs this sentence: "It is important to find out what the enemy (Blücher) is intending to do; whether he is separating himself from the English, or whether they are intending still to unite to cover Brussels or * Liège in trying the fate of another battle."

That evening, the 17th, Napoleon, with the main army, reached the field of Waterloo; Grouchy, with his command, the village of Gembloux. Grouchy sent out his cavalry at once, and by two o'clock in the morning of the 18th he had ascertained that the Prussian main army had retired on Wavre. This movement, as we have just remarked, could have had but one object, to accomplish the union of the allied armies. Nothing that Grouchy could now do could prevent this; the only thing he could do was to march as soon and as fast as he could to re-enforce the Emperor, who was in danger of being overwhelmed by the two armies united. But Grouchy, for some reason, does not seem to have seen this; instead of joining Napoleon, he marched after the Prussians, and that by a circuitous route, so that he was always to the east of them, whereas he should have manœuvred so as to get between them and the main army under Napoleon. Hence, at the close of the day, the main French army under the Emperor was routed by the arrival of fifty thousand Prussians, while Marshal Grouchy was fighting their rear-guard near the town of Wavre, eight miles away.

The story of the battle of Waterloo has been too often told to need any

* The original reads "et," which is evidently due to a mistake in taking down the Emperor's words. Brussels and Liège are obviously too widely apart to be covered by one movement.

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repetition here.* It was a great day for the Duke of Wellington. Plate XI., to which attention has already been called, is a good portrait of him at this period. He lived to be a very old man, and was perhaps the most successful and fortunate man in his day and generation.

We are able to give an excellent likeness of one of the most noted of his lieutenants, Sir Thomas Picton, who was killed in the attack made on the English left between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. Plate XII. is from a fine mezzotint made in 1810, when Picton was winning distinction in Spain under Wellington.

The likeness of Marshal Blücher which we give in Plate XIII. is from a photograph of an engraving which was made at the time. The photograph was given to me by a gentleman † who was present at a dinner given by the corporation of the city of Hamburg to Marshal Blücher in honor of his services at the battle of Waterloo; my friend told me that a copy of this engraving was given to each guest, and that it was an excellent likeness.

The portrait of Marshal Grouchy (X.) is from a colored print, not dated, from a picture by Aubry. At the foot of the engraving is a brief laudatory sketch of Grouchy's career, in which his gallant conduct during the retreat from Russia is dwelt upon. This evidently furnishes the motive of the picture. The only allusion to the Waterloo campaign in this sketch is that "Namur" is the last of the places where he is said to have distinguished himself; this undoubtedly refers to the gallant stand which he made at Namur, when he was making good his retreat to France after he had heard of the rout of Napoleon's army at Waterloo.

Whether any course was open to Napoleon after the disaster of Waterloo other than that which he adopted, a second abdication, is certainly very doubtful. Had he taken the precaution to dissolve the Chambers before setting out on the campaign, he probably could have rallied the nation and protracted the struggle. But the Chambers were unfriendly; any parliamentary body is naturally unfriendly to a military despotism; and, at that juncture, nothing less than a military despotism could possibly have saved France from the calamity of the restoration of the Bourbons by foreign bayonets. Hence, unless Napoleon should execute a new *coup d'état*, there was nothing for him but abdication.

On the 15th of July, 1815, Napoleon surrendered himself on board the British man-of-war Bellerophon. Of his appearance and bodily condition during the two months of his stay on this vessel we have an interesting account in the narrative of Captain Maitland, who commanded the ship. Maitland describes ‡ him as "a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes, light gray; teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark, gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a gray hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light, sallow color, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the Bellerophon; for though he went to bed at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was."

Maitland thus speaks of his behavior

* The most valuable account of the battle, by a participant in it, is Sir James Shaw Kennedy's Notes on the Battle of Waterloo (London: Murray, 1865). An extremely interesting narrative of the whole campaign is that of Captain (afterward General) Mercer. His Journal of the Waterloo Campaign (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1870) is a delightful book in every way.

† The late Hon. James M. Robbins, of Milton, Mass.

‡ Captain Maitland's Narrative, pp. 208 et seq.

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while on board the Bellerophon:* "He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility of making a favorable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation. . . . Lord Keith [the Admiral] appears to have formed a very high opinion of the fascination of his conversation, and expressed it very emphatically to me, after he had seen him; speaking of his wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, 'D—n the fellow,' he said, 'if he had obtained an interview with His Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England.'"

Captain Maitland's account† of the impression Napoleon made on the seamen is particularly interesting: "After he had quitted the ship, being desirous to know the feeling of the ship's company toward him, I asked my servant what the people said of him. 'Why, sir,' he answered, 'I heard several of them conversing about him this morning, when one of them observed, "Well, they may abuse that man as much as they please; but if the people of England knew him as well as we do, they would not hurt a hair of his head;" in which the others agreed.' This was the more extraordinary, as he never went through the ship's company but once, immediately after his coming on board, when I attended him, and he did not speak to any of the men, merely returning their salute by pulling off his hat; and in consequence of his presence they suffered many privations, such as not being allowed to see their wives and friends, or to go on shore, having to keep watch in port, etc."

Transferred from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland, Napoleon made the passage to St. Helena. Plate XIV. is from a portrait prefixed to Barnes's "Tour through the Island of St. Helena," published in London in 1817. It is there stated to be "a most accurate Resemblance, drawn from the Life, by a highly esteemed Gentleman who was Passenger from England to Saint Helena with him in the Northumberland." It certainly is not a flattering portrait, but it is one of the very last of the authentic likenesses.

* Captain Maitland's Narrative, pp. 210 et seq.
† Id., pp. 223 et seq.

Napoleon at St. Helena has always been a favorite subject for artists. I know of no portrait of him taken from life at St. Helena; but among the innumerable imaginary pictures I have selected the one by Horace Vernet (Plate XV.), which is certainly curious enough.

The print of Napoleon's funeral (Plate XVI.) was "drawn on the spot" by the celebrated Captain Marryat, R.N., whose novels and stories — "King's Own," "Peter Simple," "Settlers in Canada," etc.—are so well known.

It seems to be wellnigh useless to expect at present from the English-speaking public a fair and reasonable estimate of Napoleon Bonaparte. But anyone who really tries to enter into the circumstances that surrounded him, into the problems which he had to meet, into the conditions of European political, legal, and social life which existed in his day, will rise from his studies with a very different notion of him from that generally entertained. For the first fifty years of the century Napoleon's character and acts were attacked by the Legitimist and Conservative party; during the second half of it, Republicans and Liberals have joined in the assault. That Napoleon was as enlightened and liberal a ruler as the stormy condition of the times and the imperfect state of political knowledge and capacity of the populations of the Continent allowed him to be, will very likely be the ultimate verdict.

Meantime, Napoleon is tried by standards of public and private morals which critics and historians never dream of applying to his contemporaries. He is harshly dealt with on all sides. Yet it is something gained that recent writers on the condition of Europe in Napoleon's day have come to recognize the utility and beneficence of his legislative and political labors. It tends to show that the race-prejudice which is so strong in the Anglo-Saxon, and the constitutional difficulty which men of our stock always have in appreciating the problems which face other nations, have, to a certain extent at least, been overcome. The sooner these obstacles are levelled the sooner we shall arrive at the truth of history.

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JEMIMY BASCOM.

By Philip Henry.

It matters not on what particular spot of the globe it happened. The geography is immaterial. But, as a matter of fact, it was in Maine, in one of those resorts where invalids and pleasure-seekers assemble of summers to regain their health and do whatever else the world does,—a small collection of old houses of ancient residents—some of which, perhaps, may be thrown open to boarders—and of hotels, almost brand new, some small and some great; and, winding through the atmosphere over all, the breath of Maine balsams and other firs and of such few pines as have survived the lumberman's axe. On this terrestrial spot it happened that Jeremiah Slocomb, who, upon his graduation from college, had stepped into a thriving wholesale-grocery firm, and had stepped out again, leaving his small fortune there and about twice its size in promissory notes beside his purchase of an interest in the business (having done all this because he found that much of the profits of the concern consisted in the difference between the cost and selling price of substitutes for natural food)—on this spot, I say, it happened that Jeremiah Slocomb was doubtfully regarding his bankrupt future.

A very unpractical young man, you will say; so be it in these materialistic days. How very chivalrous toward the poor public! what a criticism on his poor partners—worthy men, no doubt, making such living as they could in this crowding modern world! But Slocomb had a prejudice against adulterated food.

Perhaps you think because his name is Jeremiah that he came from the country. But I assure you that Mount Vernon Street was not at all too aristocratic to have witnessed his birth. No. He was well-bred (though that has nothing to do with his not coming from the country), and well-clothed, for that matter—a fellow who was not above the niceties of life, even in the department of commercial propriety.

It was wholly unknown to Mr. Slocomb, else he might have chosen some other roof to shelter him on this northward excursion (but that cannot be affirmed positively), that this hostlery, known to the public as the "Balsam House," was in certain occult relations with the spirit-world. Visited by unfleshly apparitions in white,—by mysteriously-hooked-together skeletons—indeed it was not. It is true there were scurryings, squeakings, falling bodies to be heard in this house at night, sounds to startle one on waking from some troubled dream, manifestations enough to warrant the theory quite that some weird history was connected with this mansion, yielding up its actors at night in the shape of disturbed and disturbing spirits. But there was such an air of the practical and the every-day about the Balsam House that nervous ladies said that these nocturnal noises were caused, not by ghosts, but by rats, which was quite as bad. Be that as it may, it is of spirits habited in flesh and blood that there is question now, or rather of one such spirit, extracted, not from the gray abode of spectres, but from the bright and shining land of dreams;—a rarer curiosity than the chimpanzee—a creature captured from that remotest and most mysterious in its secrets of all lands, the land of dreams. How this capture was effected, how the red-faced, jolly landlord got access to that region, was unknown. But there she was; Jeremiah Slocomb saw her with his own eyes.

It was on his appearance at his first breakfast under the roof of the Balsam House. He came to that breakfast in a half-gloomy frame of mind. Only strangers to him were in the house, as he had seen from the register the night before. His eyes were downcast, striving in a desultory, unconcentrated way to look into that future that lay rather dark, as well as inscrutable, before him—lying below him, in the ground, one would say, from the direction of the gaze, in nether regions

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of duskiness. So he consulted the bill of fare rather listlessly as he held it before him, reading it, and half-consciously trying to read that illegible future at the same time: a nightmare-ish state of mind, when the object that oppresses one cannot be clearly made out, and makes up for want of outline by its continuity of weighing on one's thought. So he read, and so he dimly eyed his future, while all the time there stood at his elbow this capture from dreamland, breathing her patient breath as she waited, a hand on the back of his chair, resting the weight of the earthly body first on one foot and then on the other, her face, in her untowering height, not so very far above his head—so close, indeed, that she could distinctly trace with her eye the few unregulated locks that had escaped the repressive force of Jeremiah's brushes—so close that if he had tilted his head back suddenly it might almost, perhaps quite, have touched that intermediate spot just below either collar-bone; not, indeed, that this fairy would rustle too closely against this masculine form of the earth; but so it is ordained by the laws of intelligible hearing, that waiter and waitress shall stand to catch the lord and lady's order.

The guest at last looked up. The appearance of the dream-figure at his elbow was in such strange contrast with the somewhat smeared bill of fare, and with his own sadly blotched future, that it fairly flashed on him. A yellowish bunch of hair, hazel eyes, and a mischievous turn of chin, crowning a little, delicate but wholesome-looking form—that was the figure before him. The checked white-and-black gingham that she wore gave her a dainty look. But—might not that gingham be worn as a morning garb by any woman of his own acquaintance? Was this a face that he had forgotten, that he ought to remember, and that was placidly waiting beside him for recognition? Startled out of a study as he was, he could not, all at once, believe that this apparition was a hotel waiter. In his uncertainty he arose, napkin in hand, with a vague notion of choosing to err on the right side, and said: "Pardon me, madam." But there was only a stare, and then a brief smile, as the dream-creature confronting him strove to preserve her decorum. Then he saw that she was in the pose of one waiting to take a command. He glanced foolishly about and reseated himself, and gave his order, drawing, as she smartly departed on her errand, a long breath of recovery from his confusion.

Slocomb's eye now ranged curiously up and down the dining-room. What place was this he had fallen upon? Was there a series of refined and beautiful young women waiting upon the tables in this hotel? He examined them, one by one. No; some were tall, even lank—good, vigorous frames, inherited from raw-boned, honest, timber-splitting ancestors. Some were short and rotund—as hearty and robust in their looks as Swiss dairy-maids. Nowhere was there the frailty of figure, the delicacy of bloom, the elasticity of tread of the little sylph at his own table; nowhere the bright, intellectual look that she had. He observed her closely as she came back with her arms full of those heavy dishes that were meant for him. Her wrists were red. "She washes dishes, too," he thought. But she did not attempt to conceal that redness of wrists. It was evidently a thing of course to her—no more to be hidden than the fact that she had hands at all.

As she entered the dining-room from time to time, he took occasion to study her visage. No flirting eye there met his own. No smirk of a country maiden's consciousness of beauty revealed a coquettish nature. There was gravity on her face—severity, almost—which would have been severity quite, but that it seemed held in check by a certain benignity of expression. Yet there was brightness in the physiognomy. If one were to pry here and there into the features, perhaps its source would be found at last in the little, delicately-rounded, roguish-looking chin.

Slocomb began upon the spot, in a sudden riot of the poetry there was in him, to weave a romance about this figure—some history of his own imagining that would account for her doing the same work as her fellow-laborers, who were so unlike her in appearance and bearing. Regarding the sunshiny chin

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—which, with its baby dimple, seemed to denote a childlike nature in this young woman,—the dolorous lines about the lips, and the mingled sternness and refinement above, he built up, in his own mind, a vaguely-outlined story of a simple, happy girlhood, suddenly overtaken by some adversity, from which this creature had emerged a grown woman, though scarcely more than a girl yet in years.

During the forenoon Mr. Slocomb went for a stroll about this new place he had come to. It was not large. Scarcely more than a few steps took him outside of that village air, whose centre was the post-office, and away from the flocking aspect—as of too many doves to fill the dove-cotes—of the thronged hotels. The stretch of country road was peaceful. He came to a brook noisily losing itself in the undergrowth by the roadside. A rotting log was beside the rude bridge that crossed it, and here he sat and ruminated—the brook gurgling at his hand, an occasional forest bird giving out its note in the neighboring tree-tops, farm teams at work on a distant hillside down the road, and the curved mounds of blue woods still farther off. His questional[illegible] future was still upon him, in that dea[illegible]ashion in which it had encumbered [illegible] since he left his fortune and a deb[illegible]n the obnoxious grocery. Its dull c[illegible]sideration was a platform in his min[illegible] on which other thoughts danced; and now this captive from dreamland occupied the boards. She would persist in coming out from behind the flies and walking pensively down the stage to the foot-lights, her hands clasped demurely before her. Somewhere or other, as she stood before him, there was an orchestra—seemingly concealed near at hand in the atmosphere, in the woods, and the brook, but with its wings even on the distant wooded hills—which expressed a sort of spiritual accompaniment to the griefful song to which the figure on the boards seemed to be giving utterance.

He had started out on a sentimental journey. Whither should it lead him?

On his way home he passed a farmhouse of humble proportions. In the door-yard grew some rose-bushes; and a little pink of a girl, who did not know the language of trade—she was so young—but sun-bonneted for the dignity of the occasion by a self-respecting mother, stood out before the gate, with a bunch of white and crimson roses—just two or three—to sell. She held up her chubby hand. "How much?" queried the traveller, fumbling in his pocket. Not a word in answer, only a dancing pair of black eyes on the upturned face. "How much? Is this enough?" and, as he put some coins into her hand, she relaxed wide her grip on the stems, and turning her back, ran, a reticent mass of sun-bonnet, apron-strings, and heels, into the house. When Slocomb left the dinner-table that noon he carelessly laid the bunch of roses on the table, and looking at the dream-captive, said, "Would you like these?" She smiled sweetly, and without any word gathered them up.

When evening came Jeremiah's newly-born sentiment moved him, as he was about to rise from the tea-table, to attempt a trespass upon the secret life of the dream-creature. "Do you live near here?" he asked.

She regarded him with a bright eye. "What did yeou say?"

Slocomb shrank within himself at the sudden sound of the vernacular. He seemed to himself even to shudder, and he arose (it had been far from his intention to rise so soon), and only faltered, in smothered repetition, "Do you live near here?"

"I live to hum," replied the captive from dreamland, shortly, while not a change of feature accompanied the forbidding response.

That evening Slocomb saw her come timidly into the office and go up to the desk, and heard her ask the clerk, "Is they any letter for Miss Jemimy Bascom?"

With such rude suddenness were the gratuitous, high-flown illusions of Slocomb's fancy dispelled! They went away heartlessly, leaving him only the simple fact of a pretty waitress for consolation. It was some consolation; for she was pretty. While the dignity in her face seemed somehow to have waned, and the gravity inclined now toward the stolid, and the sadness was merely the quiet of an unanimated face, and all the

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imagined spirituality was grown into something else, yet there did remain the features, the color, the grace; and Slocomb recalled now, that when she said she lived "to hum" there was really a very pleasant sparkle in her eye, though it had not seemed just then as if there were; now that the look was adjusted to the physical and fleshly aspect, it certainly did seem rather piquant. So Slocomb's interest, after the first shock was over, really rather changed than abated. There were short conversations, in which Jemimy appeared as a pretty, bright little thing; and that composed look of hers—well, under certain circumstances, when not too many people might be looking her way, perhaps it brightened up a little,—toward him.

In this state of affairs, as he was peregrinating the brief sidewalks of the village one day, he met no other personage than Miss Hannah Wadsleigh. This encounter was a boon to him. He had not made many acquaintances; and Miss Wadsleigh was an acquaintance who would not be troublesome. She was a second-cousin of his, a rather strong-minded young woman, who had called upon him recently in regard to the genealogy of the family, which she was busy in compiling. She knew all about his ancestors—more than he did—and about all his cousins, numerous and remote. Hannah would not exact attentions, and she could amuse him in a mild, half-masculine way. So he welcomed her. To his surprise, however, he learned that she had been in the place longer than he had; but, as she had been lodging at one of the old, original cottages of the village, they had not happened to meet. "A cousin of yours—let me see" (counting on her fingers one way and then back)—"first, second, third, fourth, fifth, to you—is coming in a day or two. I don't believe you ever saw Fanny; she is awfully rich and clever."

"My knowledge of these distant cousins you have found is very limited," replied Jeremiah.

"I won't tell you whether she is good-looking or not," continued Hannah; "you can judge of that for yourself; but she is the richest—her own, mind you, an orphan—of all our family brood."

One would have thought that Cousin Hannah adored money. She was not badly off herself. But the fact was that she held Jeremiah in very high esteem, because in that intimacy born of genealogizing she had drawn out of him his true relations to the grocery business, and she gave him, as she left him, a hearty, honest squeeze of the hand that made Jeremiah feel warm all over with a sense of friendship.

Jemimy Bascom, if she was a country girl, was no fool. Her wits were as sharp as anybody's. Whatever smart remark was made to her in joke by Slocomb, it was met by her with equal smartness. In that he had his match. But Jemimy was not saucy or impudent. She simply put herself on the same plane with him. She behaved as she would have behaved to some country gallant of bantering manner—perhaps as she would have conducted herself toward the district schoolmaster, if he had chanced to be a fun-loving sort of person, from the neighboring town. Why should she not? Were not the Bascoms of good stock, well-to-do, the owners of an unencumbered farm, with plenty to eat? What if she had wanted an airing and a small peep at the world, and had taken upon herself to hand and wash dishes at the Balsam House, instead of "to hum," for a few weeks? For all that she knew she was as good as anybody in the world. She was an honest American, and to her Slocomb was another.

About this time the moon was young over Woodville, casting a faint light, as it neared its setting, upon the few short avenues of the town. Beside this there were occasional lamps, ill-trimmed and smoked, that shed a doubtful glimmer here and there. Slocomb was strolling along, on one of these evenings, with his hands behind his back, when, as he passed one of the half-obscured lamps and turned a corner, he fell in with a rather dainty figure of a female moving at a not unvigorous pace. She glanced up a moment, and he saw that it was Miss Bascom. She was about to turn her head away, as if occupied with her own thoughts and not apprehending that it was anyone she knew, when he raised his hat. She turned

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again, and recognizing him, said, as she slackened her pace, "Oh! is that yeou? I was a-thinkin' abaout somethin' else. Ain't it nice this evenin'?"

"Yes, rather pleasant," Jeremiah hesitated. He had an inclination to join her—a purposeless one, a mere sense that it would be agreeable.

"Where be yeou goin'?" she asked, standing still, as if minded for a friendly street-corner chat.

"Nowhere in particular," he responded.

"No more I—yes, I be, too; I'm goin' to the post-office; but that ain't very pertic'ler; I ain't likely to get nothin'."

"Well, I will walk along with you;" it seemed to him more natural to do that than to leave her—in fact, he felt that it would seem a little rude if he did leave her, and Slocomb would not have hurt the feelings of a mouse.

"This is jes' the kind o' night the young folks goes out ridin' daown aour way when workin' is slack—say abaout in August, after hayin'. It's lots o' fun, sometimes."

"Sometimes?" queried Jeremiah, seeking to catch up the conversation at some point. "Why not always?"

"Oh, yeou know," she replied, giving herself a kind of coquettish twist from her waist up; "all young men ain't the same, I s'pose"—and she stole a glance upward at his eye—"it makes a difference, sometimes, who he is; and you can't refeuse a young man jest because you might have picked out someone else if yeou'd had the cheusin'."

"You don't get much riding here," suggested he.

"Oh, I ain't pertic'ler; I jes' as lives stay by an' deu my work. I ain't one of the young women that always has to have gayety. I was brought up teu work. Oh, I like a breathin' spell once in a while, though."

"You don't get any here."

"Here? Land! yeou don't call this work! The hull time is a breathin' spell! Yeou jes' ought to see us work to hum." She was getting animated. "Why, there's me, I git up an' help pa an' George melk; then there's breakfast; ma used to get that, but she's rheumatiky naow, an' I deu it; then there's the melk to set, an' the churnin' to be 'tended to; an' the cheese—yeou'd like to see us make cheese, it's real interestin'—an' I get dinner an' supper; an' there's lots o' little chores that takes a body's time, besides the chamber-work; an' then melkin' again at night. This is fun, daown here; I'm act'ly gittin' fat. This dress is jes' as tight. It's my best one—silk, real; I jes' thought I'd bring it along—I *might* want it; but law! I don't wear it nowhere, 'cept jes' to the post-office—jes' for the sat'sfaction of feelin' I am wearin' on't. I see them young ladies dancin' in there to the ball-room some nights—some of 'em's from the city, I s'pose—an' their silks ain't no better'n mine; an' some of 'em actually wears flannel. I should be ashamed to go in there, lookin' the way some of 'em doos."

"Can you dance?" he asked.

"Waal, law sakes!" she answered, stopping short in her walk. "Dance? I should think I could!" She resumed her walk. "Why, deu yeou think 'cause we live up here in the country, we don't know haow to dance?" She laughed outright in scorn of his ignorance. "Yeou should jes' see aour balls daown t' Hillery; yeou don't know where Hillery is, I s'pose; well, 'tain't much of a place, but it's a kind o' meetin' graound for us young folks; we deu jest have fun there sometimes! I don't get left much by the wall, neither" (with a toss of the head). "Dance! why, Mr. Slocomb, where was yeou brought up?"

She ran up the post-office steps, and he waited for her at the door.

"Jest as I s'pected—they wa'n't nothin'. They don't write to me much. Father comes daown once in a while, jes' to see haow I'm a-deuin'. The last time he come—that was last week—says he: 'My! Jemimy, ain't yeou gettin' fleshy!' an' he jumped me right up in his arms an' kissed me right before all the other waiters. Wa'n't they a-chucklin', though, t' see me flyin' raound so! Father's awful strong."

Somehow or other, Jeremiah began to feel a little serious just now. The slightest perspiration came out on his brow; and it was not a warm night, either. He had a dawning sensation that he was taking advantage of this

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girl — a consciousness of unfairness. What if this muscular father should chance to meet them now, walking out together after dark? Would *he* be so little acquainted with the world as not to think that there was something a little out of the way in this loitering along with his daughter of an evening? Slocomb felt uncomfortable—not that he was a coward. If Mr. Bascom had suddenly appeared and manifested resentment at finding him with his daughter, he would very likely have acknowledged that it was not quite according to rule, but he would have suggested to Mr. Bascom that his daughter was safe with him. And she would very likely have spoken up and said, "Well, father, if anybody's to blame, I guess I be as much as him." Still, there was the sensation; and as they came to one of the larger hotels, and she led the way up the piazza steps, saying, "Let's see 'em dance a minute," Jeremiah, as he followed her, did so with a feeling that he would rather take her home, or leave her, and be over with it.

They took their station at one of the low windows that looked into the ball-room. It was brilliantly lighted, a small orchestra was providing the music, and a few couples were spinning round over the glistening floor. Around the sides were seated, in groups, guests of the hotel with their friends. It was a bright scene, and there were little clusters of spectators on the piazza peeping in at it. The band now struck up a waltz. Jemimy began to beat time with her feet, and to sway to and fro slightly, as if she were going the giddy round.

"Haow I should like to be dancin' that 'ere!" she said, half to herself, as she gazed intently on the scene within. Slocomb was a little bit startled. The possibility of being drawn, against his wish, into the whirl within, and of actually becoming, with Jemimah, one of the little eddies that were revolving there, all at once came before him. It seemed necessary to make some remark or other in response to her exclamation.

"Have you ever danced in there?" he asked, carelessly. It seemed to him an adroit question. It was an ordinary one; and yet, when she answered it and said "no," the impossibility of her ever dancing in that ball-room would immediately occur to her.

"No," she answered, "I hain't; but I've often wanted to. I ain't never had nobody to dance with." She hesitated a moment, and then, looking up bashfully, and simpering, she said, "I sheouldn't mind a-dancin' there with yeou."

In spite of himself, Jeremiah could not help a sensation of pleasure, and even a slight tingling, at the compliment. But that was only for an instant. The next he was conscious of the necessity for an immediate answer. What should he say? He could have told her that he did not dance, did not know how; but that would have been a lie, and he had fallen into the habit of telling the truth and taking the consequences —it was more interesting. Neither would he like her to understand that he preferred not to dance with her in that ball-room; that would be too highly unchivalrous—nay, it would be brutal. To think of the shock to that little soul! And, besides, from some lurking dignity in her face, there came up a picture of the possibility of Miss Jemimah Bascom's proud wrath when she should look in his eyes and see that he was ashamed of her. Then he would be ashamed of himself. As he thought it over, there seemed to be only one thing in this predicament that he should not be ashamed of himself for doing, and that was going in and dancing with her. "I shall be very happy, Miss Jemimah," he answered.

He stepped to the balustrade a moment, to throw away the extinguished cigarette that he had been unconsciously carrying in his fingers, and while he was there he stayed another moment to switch his careless cravat into place. When he returned, Jemimah had left the window and was standing at the door ready to go in, with her white shawl taken off and hanging, nicely folded, from her hand. He took it from her and giving her his arm, entered the door.

As she clung to him he could feel the little excitement of her heart, causing an agitated movement in her arm, and he was conscious—though he looked straight ahead of him in his fixedness

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of purpose—that her little chest was heaving. She said not a word. As they stepped into the room and he threw the shawl on a chair, and she quivered a little on her feet before they flew off into the dance, now that the plunge was taken, and the bright lights were on them and a hundred pair of searching eyes, the sense of carrying out a resolve vanished, and he thought it was not so bad a thing, after all, to have this little throbbing creature in his arms for a dance. No feeling of difference in their station came in between her and him now. It was not that he was Mr. Jeremiah Slocomb and she simply Jemimy Bascom; he was a man, and she was a woman. Her head barely came to his shoulder; the yellowish mass of hair glistened under his eyes; her face was averted, half-buried on his shoulder. That little heart went throbbing, throbbing, so close to his own. That warm life was so close to his. Around and round they spun, staring faces ever upon them, though Jeremiah did not look to see them; he only felt that they were,—the chandeliers glittering over their heads, the strains of music changing and changing their phrase, and the air of the room becoming more and more like the warmth of a vapor-bath. He was conscious that she was dancing gracefully, that a bright color was in her cheeks, and that the black silk with its white-lace collar was a handsome and a becoming garment, and he was conscious, more than all, of the clinging to him of this fast-breathing little creature.

The waltz lasted long; when at length the music did stop, it left the couple in the midst of the room. As they turned about toward the door, his partner drew a long, panting breath, and with a glowing, upturned face, softly thanked him. Approaching the entrance, a bustling which he had dimly noticed centred itself upon her, and he found himself facing a bevy of ladies, some old and some young, all with beaming faces, who were crying out, "Why, Miss Borromeo, *when* did you come?" "How delighted I am to see you!" "How well you are looking!" "Why, we did not see you come into the room!" "Where have you been this summer?" They fondled her as if she had been a toy poodle; and there was such an amount of hand-shaking going on, that he lost her arm and was somehow jostled aside as the party went through the door-way and into the hall; and there he stood, alone! He turned once, putting on his glasses, and looked back into the ball-room; he could scarcely believe that the person who had been whisked off in this sudden fashion was his partner. But there was no Jemimy Bascom there. He involuntarily looked down for the shawl; that was gone. He watched the party of women still retreating down the long hall; she might be among them, but it was too far for his eyes. In any case, there was no Jemimy Bascom here now for him to show any more attention to.

He stepped out on the piazza, lifting his hat to let the cool evening air brush his forehead. He even tapped that forehead, as if to make sure it was there. He looked around him. He recognized the piazza. Here she had certainly been with him. In a few moments he moved round to the window at which he had been standing with Jemimah. Possibly he had been dancing, by mistake, with somebody else. But would the lady have made a corresponding mistake? It was barely possible—certainly not probable. But at the best there was strangeness about this matter. Indeed, what could be stranger than Jemimy Bascom's being swept off by those exclusive old New York chaperons as the dearest of pets? Strange? Good heavens! when had he had an evening like this? Jeremiah mopped his brow; this mystery made beads come on it. "Stop!" he muttered. He was pondering whether that was just the color of Jemimah's hair, after all; and the eyes—was that their precise shade? There were strange resemblances sometimes. He scanned closely the groups of spectators outside the windows, to see if Jemimah had possibly been left by him among them. She was not there.

He walked back to his hotel, went into the smoking-room, lit a cigar, stretched out his legs, and thought. *Was* that Jemimah Bascom he had danced with, or was it some other woman? Borromeo; he had heard the name distinctly. A thought struck him; there was one thing that could be

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made certain. He went back to the other hotel and examined the register. There it was—"Miss Borromeo"—well up in the list of arrivals of the day. "Certain it is," muttered Slocomb, "she is here, and I—I must have danced with her. Was she Jemimah Bascom? That is the question." He lingered outside, watching whether his mysterious partner should perhaps return to the Balsam House. But no one came.

He wandered about, and by and by sought his room. There, cogitating still, his thoughts at last settled themselves; and he said aloud, as he finally turned over to sleep: "It was Jemimah Bascom and it was Miss Borromeo; and I will prove it out of her own mouth to-morrow morning."

He came down to breakfast with determination stamped upon his face. He looked hard into Jemimah's eyes. She met his gaze unconcernedly. What was it to have walked to and from the post-office with a respectable-appearing young man, and to have confessed to him, perhaps childishly, that she would like to dance in that forbidden hall? To be sure, he might have taken her in, if he had had a mind to; but then it was nothing to be deeply resentful about. Jeremiah, however, was meanwhile giving her credit for great command of face. But he would speedily upset that, and as he steadily regarded her he put the question point blank, "Were you dancing in the ball-room over there last night?"

"Haow?" asked Jemimah, as if not quite comprehending him.

He repeated the question, but not quite so vigorously, under her innocent, studying gaze.

"Law!" she answered, tilting awkwardly on one foot; "nobody hain't asked me yet," and went away.

Could it be, after all, that she had not heard his acceptance and had gone away while he was at the balustrade? He did not believe it possible, and with renewed determination, as she came by again, he asked, "Jemimah, *did* you dance there last night?"

"Law, naow," she answered, snappishly, as an ominous light darted into her eye; "don't yeou be a-foolin' with me!"

But he would not be rebuffed. "With me, I mean," he insisted.

"Yeou stop naow!" she said, quite loudly, stopping short and looking at him; but in a moment the expression of her face relaxed and she added, musingly, "or be yeou an idjit, anyhaow—one o' them light-headed persons—an' don't know whether yeou b'en a-dancin' or standin' still? my sakes!" And she turned on her heel and left him.

Jeremiah dared say no more. Yet, when he rose from his chair soon after and she stood beside him, he involuntarily delayed a moment, measuring her height with his eye, heeding the shade of her hair, and, more particularly than he ever had before, the color of her eyes; he fancied, as he referred in his mind to his last night's partner, that he could note a slight difference. She seemed to resent his stare, as if it were only a continuation of the "foolin'" he had been guilty of. "I'd like to know," she said, pettishly, "whatever yeou be a-lookin' at abaout my hair? 'Tain't no business of yourn if it ain't tidy," and she blushed, as if he had been rude to her.

Jeremiah was kind of heart and repented himself of the too keen scrutiny that had brought that piteous blush. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad, Jemimah," he said.

"Then don't yeou be a-foolin' with me," she said, with averted face, and there was a slight quiver in her voice as she added, "I ain't good enough for yeou."

This was what came of badgering a poor waiter-girl! Slocomb felt that he had had enough of it. But he could not help wondering, after all, whether her behavior was not a good piece of acting. If it was, he must acknowledge that he was not equal to her.

That afternoon he received a note from Miss Hannah Wadsleigh, inviting him to go on a drive early the next day with her and some of her friends; among them was to be "Cousin Fanny," "*your* Cousin Fanny," as Hannah put it.

Jeremiah sent a reply of acceptance.

The next morning came. Slocomb was served an irregular, early breakfast. There was no Jemimah to wait upon him. But at the meeting-place Cousin

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Hannah introduced him to "Cousin Fanny." It was now apparent to Slocomb's eye that Cousin Fanny and Miss Borromeo and Jemimah Bascom were all one and the same person. They were, at least, unless he had lost his wits and had become subject to hallucinatory visions. Upon this point he did not feel quite certain. What a curious thing it was if all these persons were one! and why should she subdivide herself into three? What sensible ground was there for such a thing? Nay, even what freak could prompt it? Yet, Slocomb's mind was not very keenly centred on this problem; for the department of this personage which was labelled "Cousin Fanny" had been assigned to him as his peculiar charge on this drive; and there she was, as stylishly dressed and as vivacious as possible, fairly bubbling over with spirits, which all fell into our devoted Jeremiah's own lap. How could he be untangling problems under such conditions?

Nevertheless, there were moments when Jeremiah felt as if he must put to her the question, moments when it was fairly trembling on his lips; but as often he halted. Should he say, "Are you that waiter-girl at our hotel?" Good heavens! what impertinence! What if by any chance she should happen not to be? Besides, even supposing she were Jemimah, his experience with this same Jemimah the other morning at the breakfast-table had wrought a timidity in him. If under the guise of Jemimah Bascom she had repulsed him, what might she not do as Miss Fanny Borromeo? So Slocomb held his peace.

It is true she wore a bunch of old roses at her breast, so old that the faded leaves scarcely held together; and, to the best of his recollection, these were the same roses that he had laid on the dinner-table for Jemimah Bascom. His fingers tingled to see them so preserved, and he dreaded the possibility of learning that they were not his. So they rather fixed than broke his silence.

At noon the party halted for luncheon by the wayside. Slocomb found himself on a rock beside Cousin Fanny, with the proper amount of sandwiches between them. The halt had interrupted the flow and excitement of their conversation, and now Jeremiah found his curiosity about Jemimah begin to prey upon his mind. He edged toward the subject.

"You dance, don't you, Miss Borromeo?" he ventured.

"Oh, yes."

"Were you not dancing the other night?"

"I danced a square dance."

"That must have been after I left," thought Jeremiah. He wanted to ask her if she had not danced a round dance, too. But his notion of delicacy prevented him from undertaking a cross-examination. A silence ensued. It grew oppressive. He ventured again, but without much poise.

"Those are very pretty roses," he said.

She laughed him to ridicule for his remark as she looked down at the faded brown leaves, and he blushed crimson at his own inappropriate words. But he was at bay; determined to reach his point, with a strong, firm voice he asked, "Do you wait at our table, Miss Borromeo?"

He was startled at the very sound of the question. As for her, as he looked at her, he saw the dancing light in her eyes fade gradually out, and a stern, cold look creep in and replace it. Said she, with great dignity and composure, "Mr. Slocomb, what do you mean?"

Yes! what did he mean? That was what he would like to know. Why should he say such things? Miss Borromeo was indignant; why should she not be? What was this preposterous idea that had been haunting him for the last few days—this fancied resemblance between two or three women?

"Are you dreaming, Mr. Slocomb?" she asked, still regarding him coldly.

Poor Jeremiah! The sandwich he held in his hand tumbled to the ground, but he did not notice it. "I—I think I am. I did not mean to offend you," he stammered, rising in his uneasiness.

"Would it offend you," she asked in a few moments, in an argumentative tone, "if I were to ask you if you were not the hired man from the livery-stable who drove us over to the Springs yesterday?"

"Yes—yes—certainly," he assented, in his blind desire to atone.

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A shade of disappointment crossed her features. "Would it offend you?"

He caught her eye and imagined that he was desired to speak the truth. He straightened himself up. "No, it would not," he answered—"not if he drove well. I suppose a man can drive for a livery-stable without discredit. In fact, I should rather like it. There is something tangible about it."

"It is not very elevating," she observed.

"I don't know about that," he replied. "It is more elevating, for instance, I should think, than selling substitutes for natural food."

She gave him a quick glance, and then there was a long silence; so long that at last Jeremiah made an effort and broke it, artificially and clumsily, asking, "Won't you have another sandwich?"

Miss Borromeo's eyes were on the ground. She did not look up, but asked, "What did yeou say?"

He looked at her. It was, indeed, Jemimy Bascom who sat there before him. He did not smile or say a word at first under this avowal of the identity. Finally, however, he said, deliberately: "You have kept those roses a long time, Jemimy."

"I want to keep roses from a man as honest as you are," she answered impulsively, with her eyes still downcast. Then she looked up and said, "Hannah told me about your misfortune in business."

"Did she?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes; you are quite a curiosity." She laughed as she said it, and he imagined that she was deriding him.

"Ef yeou young folks air a-goin' to git hum in time for tea"—so spoke the veteran Jehu, looking straight at his off leader's ears—"it's abaout time y' started."

As they climbed into the wagon, Slocomb, with his mind somewhat distracted, seated himself by her as a matter of course, though one young gentleman dilly-dallied about entering the vehicle for a long time, with the evident wish of doing that thing himself. It annoyed him that she should have laughed when she said he was a curiosity. Was it a cynical laugh? What then? She was probably wearing these faded rose-leaves only as a coquette would wear them—just to tickle him into a flirtation. He recalled the state of mind in which he had given them to her: there was so little of the trifling, so much of serious pity, about it. Ah! all women were giddy; sobriety of thought resided with men alone; women were not made for him, nor he for woman. It was a painful thought. He dwelt on that walk to the post-office—the brightness of her speech. She was clever to have counterfeited so well. Pity! that depth could not go side by side with cleverness! Then he remembered the dance, and the pressure of that fragile, panting form, here and there, against his own, as they went round the room. Alas! she was so far away from him now, in the character of Miss Borromeo. He turned his eyes upon her with a look of regret.

She was blushing—blushing deeply; and her face was not only colored but agitated by her blush. "What were you thinking of?" he asked.

Still with a look of shame on her face, she answered, "I was thinking of that walk to the post-office and back, and my silly talk to you" (Jeremiah reflected upon it; undoubtedly it had been a great freak of lightness, such as one might be a little ashamed of afterward in one's sober moments); "and of my putting you off at the breakfast-table the next morning."

"It was well done," he remarked. After a few moments he asked, "What—what moved you to—to become a waiter?"

"Why, for the fun of the thing, of course—for the change; you don't expect one to be stupid all one's life, do you, without any whims?"

"Just as I thought," he mentally noted; "ah! they are too wild, too frisky, for me. How could it ever come into my head, now, if I were a woman, to do such a thing? No, Cousin Fanny and I are different. What a fool she must have thought me," he suddenly reflected, "to go in and dance with her! She must have seen I didn't do it for the lark of the thing, but only from a humdrum, stupid sense of propriety—a wasted effort, Jerry, on your part. You will know better next time and accom-

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modate yourself to the plane of your company, and not be serious where it only loves pleasure and excitement. A stick you are by the side of this gay young cousin of yours."

Miss Borromeo only stayed a few days longer at Woodville. The season was not half out, indeed, and neither, for that matter, was her engagement at the Balsam House. But Slocomb, by his conduct, had led her out of that—for which she made composition with the practical landlord at a stiff premium—and it was a little unpleasant to endure the notoriety which the gradually circulating knowledge of her apprenticeship entailed upon her. By some she was esteemed a harum-scarum young woman, by others a strong-minded specimen, and she was talked about by all. "My dear," said her friend Hannah, "we really ought to go away; it isn't nice for any young woman to be talked about so much by people, even though they are strangers."

But Fanny was reluctant to go, notwithstanding. She could not tell Hannah just why. "But if Jeremiah would only go," she said to herself, "then I should be glad enough to leave." She did like Jeremiah. More points of character had come out between these two, under the peculiar circumstances of the last few days, than could have been discovered in six months of ordinary intercourse, and Fanny was not inclined to run away. She had a shrewd notion that he must think her to be only a wildsome kind of creature, without much balance and without much depth of motive. The reverse of that was what she felt to exist in him, and she thought that the only strong foundation for their mutual attachment must be in a common serious view of life. Yet she was too proud—she had been too proud, and she was so still—to tell him the true reason of her coming as a waiter to the Balsam House; that it was because she was sick of the nonentities of polite life, and wanted a little freshening contact with the working portion of humanity; that it was because she was earnest, after all. She could not tell him, and he would think of her only as a clever little actress, a hoydenish, immature thing—a fly-away.

She had the rose-leaves still. They had all fallen off the stems now; but she had them in a box, and kept for them a tender eye. Nay, she became disconsolate at times, and tear-drops fell upon them, as they fell elsewhere, in her lonely musings; and when she looked at her face in the glass, it was often a dismal set of features, with some of the yellow hair straying unheeded about her ears and temples.

How delighted Jeremiah would have been if he could have looked into her heart and from it into this correspondingly disturbed countenance!

As it was, looking only at the composed features as they appeared on dress-parade in public, he found no comfort in what he saw. Miss Borromeo was a lively, but a metallic and forbidding creature. He was much more fond of the assumed character, the simple, frank one, of Jemimy Bascom (perhaps that was the true one, though, and this was an affected and enamelled one; if it was, the enamel was too hard for him to pierce). If he could only turn her back, then, into a real Jemimy Bascom! Then he would have a pleasant episode to look back upon. Now, he had only met an inferior character, one scarcely worthy of the plane on which it moved, yet he lingered fondly over her after all, as embodying all there was left in this world of Jemimah.

One day Hannah said to him, eyeing him rather shyly, "Don't you like Cousin Fanny?"

"Oh, yes, yes; oh, yes," he answered, startled by the question; "I like her."

"But I mean, don't you think she is an exceptional woman?"

"Yes, I think she is—rather eccentric."

"Oh! more than that."

"Well, animated then; unusually fond of—excitement—coming to this hotel as she did; fond of fun in an eccentric way."

"I don't believe you know her," responded Hannah.

Slocomb smiled.

"Did she tell you what she did it for?"

"Yes, for a spree."

"It is a fib!" declared Hannah; "a downright fib! She came here because her dear, earnest heart couldn't stand

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the frivolities that—that—surrounded her, any longer. She was just desperate!"

Jeremiah thereafter thought of the ardent mind in that frail little body of his Cousin Fanny and of the contrast between the bright yellow hair and hazel eyes and vivacious manner on one hand, and the in-dwelling, concealed earnestness—a blind kind of earnestness, that little understood itself, and was, after all, not more than a hasty, rushing bent. He did not analyze the nature carefully, but he saw its dim outline; and Jemimy Bascom—well-bred and polite and earnest—became a doubly dear Jemimy Bascom to him.

The day came, at length, which was to be their last day together at Woodville. They had strolled down the road in the afternoon, and were sitting on that self-same log by the brook where Slocomb had sat that morning when he bought the roses for Jemimah. The sun was now slanting down the road from the west, the birds were musical in the woods, and the brook went gurgling on as before. The distant, low, wooded hills slept in the summer afternoon. There was peace in the air.

Here, a few days before, his companion had appeared before his mental vision as a humble, unfortunate waitress, the contemplation of whose face, as seen in his mind, had turned the quiet objects about the spot where he sat into makers of lamenting music, which went well with the sad image he saw. Now she was by his side—his veritable companion—and her actual presence so added to all the other music about—the ear-sounds and the soul-sounds both—that Jeremiah was quite carried away to the regions of poetic love.

"To-morrow I go, Miss Borromeo" (he preferred that to Cousin Fanny), he said, abruptly, after an appreciable pause.

She said nothing. Her hat was on the back of her yellow head and she was pulling spears of grass to pieces.

"I seem to be losing all I ever had," he muttered in discomfiture. "I left my money in that confounded business, and I am leaving my heart here." He picked up a stone and threw it in the brook, and then looked at her.

She was still pulling the spears of grass to pieces.

"While I am about it," he continued, "I imagine I might as well do the whole thing, and lose my head to boot."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

Jeremiah hesitated. It was a great moment for him. His conviction was that his Cousin Fanny despised him—first, for being so sentimental as to give roses to Jemimy Bascom; second, for dancing with her afterward; third, still later, for dawdling about Miss Borromeo in a mawkish fashion, as he conceived himself to have been doing, for the last week. He saw nothing in his conduct since he had been in Woodville that she could respect.

And as for her, was not she in turn surprised to hear him, after all, talking about losing his heart? This manly cousin, Jeremiah Slocomb—with graces of rose-leaves, however, and of dancing, to adorn him—what could she be to him but a flashy, lawless chit?

Evidently the air needed clearing.

"What do I mean?" returned Jeremiah; "why, I suppose a man might lose his head enough to ask a woman to marry him." Another stone went into the brook, and the bits of grass-spears were piling up.

"Would that be losing his head?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, if he knew he was not much regarded."

"If he knew it," she suggested.

"Yes."

"Does he know it?"

"He is pretty sure of it," he answered, with a smile. "For instance, when he gives flowers to his waiter, because he, in his silliness, imagines she has come down from some higher plane, he must appear sentimental—weakly so."

"He appears," she said, "to be capable of pity, and to have some perception and some care for the humble."

"That might possibly be true, if it were not for the coexisting earthly attraction of the young maid. That makes it all selfish."

"I don't know that I object to that," she said, with the hazel eyes cast down.

"So that," he went on, "after he finds, apparently, that she is on her own level,

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he still goes on being friendly with her —a little attentive to her."

"I am glad he was," she murmured.

"Why?"

"Because," she broke out, looking him in the eye, "because he is an honest man; because he was polite to me as a country-maid; because he danced in the ball-room with me as a country-maid; because he was not ashamed of an obscure girl; because you are a man, Jeremiah Slocomb, and I admire you!"

In a moment, however, and ere he could show his pleasure at what she had said, her excitement appeared to subside, and she asked stoutly, looking into his face: "Why did you think of losing your head to me, as you say you have lost your heart? Tell me."

"Because—" and Jeremiah paused and meditated. "I know why now: because, by your keeping those roses—you told me, you know, that you kept them because Hannah had told you about my ill-venture in the grocery business—by that you had picked out in me what I valued myself, to gauge me by. And if your ideas and mine, Jemimy, are the same in that respect, why, I am willing to join my future to yours. That sounds cold, doesn't it? But we are talking now about losing the head. The loss of heart, you know, was owing to a combination of things, and can't be accounted for exactly."

"Have you lost your head, Jeremiah?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I have lost mine, dear. It has gone with—with the rest of me."

The stones stopped going into the brook, and the little heap of grass spears stopped piling up. The music that Slocomb had been hearing broke out into grand harmonies, and in the midst of it he bowed his head until his lips pressed upon the flaming cheek of dear little Jemimy Bascom.

THE COMMON CHORD.

By Ellen Burroughs.

A POET sang, so light of heart was he,
  A song that thrilled with joy in every word;
It quivered with ecstatic melody;
It laughed as sunshine laughs upon the sea;
  It caught a measure from each lilting bird;
But though the song rang out exultantly,
  The world passed by, with heavy step and loud,
  None heeding, save that, parted from the crowd,
    Two lovers heard.

There fell a day when sudden sorrow smote
  The poet's life. Unheralded it came,
Blotting the sun-touched page whereon he wrote
His golden song. Ah! then, from all remote,
  He sang the grief that had nor hope nor name
In God's ear only; but one sobbing note
  Reached the world's heart, and swiftly, in the wake
  Of bitterness and passion and heart-break,
    There followed fame.

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A GIRL'S LIFE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF ELIZA SOUTHGATE BOWNE.

I.

Eliza Southgate Bowne, from a miniature by Malbone in the possession of Walter Bowne Lawrence, Esq.

AFTER so long looking elsewhere for all that interested us in old life and manners, we of New York and New England have begun within the last few years to find out that we have ourselves a picturesque social history. At the same time that we have been rebuilding our houses after the colonial architecture of our great-grandfathers, and bringing out our grandmothers' spindle-legged chairs and Spode teacups, we have had a little literary revival, too, of interest in times that turn out to be by no means barren. We have always had enough and to spare of colonial and Revolutionary memoirs, and biographies of the school of fifty years ago, written with a solemnity characteristic of the serious way in which we have always taken the Fathers of the Republic. Lately something more has been done toward actual pictures of life and manners, but generally in the old colonial fields. There is one period that has been little touched upon, and so has come to seem to us particularly arid—the first years of the century, when the new order of things was fairly running, and the country in that proverbially happy state that makes no annals; yet that gives possibly the best opportunity of all to get at the characteristics of a society in its pleasantest stage—small enough still to be compact, and simple in its ways; but with traits that make it unlike any other, and a certain naïve seriousness that makes it charming.

It is of this time that we have a glimpse in a collection of letters carefully preserved these many years by the descendants of the bright young girl who wrote them, and already known to a good many old New Yorkers, though no selection from them has been published. They are a set of pictures of her day, made up of trifles it is true, but a capital contribution to just that element which our literature has so far lacked—the memoirs and the impressions of bright women. Not least of all, they show a personality that keeps its whole charm after eighty years; and the enjoyment and observation are those of a keen-witted girl, with all their freshness and quickness kept for us as though by some mental instantaneous photograph—so that they never grow old.

Eliza Southgate, the writer of these letters, was one of a family of twelve children. Her father, Dr. Robert Southgate, was descended from an English family who had been for some time settled at Leicester, Mass. Dr. Southgate, finding no opening in his native place, left it when quite young to seek his fortune, and rode into Scarborough on horseback, carrying with him all his worldly possessions in a pair of saddlebags, and there began to practise as a physician. His great abilities, aided by perseverance and industry, enabled him to become an honored and useful citizen. In addition to his profession, Dr. Southgate studied law, and was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

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Soon after his arrival in Scarborough he married "pretty Polly King," the daughter of Richard King, an old resident of that place. Mr. King was a large landholder in the District of Maine, owning nearly three thousand acres which were divided into several valuable farms. He was far the wealthiest person in the town, and his neighbors depended chiefly upon him for their supplies of foreign goods which were brought to him in the ships which had sailed from his docks laden with timber cut from his lands. As many of the people were poor and unable to pay for these at once, a large number became indebted to him, and among them many who were dishonest and unwilling to pay. On the night of March 19, 1766, a party of men disguised as Indians broke into Mr. King's storehouse and proceeded to destroy it and its contents. They then went to his house where they burned and tore up all papers that they could find, in this way destroying the evidences of their own indebtedness. Not content with this outrage, they began to search for Mr. King, who barely escaped with his life, as the leader of the gang hearing a noise on the second story rushed up the stairs, and, deceived by his own shadow, flung his axe at it, which struck and quivered in a door, where the mark remains to this day. Mr. Adams comments upon this riot in one of his letters to his wife, and denounces it as an outrage which all must regret. Mr. King also held a position under the English Government, and both he and Dr. Southgate were accused of sympathizing too warmly with it, before and during the Revolutionary War, in spite of the fact that Dr. Southgate was at the time engaged in the manufacture of saltpetre for the supply of the American troops. The riot and loss of property had such an effect upon Mr. King that his health gave way, and he died when only fifty-seven years of age, in 1775, leaving a widow and several children. He had been twice married. By his first wife he had three children—Rufus, the eldest, who is so identified with the early history of our Government; Mary (or Polly), who married Dr. Southgate, and Pauline, Mrs. Porter. Mr. King had several children by his second wife, among them being William King, first Governor of Maine.

Mrs. Southgate, from a silhouette in the possession of W. B. Lawrence, Esq.

Scarborough was at this time quite an important place, and many of its inhabitants were in comfortable circumstances. The Hunnewells, Bragdons, Bacons, Emersons, are descended from the first settlers of the place, and still live there. Among the friends of the family was General Peleg Wadsworth, whose daughters were intimate with the Misses Southgate. Lucia Wadsworth, who is frequently mentioned in the letters, remained unmarried, but Zilpah

Dr. Robert Southgate, from a silhouette in the possession of W. B. Lawrence, Esq.

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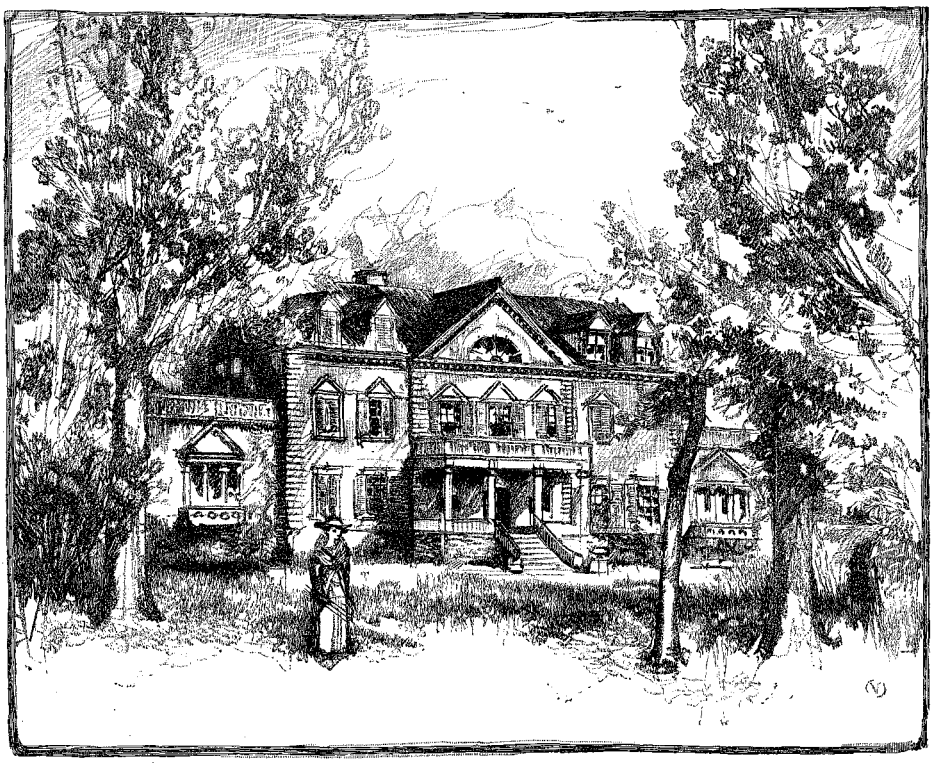
married Stephen Longfellow, a cousin of Mrs. Southgate, and became the mother of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Dr. Coffin and his family were also friends, and his daughters, Martha Coffin, who married Richard Derby, and Eleanor, who became Mrs. John Derby, were celebrated for their beauty, which seems to have descended to this present generation, among the most noted beauties of the present day who can claim descent from Dr. Coffin or his



The Van Rensselaer Manor House.

wife's family being Lady Mandeville and Lady Lister Kaye (the Misses Yznaga).

Dr. and Mrs. Southgate gave their children the best education that the times afforded, and after being taught the rudiments of learning in schools in the neighborhood, they were all sent to larger establishments near Boston to complete their education. Eliza Southgate, their third child, was born September 24, 1783. Of the first years of her life we have no record, but at the age of fourteen she writes from a school at Medford to her "honored parents" that she is "writing, reading, and cyphering, learning French, and dancing," and is to study geometry before geography. The young ladies of those days learned more useful things at their schools than the "three R's," as she writes: "We get up early in the morning and make our beds and sweep the chamber. It is a chamber about as large as our kitchen chamber, and a little better finished. There 's four beds in the chamber and two persons in each bed. We have chocolate for breakfast and supper." After spending about a year at this school, where she appears to have been unhappy, Eliza went to a celebrated school kept by Mrs. Rawson, and there remained until her education was considered finished. Then began a life of amusement, spent in paying visits to relations and friends, gay frolics on land and by water, visits to the theatre and various other entertainments, of which the following letter gives us a

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glimpse, and also shows us the customs of the times:

Boston, Feb. 7th, 1800.

After the toil, the bustle and fatigue of the week I turn towards home to relate the manner in which I have spent my time. I have been continually engaged in parties, plays, balls &c, &c. Since the first week I came in town, I have attended all the balls and assemblies, one, one week, and one the next. They have regular balls once a fortnight, so that I have been to one or the other every Thursday. They are very brilliant and I have formed a number of pleasing acquaintances there; last night which was ball night, I drew No. 5;—2nd. sett drew a Mr. Snow, bad partner; danced voluntarily with Mr. Oliver, Mr. Andrews, Mr. McPherson; danced until 1 o'clock; they have charming suppers, —table laid entirely with china.

Richard Cutts* went shopping with me yesterday morn; engaged to go to the play next week with him. For mourning for Washington the ladies dress as much as if for a relation, some entirely in black, but now many wear only a ribbon with a line painted on it.

. . . Now Mamma what do you think I am going to ask for?—A WIG. Eleanor Coffin has got a new one just like my hair and only 5 dollars. I must either cut my hair or have one. I cannot dress it at all *stylish*. Mrs. Coffin bought Eleanor's and says that she will write to Mrs. Sumner to get me one just like it. How much time it will save—in one year! We could save it in pins and paper, besides the *trouble*. At the Assembly I was quite ashamed of my head, for nobody had long hair. If you will consent to my having one do send me over a 5 dollar bill by the post immediately after you receive this, for I am in hopes to have it for the next Assembly—do send me word immediately if you can let me have one.

Miss Southgate did not confine herself to writing letters to her immediate family, but also corresponded, in a would-be sober and half-philosophical vein, with her cousin Moses Porter—"a young man of great promise," says Dr. Southgate in a letter to Rufus King. It is amusing to note how persistently her vivacity and femininity crop out in the midst of most solemn subjects, and in spite of the stilted phrases which she seems to have forced herself into using. Between the mock-heroic lines of these letters to her cousin one can see indications of a certain admiration and respect which the young girl had for her staid and thoughtful kinsman, which might have developed into a more romantic relation had not Moses Porter died from yellow fever contracted by boarding an infected vessel in order to transact some necessary business.

Sunday, Scarborough, May —, 1801.

When one commences an action with a full conviction they shall not acquit themselves with honor, they are sure not to succeed. Imprest with this idea I write you. I positively declare I have felt a great reluctance ever since we concluded on the plan. I am aware of the construction you may put on this, but call it *affectation* or what you will, I assure you it proceeds from different motives. When I first proposed this correspondence, I thought only of the amusement and instruction it would afford *me*. I almost forgot that I should have any part to perform. Since, however, I have reflected on the scheme as it was about to be carried into execution, I have felt a degree of diffidence which has almost induced me to hope you would *forget* the engagement. Fully convinced of my inability to afford pleasure or instruction to an enlarged mind, I rely wholly on your candor and generosity to pardon the errors which will cloud my best efforts. When I reflect on the severity of your criticisms in general I shrink at the idea of exposing to you what will never stand the test. Yet did I not imagine you would throw aside the *critic* and assume the *friend* I should never dare, with all my vanity, (and I am not deficient) give you so fine an opportunity to exercise your favorite propensity. I know you will laugh at all this, and I must confess it appears rather a folly, first to request your correspondence, and then with so much diffidence

* The celebrated statesman who married Mrs. Madison's sister, Miss Paine.

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and false delicacy, apparently to extort a compliment, to talk about my inability and the like. You will not think I intend a compliment when I say I have ever felt a disagreeable restraint when conversing

Walter Bowne, from a miniature by Malbone in the possession of W. B. Lawrence, Esq.

before you. Often when with all the confidence I possess I have brought forward an opinion, said all my imagination could suggest in support of it, and viewed with pleasure the little fabric, which I imagined to be founded on truth and justice, with one word you would crush to the ground that which has cost me so many to erect. These things I think in time will humble my vanity. I wish sincerely that they may.

Yet I believe I possess decent talents and should have been quite another being had they been properly cultivated. But as it is, I can never get over some little prejudices which I have imbibed long since, and which warp all the faculties of my mind. I was pushed on to the stage of action without one principle to guide my actions ;—the impulse of the moment was the only incitement. I have never committed any grossly imprudent action yet I have been folly's darling child. I trust they were rather errors of the head than the heart, for we have all a kind of inherent power to distinguish between right and wrong, and if before the heart becomes contaminated by the maxims of society it is left to act from impulse, tho' it have no fixt principle, yet it will not materially err. Possessing a gay lively disposition I pursued pleasure with ardor. I wished for admiration and took the means which would be most likely to obtain it. I found the mind of a female, if such a thing existed, was thought not worth cultivating. I disliked the trouble of thinking for myself and therefore adopted the sentiments of others—fully convinced to adorn my person and acquire a few little accomplishments was sufficient to secure me the admiration of the society I frequented. I cared but little about the mind. I learned to flutter about with a thoughtless gaiety—a mere feather which every breath had power to move. I left school with a head full of something, tumbled in without order or connection. I returned home with a determination to put it in more order. I set about the great work of culling the best part to make a few sentiments out of—to serve as a little ready change in my commerce with the world. But I soon lost all patience (a virtue which I do not possess in an eminent degree)—for the greater part of my ideas I was obliged to throw away without knowing where I got them or what I should do with them. What remained I pieced as ingeniously as I could into a few patchwork opinions,—they are now almost worn threadbare and as I am about quilting a few more, I beg you will send me any spare ideas you may chance to have that will answer my turn. By this time I suppose you have found out what you have a right to expect from this correspondence, and probably at this moment lay down the letter with a long sage-like face to ponder on my egotism.—'Tis a delightful employment. I will leave you to enjoy it while I eat my dinner.—And what is the result, Cousin? I suppose a few exclamations on the girl's vanity, to think no subject could interest her but where herself was concerned, or the barrenness of her head that could write on no other subject. But "she is a *female*" say you with a *manly contempt*.—Oh you Lords of the world, what are you that your unhallowed lips shall dare profane the fairest part of creation!! But honestly

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I wish to say something by way of apology, "but don't seem to know what."—It is true I have a kind of natural affection for myself; I find no one more ready to pardon my faults or find excuses for my failings;—it is natural to love our friends.

I have positively not said one single thing which I intended when I sat down. My motive was to answer your letter, and I have not mentioned my *not* having received it. Your opinion of Story's poems I think very unjust; as to the *man*, I cannot say, for I know nothing of him, but I think you are too severe upon him, a man who had not a "fibre of refinement in his composition" could never have written some passages in that poem.—What is refinement? I thought it was a delicacy of taste which might be acquired, if not anything in our nature;—true there are some so organized that they are incapable of receiving a delicate impression, but we won't say anything of such beings. I just begin to feel in a mood for answering your letter; what you say of Miss Rice—I hardly know how to refuse the challenge. She possesses no quality above mediocrity, and yet is just what a female ought to be. Now what would I give for a little *logic*, or for a little skill to support an argument. But I give it up for tho' you might not convince me, you would *confound* me with so many *learned* observations, that my vanity would oblige me to say I was convinced, to prevent the mortification of saying I did not understand you. How did you like Mr. Coffin? Write soon and tell me. We expect you to go to the fishing party with us on Tuesday. Mr. Coffin told us you would all come. You must be here by 9 o'clock (not before) in the morning. My love to the girls, and tell them—no! I'll tell them myself.

ELIZA.

The Lyman Place, Waltham.

To MR. MOSES PORTER, Biddeford.

SCARBOROUGH, June 1st, 1801.

As to the qualities of mind peculiar to each sex I agree with you that sprightliness is in favor of females and profundity of males. Their education, their pursuits would create such a quality even tho' nature had not implanted it. The business and pursuits of men require deep thinking, judgment, and moderation, while, on the other hand females are

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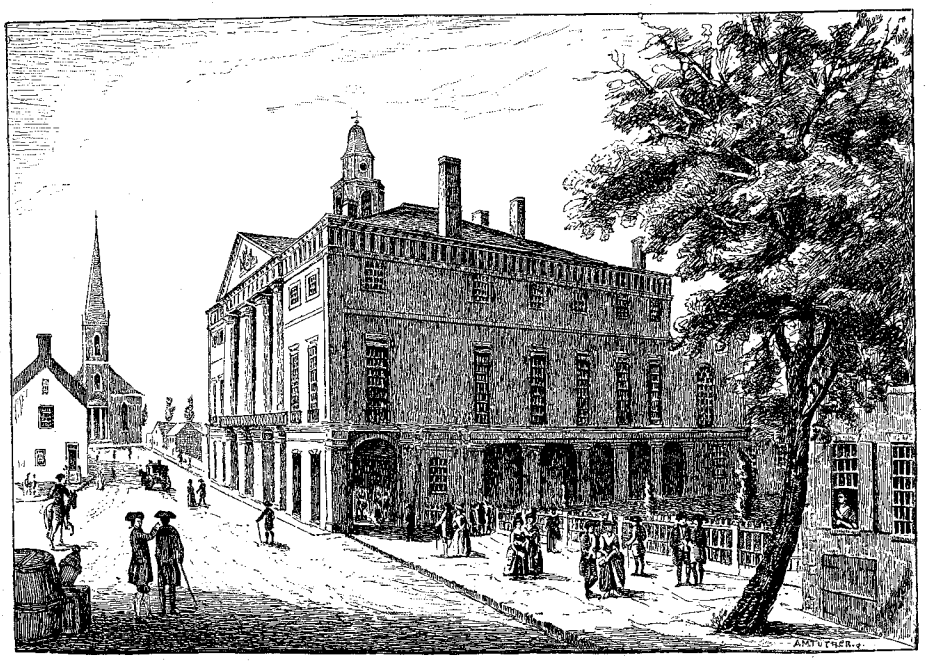

Old New York. The City Hall (Mr. Denning's house in the foreground), from an old print.

under no necessity of dipping deep, but merely "skim the surface," and we too commonly spare ourselves the exertion which deep researches require, unless they are absolutely necessary to our pursuits in life. We rarely find one giving themselves up to profound investigation for amusement merely; necessity is the nurse of all the great qualities of the mind; it explores all the hidden treasures, and by its stimulating power they are "polished into brightness." Women who have no incentives to action suffer all the strong energetic qualities of the mind to sleep in obscurity. Sometimes a ray of genius gleams through the thick clouds with which it is enveloped, and irradiates for a moment the darkness of mental night; yet, like a comet that shoots wildly from its sphere, it excites our wonder, and we place it among the phenomenons of nature, without searching for a natural cause. Thus it is the qualities with which nature has endowed us, as a support amid the misfortunes of life, and a shield from the allurements of vice, are left to moulder and ruin. In this dormant state they become enervated and impaired, and at last die for *want of exercise*. The little airy qualities which produce sprightliness are left to flutter about like feathers in the wind, the sport of every breeze.

Women have more fancy, more lively imaginations than men. That is easily accounted for—a person of correct judgment and accurate discernment will never have that flow of ideas which one of a different character might;—every object has not the power to introduce into his mind such a variety of ideas; he rejects all but those closely connected with it. On the other hand a person of small discernment will receive every idea that arises in the mind, making no distinction between those nearly related and those more distant. They are all equally welcome, and consequently such a mind abounds with fanciful, out-of-the-way ideas. Women have more imagination, more sprightliness, because they have less discernment. I never was of opinion that the pursuits of the sexes ought to be the same; on the contrary, I believe it would be destructive to happiness; there would a degree of rivalry exist incompatible with the harmony we wish to establish. I have ever thought it necessary that each should have a separate sphere of action;—in such a case there

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could be no clashing unless one or the other should leap their respective bounds. Yet to cultivate the qualities with which we are endowed can never be called infringing the prerogatives of man. Why, my dear Cousin, were we furnished with such powers, unless the improvement of them would conduce to the happiness of society? Do you suppose the mind of women the only work of God that was "made in vain." The cultivation of the powers we possess I have ever thought a privilege (or I may say duty) that belongs to the human species, and not man's exclusive prerogative. Far from destroying the harmony that ought to subsist, it would fix it on a foundation that would not totter at every jar. Women would be under the same degree of subordination that they now are; enlighten and expand their minds and they would perceive the necessity of such a regulation to preserve the order and happiness of society. Yet you require that their conduct should always be guided by that reason which you refuse them the power of exercising. I know it is generally thought that in such a case women would assume the right of commanding. But I see no foundation for such a supposition,—not a blind submission to the will of another which neither honor nor reason dictates. It would be criminal in such a case to submit, for we are under a prior engagement to conduct in all things according to the dictates of reason. I had rather be the meanest reptile that creeps the earth, or cast upon the wide world to suffer all the ills "that flesh is heir to" than live a slave to the despotic will of another.

I am aware of the censure that will ever await the female that attempts the vindication of her sex, yet I dare to brave that censure that I know to be undeserved. It does not follow (O what a pen) that every female who vindicates the capacity of the sex is a disciple of Mary Wollstonecraft. Though I allow her to have said many things which I cannot but approve, yet the very foundation on which she builds her work will be apt to prejudice us so against her that we will not allow her the merit she really deserves.—Yet prejudice set aside I confess I admire many of her sentiments; notwithstanding I believe should any one adopt her principles, they would conduct in the same manner; and upon the whole her life is the best comment on her writings. Her style is nervous and commanding; her sentiments appear to carry conviction along with them but they will not bear analyzing. I wish to say something on your *natural refinement*, but I shall only have room to touch upon it if I begin; "therefore, I'll leave it till another time."

Last evening Mr. Samuel Thatcher spent with us, we had a fine "dish of conversation" served up with great taste, fine sentiments dressed with elegant language, and seasoned with wit. He is really excellent company—a little enthusiastic or so—but that is no matter. In compassion I entreat you to come over here soon and make me some pens. I have got one that I have been whittling this hour, and at last have got it to make a stroke (it liked to have given me the lie). I believe I must give up all pretension to *profundity*, for I am much more at home in my female character. This argumentative style is not congenial to my taste. I hate anything that requires order or connection. I never could do anything by rule;—when I get a subject I am incapable of reasoning upon I play with it as with a rattle, for what else should I do with it? But I have kept along quite in a direct line. I caught myself "upon the wing" two or three times, but I had the power to check my nonsense. I send you my sentiments on this subject as they really exist with me. I believe they are not the mere impulse of the moment, but founded on what I think truth. I could not help laughing at that part of your letter where you said the seal of my letter deprived you of some of the most interesting part of it. I declare positively I left a blank place on purpose for it, that you might not lose one precious word, and now you have the impudence to tell me that the most interesting part was the blank paper. It has provoked my ire to such a degree that I positively declare that I never will send you any more blank paper than I possibly can avoid to "spite you."

In vivid contrast to the style of these letters to Moses Porter, which might

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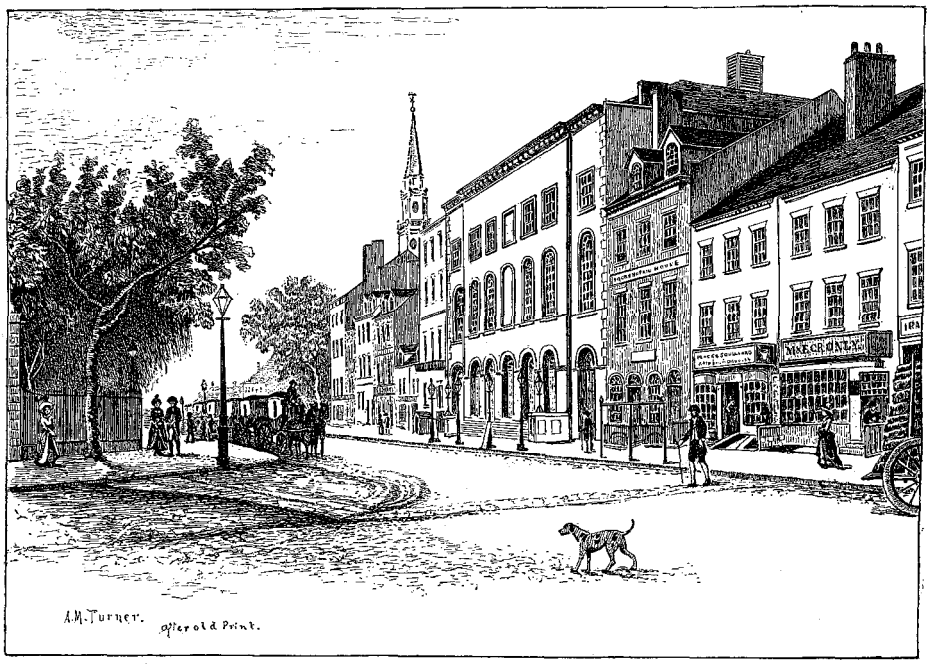

Old New York. Park Theatre and City Hall Park.

have been taken out of Richardson's novels, is the girlish frankness and enthusiasm of the letters which describe her social adventures and gayeties while visiting in Portland and Salem :

PORTLAND, March 1, 1802.

Such a frolic ! Such a chain of adventures I never before met with, nay, the page of romance never presented its equal.—'Tis now Monday ;—but a little more method, that I may be understood. I have just ended my Assembly's adventure,—never got home till this morning. Thursday it snowed violently ; indeed for two days before it had been storming so much that the snow drifts were very large ; however, as it was the last Assembly I could not resist the temptation of going, as I knew all the world would be there. About 7 I went down stairs and found young Charles Coffin, the minister, in the parlor. After the usual enquiries were over he stared awhile at my feathers and flowers, asked if I was going out ;—I told him I was going to the Assembly. "Think, Miss Southgate," said he, after a long pause, "think would you go out to *meeting* in such a storm as this?" Then assuming a tone of reproof he entreated me to examine well my feelings on such an occasion. I heard in silence, unwilling to begin an argument that I was unable to support. The stopping of the carriage roused me. I immediately slipped on my socks and coat and met Horatio * and Mr. Motley in the entry. The snow was deep, but Mr. Motley took me up in his arms and sat me in the carriage without difficulty. I found a full Assembly, many married ladies and everyone disposed to end the winter in good spirits. At 1 we left dancing and went to the card-room to wait for a coach. It stormed dreadfully ; the hacks were all employed, as soon as they returned, and we could not get one till 3 o'clock,—for about 2 they left the house determined not to return again for the night. It was the most violent storm I ever knew ; there were now 20 in waiting, the ladies murmuring and complaining. One hack returned ; all flocked to the stairs to engage a seat. So many crowded down that 'twas impossible to

* Horatio Southgate was Dr. Southgate's second child ; he married three times and became the father of many sons and daughters, among them being Bishop Southgate and the Rev. William Scott Southgate.

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get past; luckily I was one of the first. I step't in, found a young lady, almost a stranger in town, who keeps at Mrs. Jordan's, sitting in the back-seat. She immediately caught hold of me and beg'd, if I possibly could accommodate her, to take her home with me, as she had attempted to go to Mrs. Jordan's, but the drifts were so high the horses could not get through; that they were compelled to return to the hall, where she had not a single acquaintance with whom she could go home. I was distres't, for I could not ask her home with me, for sister* had so much company that I was obliged to go home with Sally Weeks and give my chamber to Parson Coffin. I told her this, and likewise that she could be provided for if my endeavors could be of any service. None but ladies were permitted to get into the carriage; it presently was stowed in so full, that the horses could not move. The door was burst open, for such a clamor as the closing of it occasioned, I never before heard;—the universal cry was—"A gentleman in the coach, let him come out." We all protested there was none, as it was too dark to distinguish, but the little man soon raised his voice and bid the coachman proceed; a dozen voices gave contrary orders; 'twas a proper riot; I was really alarmed. My gentleman, with a vast deal of fashionable independence, swore no power on earth should make him quit his seat, but a gentleman at the door jump't into the carriage, caught hold of him, and would have dragged him out if we had not all entreated them to desist. He squeezed again into his seat, inwardly exulting to think he should get safe home from such rough creatures as the men, should pass for a lady, be secure under their protection,—for none would insult him before them, mean creature!! The carriage at length started full of ladies and not one gentleman to protect us, except our lady-man, who had crept to us for shelter. When we found ourselves in the street, the first thing was to find out who was in the carriage and where we were all going; who first must be left,—luckily, two gentlemen had followed by the side of the carriage, and when it stop't took out the ladies as they got to their houses. Our sweet little, trembling, delicate, unprotected fellow sat immovable whilst the two gentlemen that were obliged to walk thro' all the snow and storm, carried all the ladies from the carriage. What could be the motive of the little wretch for creeping in with us I know not; I should have thought 'twas his great wish to serve the ladies, if he had moved from the seat, but 'twas the most singular thing I ever heard of. We at length arrived at the place of our destination. Miss Weeks asked Miss Coffin (for that was the unlucky girl's name) to go home with her, which she readily did;—the gentlemen then proceeded to take us out, my beau unused to carrying such a weight of sin and folly, sank under its pressure, and I was obliged to carry my mighty self through the snow which almost buried me. Such a time,—I never shall forget it. My great-grandmother never told any of her youthful adventures to equal it. The storm continued till Monday, and I was obliged to stay, but Monday I insisted, if there was any possibility of getting to sister's, to set out. The horse and sleigh were soon at the door, and again I sallied forth to brave the tempestuous weather (for it still snowed) and surmount the many obstacles I had to meet with. We rode on a few rods, then coming directly upon a large drift, we stuck fast. We could neither get forward nor turn round. After waiting till I was most frozen we got out and with the help of a truckman the sleigh was lifted up and turned towards a cross street that led to Federal Street. We again went on; at the corner we found it impossible to turn up in turn, but must go down and begin where we first started, and take a new course; but suddenly turning the corner we came full upon a pair of trucks heavily laden; the drift on one side was so large that it left a very narrow passage between that and the corner house; indeed we were obliged to go so near that the post grazed my bonnet. What was to be done? Our horses' heads touched before we saw them. I jump't out, the sleigh was unfastened and lifted round, and we again measured back our old steps. At length we arrived at Sister Boyd's door, and the drift before it was the greatest we had met with; the

* Isabella, Mrs. Joseph Coffin Boyd.

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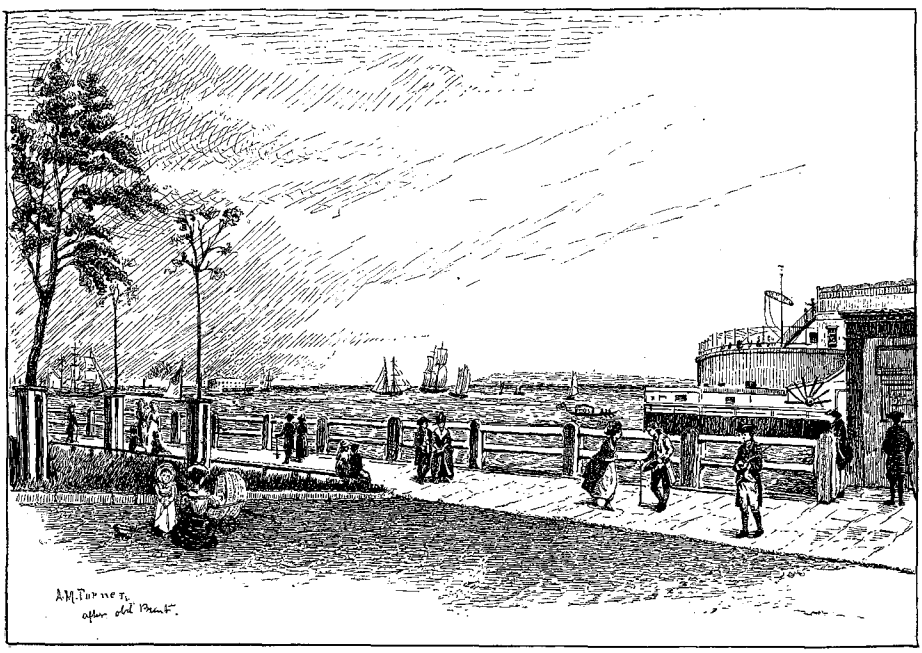
horse was so exhausted that he sunk down and we really thought him dead; —'twas some distance from the gate and no path;—the gentleman took me up in his arms and carried me till my weight pressed him so far into the snow that he had no power to move his feet.—I rolled out of his arms and wallowed till I reached the gate; then rising to shake my way into the house; the horse was unhitched and again set out and left me to ponder on the incidents of the morning. I have since heard of several events that took place that Assembly night much more amusing than mine,—nay, Don Quixote's most ludicrous adventures compared with some of them will appear like the common events of the day.



Old New York. The Battery, from an old print.

off the snow, I turned and beheld my beau fixed and immovable; he could not get his feet out to take another step.—At length, making a great exertion to spring his whole length forward, he made out to reach the poor horse, who lay in a worse condition than his master. By this time all the family had gathered to the window, indeed they saw the whole frolic; but 'twas not yet ended, for, unluckily, in pulling off Miss Weeks' bonnet to send to the sleigh to be carried back, I pulled off my wig and left my head bare. I was perfectly convulsed with laughter. Think what a ludicrous figure I must have been, still standing at the gate, my bonnet half way to the sleigh and my wig in hand! However I hurried it on, for they were all laughing at the window, and made the best of

SALEM, MASS.,
Tuesday, July 6th, 1802.

Arrived in Salem; met Mrs. Derby* at the door who received us joyfully. At tea-time saw the children, fine boys, very fond of Ellen, and are managed by their Father with great judgment. How few understand the true art of managing children, and how often is the important task of forming young minds left to the discretion of servants who caress or reprove as the impulse of the moment compels them. Here are we convinced of the great necessity that Mothers, or all ladies should have cultivated minds, as the first rudiments of education are always received from them, and at that early period of life when the

* Miss Eleanor Coffin had married Mr. John Derby, a widower with three children.

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mind is open to every new impression and ready to receive the seeds which must form the future principles of the character. At that time how important is it to be judicious in your conduct toward them! In the evening Mr. Hasket Derby came in on his return from New York, he is a fine majestic-looking man, tho' he strikes you rather heavy and unwieldy on his first appearance. He says little—yet does not appear absent,—has travelled much, and in his manners has an easy unassuming politeness that is not the acquirement of a day.

Wednesday morning.—Had an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with Ellen; talked over all our affairs; in the afternoon rode out to Hasket Derby's farm, about 3 miles from Salem, a most delightful place,—the gardens superior to any I have ever seen of the kind; cherries in perfection! We really feasted! There are 3 divisions in the gardens, and you pass from the lower one to the upper thro' several arches rising one above the other. From the lower gate you have a fine perspective view of the whole range, rising gradually until the sight is terminated by a hermitage. The summer house in the centre has an arch thro' it, with 3 doors on each side which open into little apartments and one of them opens to a staircase by which you ascend into a square room, the whole size of the building; it has a fine airy appearance and commands a view of the whole garden; two large chestnut trees on each side almost shade it from the view when seen from the sides; the air from the windows is always pure and cool and the eye wanders with delight and admiration over the extensive landscape below, so beautifully variegated with the charms of nature; imagination luxuriates with delight and as it plays o'er the beauties of an opening flower, imperceptibly wanders to the first principles of nature, its wonderful and surprising operation, its harmony and beauty. The room is ornamented with some Chinese figures and seems calculated for serenity and peace. 'Tis like the pavilion of Caroline, and I almost looked around me for the music of the Guitar and books, but I heard not the tramplings of Lindorf's horse, nor did I sing to hear the echo of his voice,—"Listen to love and thou shalt know indifference or to bless the foe." Certain it is, however, I thought of Caroline the moment I entered. We descended and passing thro' the arch, proceeded to the hermitage, which terminated the garden. It was scarcely perceptible at a distance; a large weeping willow swept the roof with its branches and bespoke the melancholy inhabitant. We caught a view of the little hut as we advanced thro' the opening of the trees; it was covered with bark;—a small low door, slightly latched immediately opened at our touch; a venerable old man was seated in the centre with a prayer-book in one hand while the other supported his cheek, and rested on an old table which, like the hermit, seemed moulding to decay; a broken pitcher, a plate and teapot sat before him, and his tea-kettle sat by the chimney; a tattered coverlit was spread over a bed of straw, which, tho' hard, might be softened by resignation and content. I left him impressed with veneration and fear which the mystery of his situation seemed to create. We returned to the house, which was neat and handsome, and from thence visited the greenhouse, where we saw oranges and lemons in perfection;—in one orange tree there were green ones, ripe ones, and blossoms; every plant and shrub which was beautiful and rare was collected here, and I looked around with astonishment and delight; at the upper end of the garden there was a beautiful arbour formed of a mound of turf which we ascended by several steps formed likewise of turf and 'twas surrounded by a thick row of poplar trees which branched out quite to the bottom and so close together that you could not see through;—'twas a most charming place, and I know not how long we should have remained to admire if they had not summoned us to tea. We returned home and Mr. Hasket Derby asked if we should not like to walk over to his house and see the garden;—we readily consented, as I had heard much of the house. The evening was calm and delightful, the moon shone in its greatest splendor. We entered the house and the door opened into a spacious en-

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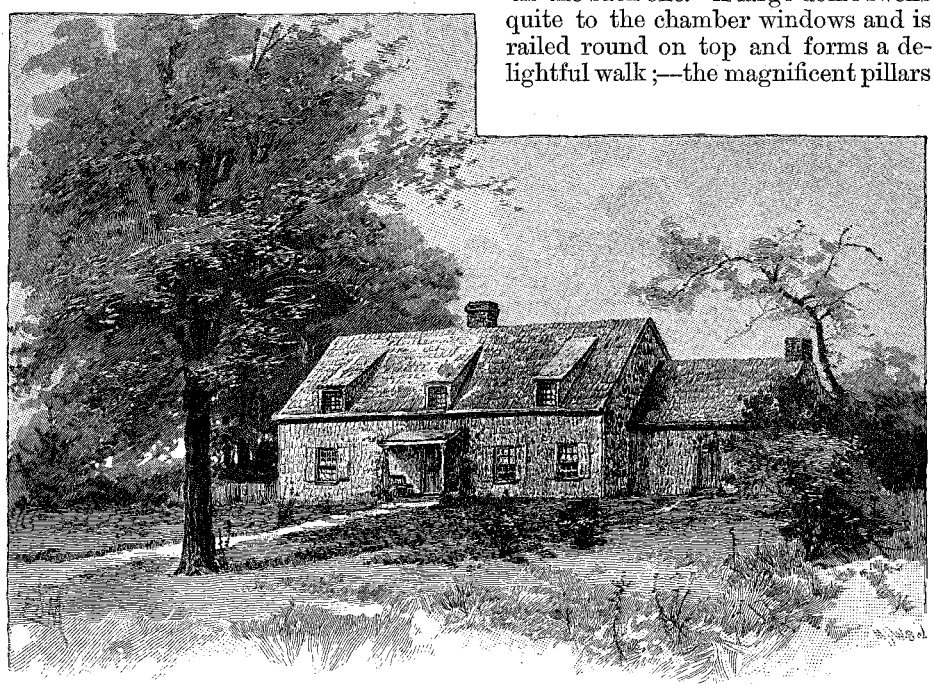
try; on each side were large white marble images. We passed on by doors on each side opening into the drawing-room, dining-room, parlor, &c., and at the further part of the entry a door opened into a large, magnificent oval room, and another door opposite the one we entered, was thrown open and gave us a full view of the garden below. The moon shone with uncommon splendor; the large marble vases, the images, the mirrors to correspond with the windows, gave it so uniform and finished an appearance that I could not think it possible I viewed objects that were real; every thing appeared like enchantment,—the stillness of the hour, the imperfect light of the moon, the novelty of the scene, filled my mind with sensations I never felt before. I could not realize every thing and expected every moment that the wand of the fairy would sweep all from before my eyes and leave me to stare and wonder what it meant. You can scarcely conceive of any thing more superb.—We descended into the garden, which is laid out with exquisite taste, and airy irregularity seems to characterize the whole. At the foot of the garden there was a summer house and a row of tall poplar trees which hid every thing beyond from the sight, and formed a kind of walk. I arrived there and to my astonishment found thro' the opening of the trees that there was a beautiful terrace, the whole width of the garden; 'twas twenty feet from the street and gravelled on the top with a white balustrade round; 'twas almost level and the poplar trees so close that we could only occasionally catch a glimpse of the house. The moon shone full upon it, and I really think this side is the most beautiful, though 'tis the back one. A large dome swells quite to the chamber windows and is railed round on top and forms a delightful walk;—the magnificent pillars which support it fill the mind with pleasure. We returned into the house and on passing the mirrors I involuntarily started back at seeing so much company in the other room. We entered the drawing-room which is superb, furnished with blue and wood color. There was the Grand Piano, the most charming Instrument I ever heard. Mr. and Mrs. Derby, Mr. Hasket D., Frank Coffin, and myself were the party, and I was requested to play and took my seat at the Instrument and had just



The Bowne House, Flushing.

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begun playing when a slight noise in the entry made me turn my head; a gentleman entered and was introduced as Mr. Grey, made a most graceful bow, took his seat and I resumed my playing. We rose to depart and Mr. G. accompanied us home. I was delighted with his conversation, which was sensible, unassuming and agreeable. I scarcely saw his face, as there was no light.

Thursday, at home all day. In the evening walked in the garden. The evening was uncommonly fine. The moon shines brighter in Salem than any where else. Here too is an elegant garden, full of fruit trees, the walks kept as nice as possible, and shaded on each side by plum trees; very handsome summer house where we sat an hour or two; rambled in the garden all the evening which was the finest I ever saw, so very light, that as Shakespeare says "'twas but the daylight sick," only a little paler; there is something in a fine moonlight evening exquisitely soothing to the soul. I have felt as if I could melt away with the exquisite enthusiasm of my sensations. We were called into the house and found Mrs. West a sister of Mrs. Derby's,—but more of her by-and-bye.

After spending some time in Salem Miss Southgate received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby to accompany them on a carriage journey to Saratoga. The young lady gladly accepted this opportunity, and when she was well started on the way wrote her mother a delightfully dutiful letter explaining why she did not wait for permission from home. As might have been anticipated, amid the new scenes of gayety and fashion, her romantic fancy was touched, and the inevitable happened. On the way to the Springs she made the acquaintance of Walter Bowne (whom she had heard described as "one of the greatest New York beaux"), and before returning to Scarborough she was partly engaged to him, and within a year became his wife.

Walter Bowne was one of a family which had been settled since 1651 at Flushing, where he was born on September 26, 1770. He was a prominent business man in New York, State Senator from 1817 to 1824, and Mayor of the city from 1829 to 1833; and at one time he wielded the then vast powers of the Council of Appointment.

WEDNESDAY, SALEM, July , 1802.

What will you say, my dear mother, when you find I am gone with Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby to the Saratoga Springs? But I hasten to explain all.—Mr. and Mrs. Derby were going in their carriage alone. Mrs. Derby says she never travelled without some lady, and urged my accompanying her. I thought 'twas only a compliment and treated it as such, but when I found she seriously wished it and her husband joined his influence, I began to think how it would do. . . . As I never determined to go till this morning, Mrs. Derby said 'twas impossible to make any new clothes, nay unnecessary, and insisted I should take anything of hers I should want. . . . We shall probably be gone 4 or 5 weeks, as it is 2 or 3 hundred miles from here.

FRANCISTOWN (New Hampshire.)
July 26th, 1802.

We left Salem on Thursday evening and slept at Ten Hills in Charleston, breakfasted in Webrion, and dined in Batavia. We had a fine view of the celebrated Middlesex canal, which in future ages must do honor to our country;—such monuments of industry and perseverance raise our opinion of our countrymen. It will be 25 miles in length when completed, running from Deckel to Medford river;—the river of Concord supplies it with water, boats pass every day, and parties of pleasure are always sailing on it. . . . We are now on a new turn-pike road, from Amherst to Dartmouth. . . . We pass thro' several pretty villages on coming here—tho' it is almost a new country, scarcely cleared up,—excepting a small village every 6 or 7 miles; the most hilly, mountainous, woody country I ever was in.—Here as I look round me I see nothing but enormous high hills, covered with trees and almost mingling with the clouds. One of them in particular—Francistown, is about 12 miles from Amherst, a number of pleasant houses and a very elegant meeting house.—How dif-

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ferent from our part of the country;—here, if there is but one handsome house in town there will be a meeting house. I have passed but one on my journey, in these new back places, but what was painted and had a steeple! From Dartmouth we go down to Northampton and then to Lebanon Springs, then to Ballston and Saratoga, and return by the way of New Haven, Hartford.

ALBANY, Aug. 8th, 1802.

This far have we proceeded without anything to mortify or disappoint us.—I wrote the night I arrived at Lebanon; the next morning the bell rang, & we all assembled to breakfast. There were about thirty ladies much dressed, looking very handsome;—it seemed more like a Ball Room than a breakfasting room. We were the last that came to breakfast & all eyes were fixed upon us. Lady Nesbert and the Allston * family from Carolina were opposite.—This daughter of Col. Burr's is a little, sweet looking woman, very learned they say, understands the dead languages, not pedantic, rather reserved. Lady Nesbert, a most interesting woman—full black—eyes with a wild melancholy expression—and a voice so sweet and plaintive you would think of melancholy music. I have not heard her speak a dozen times since I have been here and she rarely ever smiles. Old Mrs. Allston the Mother is a *sour looking* woman, nothing affable or condescending. Miss Allston they say is a romp, tho' her Mother restrains her so much you would not suspect it. Old Mr. Allston is affable and agreeable.—We had likewise there a Mr. Constable † from New York; he lives in great style, very much the gentleman. Miss —— from New York, is a truly fashionable City Belle. She is a fortune but I believe not of family. The gentleman she *calls* her Father and whose name she takes—'tis said was hired by a British officer (her real Father) to marry the Mother and adopt the daughter and a very large sum was given him. He appears an abandoned old rake—pale and sallow. Oh! he is a horrid looking object, in a deep consumption I imagine. She is very attentive. But good heavens! I had no idea of a fashionable girl before, one that devotes her whole attention to fashion. I have much to tell you when I return about Miss A.'s French style of dress. Mr. and Mrs. Ransselaer ‡ left Lebanon the day before we did with Mr. and Miss Westerlo.§

Mr. Welsh the Miss Stevensons and Miss Livingston, the Albany Belle—all belong to Albany. Mr. and Miss Westerlo Miss Beekman and the Mr. (Philip) Ransselaer ‖ who is Mayor of the City called last evening and we all went to walk. We went to Miss Westerlo's and spent a charming hour.—All returned with us and we engaged to go to meeting with Mr. and Miss Westerlo and take tea at the Mayor's this afternoon. Mr. Westerlo is going to Ballston in company with us and a Mr. Kane, ¶ of New York, whom we met at the Coffee House—a very genteel man.—A little lawyer from Litchfield who came in from Lebanon with us is likewise going on Monday; so we shall have a very pleasant party. Mr. Kane says I shall meet one of the greatest New York Beaux at Ballston—Mr. Bowne.—I wonder if it is the same I have heard you mention? I shall find out. About eleven o'clock, or rather twelve I was surprised by some delightful music—a number of Instruments most elegantly playing "Rise Cynthia Rise."—I jumped up and by the light of the moon saw five gentlemen under the window. To Mr. Westerlo I suppose we are indebted.—"Washington March"—"Blue Bells of Scotland"—"Taste Life's Glad Moments"—"Boston March"—and many other charming tunes—played most delightfully. I have heard no music since I left Salem till this and I was really

* Joseph Allston, of South Carolina, had married Thedosia Burr, only daughter of Aaron Burr, February 2, 1801.

† This was Mr. William Constable, married, February 26, 1810, Miss Mary Elizabeth McVickar, daughter of John McVickar, Esq.

‡ This was Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, who had lately married his second wife, the celebrated beauty, Cornelia Patterson. Miss Southgate spelt the name as it was then usually pronounced.

§ Rensselaer Westerlo and his sister Catherine Westerlo, who afterward married Mr. Woodworth. The mother of Mr. Van Rensselaer was Catherine Livingston, eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, commonly called "The Signer," he having been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had three children by her first husband, Stephen Van Rensselaer, and two by her second husband, Dominie Westerlo. Mr. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Westerlo were therefore half brothers.

‖ Brother of the Patroon, who had married Anne Van Courtlandt.

¶ Oliver Kane, a merchant, of New York. He married, at Providence, R. I., May 22, 1803, Miss Ann Eliza Clarke, daughter of John Innes Clarke.

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charmed. The bell will ring soon and I must finish this after meeting.

Sunday afternoon: The dinner was brought on the table just as the bell rang for meeting so that we were obliged to stay at home this afternoon and tell Mr. Westerlo and his sister, who called again for me, as Mrs. Derby did not go out, that I would go to Mrs. Ransselaer's after meeting, (Philip Van Ransselaer's) where the Patroon and wife will probably be. In the morning Mr. Derby and myself went to the new Dutch Church with Mr. and Miss Westerlo and sat with them—next pew to the Patroon's —whom you saw in Salem with his beautiful wife. After meeting, Mr. Westerlo came with the Patroon and his wife to see us. She is really beautiful —dressed very plain. Cotton cambric morning gown—white sarsnet cloak, hair plain and black veil thrown carelessly over her head. They urged my dining there to-morrow, but Mr. Derby is determined to set out in the morning for Ballston. The waters, all tell him, will be of great service to him. When we return we shall go and see them. A great number of elegant gentlemen are here in this house—many from New York—some going to the Springs. Mr. Kane of New York (whose sister married Robert Morris) is here, and will set out for the Springs in company with us, Mr. Westerlo and some others. We shall go to Lake George and probably make a party from Ballston. Mrs. Derby has insisted on my wearing the sarsnet dress to-day as we shall drink tea at the Mayor's.

Many people will be talking about my going this journey, many will censure me perhaps. If you should hear of any unkind remarks you would not do me a greater favor than to vindicate my conduct. I have never for one moment since I left Salem regretted I came.— The affectionate attention of Mr. and Mrs. Derby delights my heart—was more than I had a right to expect. I have received much delight in this tour; —seen much elegant company, variety of manners and characters. I am sensible it will be a source of great improvement as well as pleasure. I shall have seen that style and splendor which has so many magic charms when viewed at a distance divested of its false place. We find it mingled with as many pains as any other situation in life—nay more poignant pains. I feel that I shall not be at all injured by this life though I enjoy myself highly and mingle with these people with much delight. I shall return happy and contented. Mr. Derby is quite unwell—has eaten nothing but milk since we left Salem. His stomach refuses everything else. I have strong hopes that the Ballston Waters will have a good effect. Everyone tells him so. A Gentleman just from Balston says there is a great deal of company at the Springs—dance every other night. If the waters agree with Mr. Derby we shall stay a week or ten days. I have not time to write anything about Albany; —fine Society I believe—full of Dutch houses.

BALLSTON SPRINGS,
August 22nd. 1802.

We have been here at Ballston a fortnight to-morrow. It has been one continued scene of idleness and dissipation; —have a ball every other night, ride, walk, stroll about the piazzas, dress,— indeed we do nothing that seems like improvement. But still I think there is no place, where one may study the different characters and dispositions to greater advantage. You meet here the most genteel people from every part of our country, ceremony is thrown off and you are acquainted very soon. You may select those you please for intimates, and among so many you certainly will find some agreeable, amiable companions. For a week we sat down at table every day with 60 or 70 persons; to-day we were all speaking of the latter being very thin because we had only 40. . . . We went last week to *Lake George*, about 40 miles from here,— made up a party and went on Tuesday. Breakfasted at *Saratoga*, where the Springs formerly most celebrated were, and dined about 14 miles this side the lake, at the most beautiful place I ever saw. . . . Perhaps you have heard of Glens-Falls, they are said to exceed in *beauty* the Falls of *Niagara*—tho' in *sublimity* must fall far short. . . . The rocks on the shores have exactly the appearance of elegant, magnificent ruins; they are entirely of *slate*, and seemed piled in regular forms, with

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shrubs and grass growing in between. I looked around me for an hour and I every moment discovered something new to admire. . . . About sunset we came in view of the *Lake*. It is a most beautiful sheet of water. . . . It is surrounded by very high hills and mountains rising one above the other in majestic grandeur. In the morning we went out to fish ; sailed about 4 miles on the lake to a little island where we went on shore,—nothing could exceed the beautiful grandeur of the prospect, we anchored off;—I found it very charming fishing, the water so perfectly transparent that we could see the fish swimming around the dock.

We saw the ruins of Fort George and the bloody pond—where so many poor wretches were thrown. We stopt on our return at the field where Burgoyne surrendered his army, it is now covered with corn and nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding fields ; we returned by a different route. For 10 miles we rode directly on the banks of the Hudson river. Nothing could be more delightful ; our road wound with the river which was beautifully overhung with trees. We returned here Thursday night, found them dancing. I joined ; and the next night we had a ball at the other house. There again I danced till 12 o'clock and the next morning got up quite sick ;—to-day I am finely again, and have made a resolution not to dance again whilst I stay here. This all think I can't keep, but they shall see I can. . . . We shall probably leave here on Tuesday or Wednesday, stay at Albany a few days and go to Lebanon again, perhaps to Williamstown Commencement. We are engaged to spend the day at Mr. Ransselaers, the former L. Governor, and one at Mr. Ransselaers—his brother, who is Mayor of the City. I know not how long 'twill be before we return, but I really begin to think of home with a great deal of anxiety.

This eventful vacation trip was ended early in September, and from the home of her friends in Salem Miss Southgate wrote to her mother of the momentous result which had sprung from the summer's pleasure.

Salem, September 9th, 1802.

Once more I am safe in Salem and my first thoughts turn toward home. I arrived last night. . . . I am in perfect health and spirits and have enjoyed the journey more than I can express. I don't know that I have had an unpleasant hour since I have been gone and what is still more pleasing I look back on every scene without regret or pain.

Among the many gentlemen I have become acquainted and who have been attentive, one I believe is serious. I know not, my dearest Mother, how to introduce this subject, yet as I fear you may hear it from others and feel anxious for my welfare, I consider it a duty to tell you all. At Albany, on our way to Ballston, we put up at the same house with a *Mr. Bowne* from New York ; he went on to the Springs the same day we did, and from that time was particularly attentive to me. He was always of our parties to ride, went to Lake George in company with us and came on to Lebanon when we did.—For 4 weeks I saw him every day and probably had a better opportunity of knowing him, than if I had seen him as a common acquaintance in town for years. I felt cautious of encouraging his attention, tho' I did not wish to *discourage* it.—There were so many *New Yorkers* at the Springs who knew him perfectly, that I easily learnt his character and reputation. He is a man of *business*, uniform in his conduct and *very much respected ;* all this we knew from report. Mr. and Mrs. Derby were very much pleased with him, but conducted towards me with peculiar *delicacy*,—left me entirely to myself, as on a subject of so much importance they scarcely dared give an opinion. I felt myself in a situation truly embarrassing, —at such a distance from all my friends, —my Father and Mother—a perfect stranger to the person,—and prepossessed in his favor, as much as so short an acquaintance would sanction.—His conduct was such as I shall ever reflect on with the greatest pleasure,—open, candid, generous and delicate. He is a man in whom I could place the most unbounded confidence ; nothing rash or impetuous in his disposition, but weighs maturely every circumstance : he knew I was not at liberty to encourage his

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addresses without the approbation of my Parents, and appeared as solicitous that I should act with strict propriety as one of my most disinterested friends. He advised me like a friend and would not have suffered me to do anything improper. He only required I would not discourage his addresses till he had an opportunity of making known to my Parents his character and wishes. This I promised and went so far as to tell him I approved him as far as I knew him, but the decision must rest with my Parents; their wishes were my law. He insisted upon coming on immediately; that I absolutely refused to consent to. But all my persuasion to wait till winter had no effect; the first of October he *will come*. I could not prevent it without a positive *refusal;* this I felt no disposition to give. And now, my dearest Mother, I submit myself wholly to the wishes of my Father and you, convinced that my happiness is your warmest wish, and to promote it has ever been your study. That I feel deeply interested in Mr. Bowne I candidly acknowledge and from the knowledge I have of his heart and character I think him better calculated to promote my happiness than any person I have yet seen. He is a firm, steady, serious man, nothing light or trifling in his character, and I have every reason to think he has well weighed his sentiments towards me, —nothing rash or premature. I have referred him wholly to you, and you, my dearest Parents, must decide.

My love to all friends, and believe me with every sentiment of duty and affection,

Your daughter ELIZA.

PORTLAND, Nov.—Friday,—1802.

Mr. Bowne has not arrived. I am out of all patience, can't imagine what detains him. 4 weeks to-morrow since he took Mr. Codman's letter. These Quakers are governed by such a *slow spirit;*—I wish the deuce had them. I shall be really uneasy if he don't come soon. . . . Mrs. Derby is quite out at Mr. B's not coming. I'll not be so ungenerous as to condemn him without giving an opportunity of vindicating himself. Some circumstances I know not of may detain him.

Unfortunately there is no record of the wedding, which must have taken place at the Scarborough home after Mr. Bowne's "slow spirit" had moved him there. Miss Southgate was probably married to Mr. Bowne about the 1st of May, 1803, and they began immediately their wedding journey toward New York, which was to be their future home. Mrs. Bowne's letters give glimpses of that unconventional tour.

BOSTON, May 30th. 1803.

Here we are, at Mrs. Carter's and tho' we have endeavored to keep ourselves as much out of the way as possible, a great many people have called to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Bowne. . . . But I have not told you how Gen. Knox * found us out at Newbury-port. We always kept by ourselves, but in passing the entry Gen'l. Knox, who had just come in the stage, met Mr. B. and asked where he was from.—(Mr. Bowne kept here with Mrs. Carter when Gen'l Knox was here last winter). He told him from the Eastward.—Alone?—No.—Who is with you? —*Mrs. Bowne.*—So plump a question he could not evade, so the General insisted on being introduced to the bride. I was walking the room and reading, perfectly unsuspicious, when the opening of the door and Mr. Bowne's voice— "Gen'l Knox, my love"—quite roused me; he came up, took my hand very gracefully, pres't it to his lips and begged leave to congratulate me on the event that had lately taken place. After a few minutes conversation: "And pray, sir," said he,—turning to Mr. Bowne,— "when did this happy event take place?" I felt my face glow, but Mr. Bowne, always delicate and collected, said—"'Tis not a fortnight since, Sir."—The stage drove to the door and after hoping to see us at Mrs. Carter's he took his leave, and this morning—(he was out all day yesterday)—I found him waiting in the breakfast room to see me. He introduced me to General Pinckney and his

* General Henry Knox had entered the American Army at the beginning of the Revolutionary War as Captain of the Boston Grenadiers, and rose rapidly in the esteem of his superior officers, and was finally appointed the first Secretary of War of the United States. General Knox married the daughter of Secretary Fleeckner, and they both grew to be enormously stout, and were perhaps the largest couple in the City of New York when Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States.

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family from Carolina, (General Pinckney, they say, is to be our next President.) "*Mr. Bowne,*" said Gen'l Knox to Gen'l P., "has done us the honor to come to the District of Maine for a bud to transplant in New York." He was very polite, and said "he must find us out in New York."

Adieu, adieu. Mr. Bowne sends a great deal of love.

Your affectionate

ELIZA BOWNE.

NEW HAVEN, June 1st, 1803.

Your letter, my Dear Octavia,* was the first thing to welcome me on my arrival at this City. I cannot describe to you my sensations when it came. I can rarely think of home without more pain than pleasure, and yet if there is a being on earth perfectly *blest* 'tis your sister Eliza. How infinitely more happy than when I left you! You cannot imagine how delightful has been our journey. We have stop't at every pleasant place, enjoyed all the beauties of the Spring in the richest and most luxuriant country I ever saw. I wrote you last from Boston.—The afternoon following Mr. Lee called to accompany us a few miles out of town; he had requested Mr. Lyman's permission to go out to his seat in Waltham, that Mr. Bowne and myself might have an opportunity to see it, as it is the most beautiful place round Boston. We set out about 4 o'clock—had a most charming ride. Mr. Lee was remarkably sociable, attentive and polite, both to Mr. Bowne and myself. He talks just as sociably and called me "Miss Southgate" and "Mrs. B." all in a breath as fast as he could talk. I have no time to tell you of this elegant place, of Mr. Lyman's great taste in laying out the grounds. It surpasses everything of the kind I ever saw,—beautiful serpentine river or brook thickly planted with trees and elegant swans swimming about;—you can't imagine—'twas almost like enchantment. After Mr. Lee had gathered me a bouquet large enough to supply a ball-room—of the most elegant and rare flowers,—full-blown roses—buds—everything beautiful, we jumped into the carriage; he shook us cordially by the hand, wished us every happiness, and hoped to see us in New York ere long. Sunday morning we got to Springfield;—stayed the day,—it recalled so many pleasing sensations. When we parted there—how different were our feelings!—Our happiness was augmented by the contrast; from Springfield to Hartford was charming; much pleased with Hartford; stayed a day and night there; and from Hartford to New Haven is the most elegant ride you can possibly imagine,—a fine turnpike about 30 miles and such a picturesque, rich, luxuriant country, such variety and beauty,—oh 'twas charming. Mr. Bowne is waiting for me this full hour to walk in the Mall.—What shall I do, he hurries so? Well I never saw a place so charming as New Haven; we have been all over it,—visited the College, everything, and I give it the preference to any place I know of—a particular description I defer. I have no time to say a word of your letter. Write me immediately on receiving this to New York, where we shall be on Saturday. Mr. Bowne's best love with mine to all the family—adieu.—I have ten thousand more things to say, but can't. Write me immediately,

Ever your affectionate

ELIZA BOWNE.

NEW YORK, June 6th. 1803.

I sit down to catch a moment to tell you all I have to before another interruption. I have so much to say, where shall I begin?—My head is most turned and yet I am very happy. I am enraptured with New York. You cannot imagine anything half so beautiful as *Broadway*, and I am sure you would say I was more romantic than ever if I should attempt to describe the Battery,—the elegant water prospect,—you can have no idea how refreshing in a warm evening; the gardens we have not yet visited; indeed we have so many delightful things 'twill take me forever. . . . I went a shopping yesterday and 'tis a fact that the little white satin quaker bonnets, cap-crowns, are the most fashionable that are worn—lined with pink or blue or white; but I'll not have one, for if any of my old acquaintances should meet me in the street they would laugh. I would if I were they. . . .

* Octavia Southgate, Mrs. Bowne's younger sister.

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Large sheer muslin shawls put on as Sally Weeks wears hers are much worn; they show the form thro' and look pretty; silk nabobs, plaided, colored and white are much worn, very short waists, hair very plain. Maria Denning* has been to see me—several spring acquaintances. Expect Eliza Watts and Jane every moment. They did not know where I was to be found.

Last night we were at the play—"The Way to Get Married," Mr. Hodgekinson† in *Tangent* is inimitable. Mrs. Johnson, a sweet, interesting actress in Julia, and Jefferson‡ a great comic player were all that were particularly pleasing; house was very thin, so late in the season. . . . I see Mr. B. now where he is universally known and respected and every hour see some new proof how much he is honored and esteemed here; the most gratifying to the heart you can imagine, and cannot but make an impression on mine.

The wedding journey ended, Mrs. Bowne enters fully upon the career of a New York woman of social position at the beginning of the century, and her impressions of the old city are fully recorded in the letters to her family in Scarborough, which will be given in another article.

* Daughter of William Denning. Miss Denning afterward married William A. Duer. Mrs. Bowne and Miss Denning had met the previous summer at Ballston Spa, and there became dear friends.

† Hodgekinson was born in Manchester, England, in 1767. His father was an innkeeper, by the name of Medowcraft. When very young he ran away from his father's house and went on the stage, adopting the name of Hodgekinson. He came to America and brought with him a Miss Brett, of the Bath Theatre, to whom he was married in New York by Bishop Moore, although he had one wife already in England. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgekinson received one hundred dollars a week for their services, which was the highest amount yet paid to any two performers in America.

‡ Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of the well-known actor of our time.

ON AN OLD ROAD.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

A HOST of poppies, a flight of swallows;
A flurry of rain, and a wind that follows
Shepherds the leaves in the sheltered hollows,
For the forest is shaken and thinned.

Over my head are the firs for rafter;
The crows blow south, and my heart goes after;
I kiss my hands to the world with laughter—
Is it Aidenn or mystical Ind?

Oh, the whirl of the fields in the windy weather!
How the barley breaks and blows together!
Oh, glad is the free bird afloat on the heather—
Oh, the whole world is glad of the wind!

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A GREAT PATIENCE.

By Edward Irenæus Stevenson.

". . . Yet will I add one virtue—a great patience."—HENRY VIII.

I.

IN the middle of the month of May, 1879, Arthur Sassoon, of London, came flying, like an evil spirit, to the city of New York—a dishonored and ruined man. Sassoon had betrayed his trusts—great trusts. He had lived extravagantly; speculated lavishly with the capital of his own house (Sassoon & Co., Bankers) and with the assets of the great assurance company to which his name had been a sort of beacon of attraction to the kingdom. Quite a week before the end came and every morning-daily went into horrifics over "so painful an example of blind confidence on the part of a corporation, and of utter perfidy on the part of its agent," Arthur was quietly settled in very comfortable lodgings in Ashland Place (which you will reach by leaving the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad at Eighth Street and walking westward), with probably the coolest mind of any individual interested in his late transactions. He had also eight thousand pounds which did not belong to him, but with which he proposed to maintain himself in an invisibility that would not lack enjoyment. As matters had gone, Sassoon had reason to believe that there was hardly a possibility of his being looked for, by as much as one detective, in this part of the globe. Some special circumstances would, and did, decide the emissaries of Scotland Yard to condense all their abilities on two cities—Brussels and Antwerp. It was reckoned a dead certainty that he was in hiding either in one or the other town. Nevertheless, with all his self-control, Sassoon breathed ill as he stepped to the dock when the Scythia slid in; and got his luggage atop of his cab, and himself into it—cleanshaven for the first time since he had begun to raise his handsome beard, arrayed like a clergyman, and with his letters, as the Rev. Mason Paulet, in his hat and pocket-book. His own mother (a somewhat uncertain personage, as the reader will later infer) would not have recognized Arthur. His fine, tranquil, intellectual, and, indeed, churchly face looked calmly out of the cab-windows as he was driven up-town.

Sassoon went to the house of a quiet Frenchman and his wife, in the out-of-the-way but convenient quarter of the city named. He had had some correspondence with them for his purposes, when possibilities began to appear probabilities to his mind. The Frenchman and his wife were expecting the Rev. Mr. Paulet. Two large rooms were reserved for him. M. Frenault and his serene and unsuspicious spouse understood that their guest had come on some special ecclesiastical commissions, that would keep him quiet, and at his writing-table, during most of his stay in America; besides, they cared little about Protestant ministers' ways or errands.

Once settled in his new quarters, Sassoon proceeded to do what seemed to him good. He read his morning paper attentively—its bits of news about himself, and about the train of mischief that he had left behind him. He read these things scarcely as closely as his Phædo, his Lucretius, his Montaigne. "I have finished with all *that!*" he declared to himself, again and again. "I will, *I will* go back a hundred years or so—to the man I was meant to be, perhaps!" His philosophy came to the front obediently. Three weeks passed. The newspapers seemed to have dropped him. The sensation of his defection was moribund. At home, in London, long heads were straightening out practicalities. The police were now looking for Sassoon in New York; but, it was stated, with no particular expectations. Sassoon ate

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and slept well, and decided to begin a Latin translation he had dreamed of undertaking ever since he was nineteen. He made no excessive efforts at secrecy. His ingoings and outcomings might have been seen by all the neighborhood. He took his morning or afternoon stroll. He managed to get to see what he most cared about in the city. He was no nightfall skulker. He went to one or two concerts—and attended church regularly. He did not walk with his head bent down, nor avoid any man's glance. Some things he assuredly was careful to keep clear of, and certain localities; but he kept himself from them with a proud feeling that bordered on the patronizing—as if he really could have made them no exceptions—only it was convenient.

To understand how any man could be, at once, so prudent and so imprudent, so philosophic and so material, so wary and so rash, you would have had to know Sassoon—if one ever could come to know Arthur. He was an inexplicable *mélange*, first and last; for one example, audacious in his independence of action, yet a blind fatalist. He would go so far, no step farther. If he was eventually to be caught, well and good, he would be caught! It was a business of destiny. He swore he would not make himself uncomfortable, physically or mentally, beyond a fixed degree. His luck was his luck, and it had hardly deserted him in those great things before it seemed to come back to him in the small. Yes, his luck was his luck; he would abide by it.

II.

Now, Sassoon's fatalistic or any other ideas might fortify him against thinking much about the chiefs-of-police of all the globe and their hundred delegates. But every now and then the recollection of one man recurred to him, as well as the remembrance of one woman. Of the one woman it is not necessary to speak at present; enough to state that he had been—as far as he knew, still was—her lover and her betrothed. The man was Oliver Anisdell, of Eugenie Terrace, Belgravia.

Everything Sassoon had been for good and for credit, or might have been, he owed to Oliver's father, old Colonel Anisdell, who, in a moment's freak, and with one son already on his hands, coolly adopted Sassoon, a mere lad, out in India, abused and beaten by a certain boozy corporal. It was an odd circumstance. Everybody at Boggleynuppee talked about it at the time. It was spoken of long afterward while the two lads grew up. One day the old colonel was sitting in his bungalow, when he heard a tremendous uproar in the compound. He started to the door, to see his son and heir prone on the ground, and a strange lad standing belligerently over him. Oliver tried to rise; whereupon the unknown boy promptly knocked Oliver down again.

"Halloa there! you young rascal," shouted the colonel, making a dive for the pugilist, whom he dimly recognized as belonging to his humble neighbor, in a sort. "What the devil do you mean by assaulting my boy in that style? Get up there, Noll, this instant!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it's what he wanted," remonstrated the corporal's son, coolly, folding his arms.

"Wanted?" thundered the colonel. "Do you know that you have more than a penn'orth of impudence? Do you mean wanted, or needed?" he added, in a glum after-thought. Oliver, meantime, stood in rueful silence.

"Both, sir, I think," replied young Sassoon. "We were talking, and he asked me—this was a day or so ago, sir—what I thought about him; and I told him he was a pretty nice chap, but that he wanted pluck; and he said, how should he get it? And I told him that to fight was about as good a way as any; and that if he liked, I would try to lick him every day this week. So we went at it; and I told him that the harder I licked him, or tried to, the better to bring out any stuff that there was in him, you know. I had just knocked him down twice—we began Monday—when he roared out. I'm awfully sorry, Anisdell," Sassoon suddenly concluded, turning to his badly mauled opponent and helping him to further right himself; "but what could I do? You told me to try it on, you did—as hard as I could!

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You'll hold out better to-morrow. See if you don't."

The colonel, who had had some work to keep his countenance composed during this explanation, turned to Oliver. "Noll, is this a fact?" he demanded, shortly. Some of Oliver's deficiencies, for a lad who was of the service, and with a grandfather and great-grandfather notable soldiers, had increasingly annoyed the old colonel. "Inherits his mother's argumentativeness, and not his father's fistiness!" he was wont to sigh to himself.

Oliver admitted, unqualifiedly, that the facts were as stated. "And," he observed, shaking hands with Sassoon "like a gentleman," as the colonel described it at mess, "he's quite right; I *do* want pluck, and if I can get it out of him, why, I will! I don't mind his knocking me down to-day. I didn't bellow at that. I turned my ankle a bit."

"By the Lord Harry!" ejaculated Colonel Anisdell, "already methinks I spy a change in you, Noll, and one for the better! If it's the result of your present schooling, I think you'd best tutor under the same system awhile. Perhaps *miles non nascitur, sed fit*," he parodied, musingly. The idea of helping Oliver to a companion of his own age, who might develop his son's dormant qualities, had more than once entered this father's mind. He stood glowering at the pair of lads, in a sudden abstraction. Then, after asking Sassoon's name and address, and finding out all about the boy that he could from him, he told Noll that supper was ready, and bade young Sassoon a civil good-night. The next evening he had him to tea; and had pumped the vinolent corporal on what he wanted to know of him, besides what he could read himself, marvelling how so ill-conducted an individual should ever have begot so bright a son into the world. That fortnight the corporal died of delirium tremens. Sassoon became thenceforth practically Oliver's adopted brother. The colonel had cast his die.

They grew up friends more than are many brothers, these two so capriciously assorted. The days of the knocking-down lessons were forgot, and soon lay far behind them. Oliver drew from Sassoon, and Sassoon drew from Oliver. The one, by the contact, gained manliness, physical power, and address, and the art of better meeting men as they came. The other—the daily consciousness that he was superior to most of them, and that he could influence almost everybody whom he encountered. They did not stay long in either India or the army-atmosphere. Colonel Anisdell sent them to England to school, sold out presently, and followed them and settled down in Chelsea. People said that he was very fond of his son; but it was evident that, however dear was Oliver, his pride in, his dependence upon, Sassoon was enormous. Oliver never had anything to complain of in his father's conduct, nor appeared conscious of how the colonel leaned toward Sassoon, as Sassoon grew older; the colonel quite appreciated the fact that Oliver was a fine-spirited, clear-headed, dignified fellow. But Sassoon was all this; and, besides, he was the astute, politic, diplomatic man that the stockholders and banking-people talked of almost as soon as—without any help from Colonel Anisdell, and, indeed, much to his patron' surprise—he found a niche for himself in the city. He seemed one of the men born to lead, to direct, to bend his original energies in original schemes. In an amazingly few years his was a known name in the town's financial gossip. It was unavoidable to note how the old colonel looked at him at table, consulted him—though always with Oliver,—adored him. So did Oliver. There was never a shade of jealousy, of mistrust, between them, although those who knew the history of Sassoon's absurdly adventitious entrance into the Anisdell connection wondered how things always were so miraculously smooth under that roof. Yes, the colonel loved his son; but, from the first, he was, in his stolid, undemonstrative way, a sheer worshipper of Sassoon. He was growing old—how would it end? One day he died. He left, by his will, one-third of his fortune to Oliver, and two-thirds—it was a large two-thirds—to Arthur Sassoon. People said it was an outrageous will. Perhaps people were right.

Whether the gainsayers were right or not, there was one individual who did not give them the satisfaction of know-

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ing that he concurred in their protests. There was no caveat filed against the old colonel's thick will. Oliver Anisdell accepted the portion of goods that fell to him, without a word of displeasure to the solicitors, and he and Arthur Sassoon were seen driving or riding together every fine day. It was a little before the old colonel's death that Sassoon set up a handsome bachelor-establishment not far from the Anisdells'. He could well afford to do it with the income he was making, and it was done quite with the colonel's approval of the step. When some wickedly misinformed friend came to Anisdell at the club, and began sympathizing with him over what he called "such an extraordinary injustice, my dear Anisdell," Oliver opened his brown eyes wide, and said "Sir?" to the sympathizing friend so energetically that the latter beat an apologetic retreat. As for Sassoon, after the will, he said a little more than Oliver, but not a great deal. He confessed he was surprised at Colonel Anisdell's liberality. "It was not necessary;" he "could not conceive why the will had been so partial to him;" and—he "hardly dared say it of one so kind to him as the old colonel—so unjust to Oliver, his son." If Oliver had not "been such a capital fellow, or if he [Sassoon] had been in his place, he "would surely have objected in every way, personally and legally;" but then "Oliver was a man out of a thousand in generosity." Perhaps, too, Oliver "had owed the colonel a large sum" that they had never mentioned to Sassoon—something of that sort. In any case he was sorry; but, really, if he and Noll could stand it, and they certainly could, it was nobody's concern. Besides, just then he was too absorbed in some business-affairs to bother much over the whole matter. He had large interests at issue, and had been "making a great deal of money, some of it for Oliver." Perhaps his carelessness was not altogether assumed. He *had* a great deal on hand just then.

Six years passed. The would-be guessers of "that riddle of Anisdell and Sassoon" ceased to wrangle about the two. It was known that they were as intimate as ever; that Sassoon managed all Oliver's financial matters, and that he had trebled Oliver's fortune for him, and doubled it again—so any original deficiency had been atoned for. Neither man was married. They were both in the thirties. Sassoon's career had been a wonder—so rapid, so superb. The brothers—for so they had called themselves in boyhood, and so they always called each other, and by that title wrote one another yet—continued to drive in the park, and entertain each other at dinner, and be seen in company at opera and club. Oliver never spoke to Sassoon without a smile, or that undertone of cordial affection and good-understanding that a keen observer can detect in the speech of two individuals so circumstanced—or mark as absent. One evening, at a dinner-party where they were, a young lady who sat beside Oliver chid the young man for not attending to her ladyship's anecdote, and for following, instead, his brother's figure, as Sassoon crossed the floor to speak to a lady. "On my word, Mr. Anisdell," said the fair one, "I believe you think more of that amazingly clever brevet brother of yours than anything else in the world!"

"You are quite right, Lady Warby," replied Oliver, in his calm, sweet voice—for it was that, though with no touch of effeminacy, and he sang like a Rubini—"I do think more of him than of anyone living, I dare swear. He has given me good cause to do so, all my life. He is a wonderful man."

"I did not think you were so sentimental, Mr. Anisdell," returned Lady Warby. Sassoon came up, and no more was said.

Now, the lady to whom, on this very evening, Arthur Sassoon crossed the carpet to say something, was the same one that, within three months, the whole social circle, and beyond it, agitated itself over—Lady Warby's second-cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Heriot, a widow, and a bewitching one withal. And the agitation simply was the question of whether Oliver Anisdell was to become her husband—or Arthur Sassoon! For the second time, the mysterious relations between these two men—no longer so young, however, as at the time of the famous will-perplexity—defied scrutiny, and seemed to defy

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rivalry. They were in far more conspicuous positions nowadays, socially and financially. Not a movement of either, particularly of Sassoon, could be made in a corner. If Oliver was partner to Mrs. Heriot at a ball on Tuesday night, and rode by her side next morning, her escort was Sassoon at the evening's embassy-crush, and he sat in her box all through the opera. It was seesaw in everything. Nevertheless, if they met at Mrs. Heriot's house (she was a rich woman, Mrs. Heriot, and entertained admirably), or elsewhere, she had two strings to her bow that never jarred in mutual dissonance. People began to feel out of patience. No wonder they did. They railed at Anisdell in particular, and declared that he lacked spirit, and did not take a proper pride in himself at all. As to Mrs. Heriot, she was a lively woman enough; but her confidantes were few, and her confidences fewer. Lady Warby expressed it correctly, when she said that "it was simply like unlocking your door without your key to draw a syllable out of Joan on that matter"—and Lady Warby ought to have known.

But a solution, in part, came unexpectedly. It would, truly, have been hard to find a more satisfactory solution, as far as it went. On the evening of Lady Warby's annual *musicale*, Mrs. Heriot quietly mentioned to her hostess, just before leaving, that she had accepted Mr. Arthur Sassoon matrimonially, and was ready to allow that interesting piece of information to be promulgated as soon as ever Lady Warby chose. "And—and—" stammered Lady Warby, who, in spite of her rapturous surprise at getting hold of this news for publication, was determined to get what more remained as an integral part of it and solicitude to everybody, "and you have refused Mr. Anisdell, Joan?"

"I have refused Mr. Anisdell," replied Mrs. Heriot, after a brief hesitation. "I certainly could not be expected to accept them both—could I? No, I can't wait for any more questions to-night. Remember, Clara, I have said that you *may* mention the fact—if you like."

If Lady Warby liked? In gratitude, bewilderment, and delight over permission and secret, she hurried from the dressing-room. Near the top of the stairs, whom should she meet but Oliver Anisdell, coming up. "Oliver, this is—this is a great piece of news, Oliver, I have just heard—that Joan Heriot is engaged to Mr. Sassoon," she began abruptly, but courageously.

Oliver smiled tranquilly, evidently enjoying her embarrassment and scrutiny. "Ah, she has told you?" he returned, smiling still more agreeably. "They settled it Wednesday! Isn't Sassoon a lucky fellow? I'm glad for them both, and glad for myself to stop playing gooseberry. Chaperonage is a tiresome office; but it's nothing to being the disinterested promoter in these little affairs." With which Anisdell proceeded up-stairs in peace, and remained fifteen minutes; and when he came down, found himself the man in the room that everyone furtively stared at the hardest. Two or three ventured to speak to him about the great announcement. He laughed with them, declared "it had been a long courtship," and that "Mrs. Heriot and Sassoon were made for one another;" and, generally, behaved as if he had never paid Mrs. Heriot a shade of special attention which had all been love's labor lost, thanks to the success of his brilliant rival.

Everybody was nonplussed. "I must confess, though, I should like to see with my own eyes how he feels toward Sassoon!" said somebody. Lo, at twelve o'clock, who should arrive but Arthur, looking suitably, and unusually debonair. The eyes of the roomful waited upon the two, as he was seen approaching Oliver Anisdell. Some looked at the victor, some at the vanquished. Interest, naturally, rather centred on Anisdell.

Alas, those who expected the bread of a scandal got but a stone, and no manifestation suitable to amateur theatricals took place. Oliver stretched out his hand and touched Arthur's sleeve as the latter passed, and, excusing himself to his partner, said something to Sassoon, in a low voice, that seemed to amuse both men immensely. Nobody could hear it; though I dare not say that some did not try. It was evidently a message left by Mrs. Heriot for Arthur. In less than ten minutes Sassoon's acquaintances began boldly to congratulate him. He received their po-

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lite phrases gracefully; and the rival, to whom they should have been such an intolerable pill to swallow, stood near Arthur, in smiling good-humor, and answering, without a dash of annoyance, whatever formal inquiries bolder spirits, of the female sex, especially, dared to insinuate to himself. But it is hardly needful to say that no allusions to his own defeat were made, even by the hardiest. The line was drawn there; and, besides, Lady Warby kept that part of her news almost entirely to herself. She compassionated her old acquaintance, little as he seemed to need it. The last sight of the pair that night was Anisdell insisting on setting Arthur down in his own brougham, and handing him, if not the calumet of peace, a Regalia; and the two inexplicables drove off, sitting in the carriage together, Sassoon laughing at one of Anisdell's jokes.

"On my honor!" exclaimed Lady Warby, as she entered her own room with her husband, "did you ever hear of a man being supplanted once, twice, thrice, and away, like Oliver Anisdell? Talk of fraternal regard!"

"Oh, bother fraternal regard!" ejaculated Lord Warby, ungracefully; "if a man can't feel, of course he can't resent, Clara—and there's an end on't!"

Neither Lord Warby, nor his perplexed wife, nor anyone else, suspected one thing, at her ball, which Arthur Sassoon knew—that it was to be his last appearance at an entertainment, or anywhere else, in London. Oliver Anisdell left Sassoon at his house that night, and Oliver gave Sassoon his hand, in their old friendly style, at the door. The next morning Anisdell ran down by an early train to a little, out-of-the-way country nook where business required him. He was delayed. Days passed. On one of them he caught his breath, with a pallor so complete spreading in his face that the servant waiting on him in the inn expected to see the strange gentleman faint. But Oliver did not. He was reading the news of the collapse of Sassoon's firm and career, of Arthur's flight and concealment "in Brussels or Antwerp, beyond the shadow of a doubt," and that, not only were his own losses by Sassoon's knavery sufficient to cripple Oliver utterly—make a beggar of him, in fact—but that Mrs. Heriot's name was included in the list of the still more irremediably ruined. It was a long list. Oliver, as has been said, did not faint. He merely folded up the paper, and looked out of the window all the time he was eating. Then he betook himself upstairs. He packed his portmanteau, caught the only fast train the place boasted, and in an hour he was spinning up to London.

III.

Such was the history of Arthur Sassoon, and of Oliver Anisdell. Such, too, was the status of affairs that the former had left behind him. It is, truly, not every man who can resolutely brush aside such a past; really persuade himself that he had no more to do with it. Sassoon did. But the two persons to whom he occasionally gave remembrance were Anisdell and Mrs. Heriot. As to the tenor of such thoughts about either, I do not know that in all his life—that is, such portion of it as had been life to him, and in which he felt that he himself, his real ego, was constantly being brought forward, called into play—he had felt anything, or felt for anybody, with much stress. He had always been polite, sympathizing, ever on the side of good-morals and good-manners, and prompt with his cheque-book; but the amiability, the sympathy, were of the lips, and the generosity a matter of policy.

As he sat there by the wood-blaze that evening in May—for it happened to be one of those American spring-nights, when winter shouts back that it has not gone very far away yet—his thought of Oliver ran something like this: "Poor Noll! I wish I could have helped letting him in for that extra thirty-five thousand that the *Post* talks about to-night! But then, why him, more than twenty other men? He'll scrape up enough, when all's said and done, to keep the wolf from the door. He's a good fellow, Noll—an odd sort of fellow, too. I dare say this minute he's more upset about not knowing where I am, and by thinking to read every day that this inspector does, than by what I've dropped for him. Noll's is a pretty sound sort of

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nature, as human natures occur in these degenerated days. The only question is, Has the world any special function for that type of man in this stage of its development? Farewell, Noll!" With that, the recollection of Mrs. Heriot occurred, and Arthur smiled, then laughed. No, he had not meant to marry Mrs. Heriot for love; nor, indeed, to make love to her in any decisive sort, until very lately. Perhaps she and Noll would hit it off now! They were cordially welcome to do it. And with this, Sassoon put by his meditations and turned to his Shakespeare. It was odd; but he resumed reading at the passage in the play ("Antony and Cleopatra") which runs:

"Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me! . . .
I am so 'lated in the world that I
Have lost my way forever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; . . .
I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you. . . ."

His lip curled in admission of the appositeness. A slight movement in the entry, and then a knock at the door, made him look up. "Come in!" he called out. The door opened. He expected it was M. Frenault, but it was not. He leaned forward and looked toward the door, shading his fine face from the drop-light. Oliver Anisdell, who had shut the door behind him, came toward him.

Sassoon leaped up. Before Oliver could say a word, he laid his finger on his lips; he pointed with the other to the door. Oliver's face was flushed; his eyes sparkled with excitement. He nodded his head to show that he understood the need of caution, and he said, loudly, "Good-evening, Mr. Paulet!"

Sassoon grasped his hand—it was hot—and answered, audibly, "I am very happy to see you, sir;" under his breath, with a bewildered accent, he exclaimed, "By God, Noll! How—how did you come here?"

It was he, not Oliver, that had done the handshaking. Anisdell followed him into the inner room. Sassoon dropped into a chair. "They can't overhear us here!" he said. "They spend their evenings down-stairs; and they're not listeners, in any case. In the name of all that is possible!—where did you come from?—how did you find me?"

"I came from London," replied Noll, who seemed not to regain his composure so immediately as his adopted brother, although he was the one to be less overset; "I arrived this afternoon."

"But tell me, what gave you a hint that—that I was here? in this house?" questioned Arthur. "You know what the fact that even you should be able to trace me means, as regards other people. And my name!—Sit down, man, sit down. I must know everything, at once."

Oliver sat down. "Don't be afraid, Arthur! You talked in your sleep one night last month. I didn't think anything of what you said till afterward. Nobody else will be the wiser. Why didn't you take me into your confidence, though? I don't mean about all this affair, but at least as to where you proposed to get to?"

"What was the use? It was all part of the same business. I wanted no risks. I'm sorry, now! If I could have helped things for you, at the last minute, I would. But it was too late."

"Sorry? What for? Oh, for my going to pieces so—along with the rest? H'm—I don't know why *you* should be particularly sorry; I've lots of company! You took care of that. You see the papers, I suppose."

Sassoon had been noting the tone of Anisdell's voice. There was a something peculiar in the expression of his face. The odd light still gleamed in his eyes. Arthur could not decide what it was which struck him singularly in the younger man's look and manner. Something did. He was now quite recovered from the surprise himself. He was even ready to talk to Oliver all night.

"Oh, yes, I see the papers. Everything is getting in shape." They exchanged a few sentences as to the muddle in London. Then Sassoon exclaimed, "Well, Noll, they will never see *me* again! You are the sole person, out of all those crowds and days, that

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I expect ever to lay eyes on. I believe I am safe; and if this place suddenly becomes a poor one for me to hide myself in, why, the world is large enough, I think, to hold me elsewhere. I have a few thousands; that will keep me. I may go West. Oh, see here, how is Mrs. Heriot?"

This question was abrupt. Anisdell made no answer for an instant. His eyes were fixed on Sassoon, as if he were trying to identify this man with the man he had believed he knew all these years. "Did you know how your affairs were to go, when you engaged yourself to Mrs. Heriot?" he asked, abruptly, in place of other reply.

Sassoon laughed. "I did," he returned. "Of course I did! How could I help it? I did not care so much, Noll, for Mrs. Heriot. The fact is, I wanted to stave off her lawyers! You know a great deal of her money was with us. I saw that she cared for me; and——"

Oliver had grown suddenly quite white, while Sassoon had been uttering the last sentences. "Mrs. Heriot is ruined—I am ruined—everybody is ruined!" he said, soberly nodding his head up and down. Then suddenly raising it and looking, with that same peculiar expression in his eyes that had been puzzling Sassoon, he asked, "Arthur, do you know what I have come here to tell you to-night? Do you know what I have been crossing the ocean this week for?" Arthur stared now at Noll. "Well, I believe I have come here to—kill you!"

Sassoon opened his eyes in utter perplexity. Noll repeated it, "To kill you!" and looked at him fixedly.

"Between his trouble and a glass of wine too much, the fellow is out of himself, I'm afraid!" exclaimed Sassoon, inwardly. "Keep cool, Noll!" he spoke, sharply. "If you've ever thought a thing like that, you'd better not frame your idea. I know, I know just how you feel. I wish to heaven I could have done better by you in this damnable smash! It's an awful sight of money; still, you know a good part of it will come back, slowly. And I hated to tread on your toes, with Mrs. Heriot. I really did. I never suspected, till toward the last, how deep you were in there. But what could I do?"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Anisdell, springing up. "The man is talking of the money, the infernal money! Who cares about my money?" he asked, fiercely, turning upon Sassoon, who nevertheless kept his position like a statue. "Do I care, to-night, if I am beggared? Not I." He laughed bitterly. "Did you ever think of it—did you ever, *ever*, think of it?" he continued, in an outburst of passion that made Sassoon mute—"what, what have you done, all your life, but take from me, dwarf me, set me at naught, week by week and year by year, until it seemed to every man and woman who knew us, it seemed to me myself, that I was made on purpose for you to thrive by me? Look back, I tell you, and say that it is so. You were a stronger boy. My father liked you, and contrasted me with you, and took you into his house that we might always be so contrasted. You stole from me whatever pride he might have taken in his own son. You, a beggar that he picked up from the gutter! You grew up handsomer, cleverer, cunninger than I, and the world passed me over to look at you. My father made you his heir—not me; and men laughed at me, as a paltry fellow that once more you had outwitted: and I had to grit my teeth and smile at you, and speak civilly, when I hated the damned ground that bore your feet. I swore that my turn should come some day, and I strike my account with you! Oh, yes, you never expected it! You thought me weak, as did others. You must have laughed in your sleeve, many a day, that I stood aside so readily over and over again; that I seemed to shut my ears to the sneer, behind my back, at 'that poor-spirited Anisdell, who dared not say his soul was his own if Arthur Sassoon wanted to take it from him!' I wonder you did not! It has been a riddle to the world that I have been your linkboy, your stool-pigeon, always, and seemed to glory in such humiliation. Ah, you taught me pluck, you did, long ago, when my father snatched you out of the dust to give me lessons; but I have studied, besides that, cunning, endurance, patience, from that day to this.

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And last, last of all, the world has smiled to watch you stretch out your hand and draw from me the woman that I have loved, the only thing in life that in my heart I ever really have loved—and which I swore you should not steal from me. But for you, yes, but for you—for she told me so—it should have been well with me! What is the story of my life, my love, my fortune, but that of your convenience, your advantage over me, day in and day out? I have had a great patience, oh, a great patience! but it has been because I promised myself some sort of reckoning some day; not for men to know of, to credit me with it—but that I myself might know of it as at last paid, a thing lifted from my being, in time and eternity!"

The silence in the room was so deep when he finished, and waited some word from Sassoon, that the sound of the wind in the few trees in the little yard belonging to the house came clearly to their ears. It would not be possible to set down the thoughts that surged through the brain of the fugitive during this revelation—and revolution. It was both. He had suspected nothing. Every man, however keen, must be blind to something daily before his perceptions. It was a strange hour. Two men recognized that the acquaintance, the familiarity, of their past lives had been a delusion and a mockery. These were two human natures, face to face in this room, whom neither had known—strangers—enemies.

"Very good!" exclaimed Sassoon, abruptly. "I have listened to you. I quite understand you. It is a pity we did not take each other into confidence before! It might have saved—surprise—trouble. I admit the force of your position. I do not know that I ever considered it so comprehensively before." He paused; and in that curious head of his, conflicting emotions and courses of action were mingling. "What do you think I had better do for you?" he asked, smiling a little disdainfully, and putting the question as if it were on some commonplace point. "I don't see but that I owe you any satisfaction you may suggest—almost—so far as concerns this human and mundane existence. Destiny and I have been gainers at your loss. My present *bouleversement*"—he waved his hand—"pays no debts, eh? So be it. You hinted at—was it killing me? How?"

Anisdell did not answer. His outburst had exhausted him for a moment. He merely looked into Sassoon's eyes, and set his teeth, and made a gesture.

"We being, then, strangers to each other," said Sassoon, "I can see no reason why we cannot take the same course that any two other men might under the circumstances. If you wish to *shoot* me—in an expiatory sort of way—you can't do it here——"

"This is our affair," began Anisdell. "Who has any business to learn of it? Nobody. It has nothing to do with you as a defaulter and a swindler! Our quarrel dates from the day you came under my father's roof."

"So!" returned Sassoon. "This is to be the turning in a long lane, I see! You have just applied to me—incidentally—two very venturesome words for a gentleman to select from his vocabulary; but I shall still let the quarrel be yours—observe. As I said before, you seem to think only life-and-death measures will quiet your troubled spirit. You may have them. I accept your challenge. I will fight you in an hour, if that will suit you. And does that reply jump with your feelings?"

"The sooner the better," answered Anisdell, quickly. "We can take some train to-night to an out-of-the-way place—or have they a park big enough to place us in, in this city?"

"We will, as you say, take the train," quietly returned Sassoon; "we shall be less apt to be disturbed. My pistols are in the next room there. I am at your service. And now, will you be good enough to wait for me here, while I—I will leave the door open into the next room—destroy some papers and put some things together? It will cost us but a few moments."

"Go on," said Anisdell. He sat down on a chair near the open door and rested his hot head upon his hands. From time to time he looked through the door at Sassoon, who moved rapidly about, making some changes in his clothing, and putting various papers under either lock and key or into the grate. He was

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careful to drop into his pocket a note which he hastily scribbled on a blank leaf from the pile of paper or the MSS. in the middle of the table. He also put there several visiting-cards, on which he had written a name and an address that was neither his own nor the "Rev. Mason Paulet's." "I am ready," he presently informed Anisdell. He handed the latter his hat and stick mechanically, turned out the gas-lights, and followed Oliver from the trim room. In silence the two men descended the stairway together and left the house.

It was bright moonlight. They did not exchange a word as they walked briskly to the Elevated Railway station. They sat in silence while they were sped smoothly up, past the quick-succeeding decades of streets, around the long and airy curves, to Harlem and its twinkling populousness. They caught a hint from the raucous call of the official at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street; and took the connecting road that would carry them farther still from the teeming centre of life and observation that stretches so far upward from the Battery and the City Hall. At last they got out, into something very like country-solitude.

"This will do, I should think," said Sassoon, following with his eye the moonlit road before them. They mounted briskly a steep little hill. The sharp air made their pulses tingle. They were fairly in the country now. The boughs of the trees, still bare, stood out in sharp, tangled lines against the sky.

They leaped a fence before long, near to the edge of a little wood, and made their way, with some difficulty, over the irregular, stony field beyond this. No human eye would behold them now; and there was hardly the chance of a distant passer, to be startled by the sound of a weapon.

"Will nothing serve you except this business? I ask simply in curiosity," said Sassoon, just as they were taking their positions. Each man was sharply defined, for the other's aim, against the clear background of hill-side and sky. "It shall never be said that I denied you what you elected."

"Nothing! And this, but for want of a better," retorted Anisdell, in an accent of such intense enmity that Sassoon noticed it in spite of other emotions and ideas busying his thoughts. For he was bethinking himself that he stood on the verge of—what? Was he, perhaps, to go over? Had he some new, even in this instant, unimaginably new career about to open before him? Was he, perhaps, presently to know more of what were Existence and Fate than all those tens of thousands of living men in the dozen miles of crowded highways, and boulevard, and avenues, whose lights cast a glow into the sky yonder?—more than the profoundest intellect in the whole world, since men breathed in life and knowledge, had known? Oh, wonderful possibility!

They were to fire when Anisdell counted four. The tally came, "One—two—three—four." Sassoon's bullet grazed Oliver's yellow hair. Anisdell flung down his pistol. He ran to Sassoon, with an exclamation which had in its tone amazement and exultation. Arthur gasped, "You remember—they always called me—a better shot than *you*—that, too—fate is balancing things—already, you see." His head sank. In a few moments Arthur was lying dead and stiffening, alone, under the stars on the little slope.

The papers, a day or so later, reported the discovery, by some children, of the body of an unknown man, well dressed (but not, by the by, at all as a clergyman), lying behind a grove belonging to a country-place in the upper suburbs of New York City. A letter, correctly spelled, informed whomsoever it might come to, that one John Robinson, of Boston, out of employment and despondent of getting it in the city, had decided to put himself out of the way, and that he had neither relatives nor friends who would take the slightest interest in his demise. The body was buried, in due time, in the Potter's Field.

The Frenaults were not a little concerned at the mysterious disappearance, on that May evening, of their quiet lodger, the Rev. Mason Paulet. But his effects gave no clew to the mystery enveloping his sudden departure, and the police could not unravel it. Mr. Paulet's clothing, books, and other personal property (a good deal of it nearly new, it was

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observed) the two Frenaults carefully packed, and are probably keeping safely together in a corner of their house to-day, in the hope of hearing something from their owner, or from his unknown kin.

Mr. Oliver Anisdell was lately spoken of, in London, as "living somewhere off in the United States, where he went soon after that Sassoon fellow lost him his money, you know—San Francisco—Sante Fé." It is added that he presumably stays there in the hope of yet stumbling upon his brevet brother, or because he, out of all the world, is possessed of the secret of his undiscovered retreat.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONVENTION: THE NEWS.

THERE were two strange men in the low-ceilinged, grimly-furnished "settin' room," as Milton was ushered into the presence of the Boss, but at a gesture from this magnate they went out; the Boss surveyed the new-comer without a word of greeting or comment.

Mr. Beekman was a tall, angular man, past the prime of life, as was shown by the gray in his thick hair, curling at the ends, and in the stiff, projecting ruff of beard under his chin. His face was thin, hungry, with a plaintive effect of deep lines, and his great blue-black eyes were often tearful, like a young robin's, in their intent watchfulness. He was almost wholly Dutch in parentage—of that silent, persistent, quietly-masterful race which, despite all the odds, has still held more than its own in Stuyvesant's State—and the descent showed itself in the dusky hue of his skin. He had never been a wealthy man, though he came of a family decently supplied with substance, and of long settlement in the county. He had climbed to his present eminence, after a long career in local politics, by that process of exhaustion which we call the survival of the fittest. Having attained it, his rule was that of a just despot, rewarding and binding still more closely to him the faithful, remorselessly crushing all signs of rivalry, and putting the recalcitrant without pity to fire and sword. He had an almost supernatural faculty of organizing information, and getting at the motives of men. He sniffed treachery as a deer in the breeze sniffs the dog, and he had an oriental way of striking with cruel swiftness before anybody but the guilty victim suspected offence. Withal, he was a kindly man to those who deserved well of him, an upright citizen according to his lights, and a profound believer in his party.

He sat now chewing an unlighted cigar, with his feet on the hearth of the stove, and contemplated Milton at his leisure. He did not like Milton at all, and one of his chief reasons for doubting the real ability of Albert Fairchild was his choice of such an agent and confidant. At last he said, curtly:

"It's you, is it? I've got no business with you! Where's Fairchild?"

There was something in Beekman's eager, searching way of looking at a man with those big, bright eyes of his which, coupled with the question, embarrassed Milton, and he fumbled with his hat as he repeated the explanation he had given to the messenger. He was annoyed with himself for being thus disturbed.

The Boss looked his visitor out of countenance once more. Then he said: "Sit daown! Well, what is it to be?"

Milton grinned, and leaned forward familiarly in his chair.

"I sh'd ruther think that was fur you to say."

"Oh, you think so, do yeh? You imagine you've got me on the hip, ay?"

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"Well, p'raps we're no jedge, but it sorts o' looks that way, now, don't it?" Milton tipped back his chair, satisfiedly, and put one of his big feet up on the hearth, to dispute possession with the Boss.

Beekman reflected for a minute; then he began, after glancing at the clock:

"There's no time to waste. I might as well talk up 'n' daown with yeh. Your man Fairchild makes me tired. Ef he'd set his heart on goin' to Congress, why on airth didn't he come to me in the first place, 'n' say so? It could 'a' been arranged, easy's slidin' off a log. But no, instid of that, he must go 'n' work up th' thing his own way, 'n' then come 'n' buck agin me in my own caounty, 'n' obleege me to fight back. D'yeh call that sense? He's smart enough in his way, I grant yeh. He's fixed up a putty fair sort o' organization in Dearborn, although it can't last long, simply because it's all built up on money, 'n' I don't go a cent on that kind of organizing. Still it's good enough in its way. *But*, he made his mistake in lettin' the idea run away with him that he could skeer me into a conniption fit with his musharoon organization. He didn't knaow me. He never took the trouble to find aout abaout me. He jest took it fur granted that I'd crawl daown aout o' my tree, like Davy Crockett's coon, as soon's he p'inted his gun at me. Well, I didn't come worth a cent. Then, when he faound aout that he'd struck a snag, 'n' that Dearborn County wasn't the hull deestrick, he turns raoun' 'n' aouts with his wallet, 'n' tries to hire me to come daown. Fur that's what you was here fur last week, 'n' you knaow it's well's I do."

Milton tried to get in some words here of dissent or explanation, but the Boss would not hear them.

"Lem me go on; 's no use your lyin'. That was Fairchild's second mistake. He thought politics was all money. Ef I was poorer than Job's turkey he couldn't buy me to so much as wink an eye fur him. I'm not in politics fur what I kin make aout of it. I'm in because I like it; because it's meat 'n' drink to me; because I git solid, substantial comfort aout of it. Ther's satisfaction in carryin' yer eend; there's pretty nigh as much in daownin' them that's agin yeh. Jest naow I'm a-thinkin' a good deal what fun it'd be to let the floor aout from under your man altogether, 'n' nominate this feller from Tecumsy."

"But," broke in Milton, "you're a candidate yerself, 'n'——"

"Wait till I'm threw, will yeh? I *said*, I'm leanin' a good deal jest naow to'rd this man from Tecumsy. I c'd beat him easy 'nough at the polls, ef he turned cranky, but I daoubt ef it 'd be wuth while. I ain't seen him yet, but I'm told he's here, 'n' ef I like his looks durn me ef I ain't a mine to nominate him. He can't do no harm, even ef he tries. These reform spurts don't winter well. They never last till spring. The boys lose their breath for a few months. But then they git daown to work agin, and baounce the reformers to the back seats where they belong. But it 'd be one thing to elect a high-toned, kid-gloved, butter-wouldn't-melt-in-his-maouth kind o' man like what's-his-name, 'n' a hoss o' quite another color to 'lect Fairchild. *He'd* make me trouble from the word 'go!' Understan', I ain't afraid of his meddlin' with me here in Jay Caounty; not a bit of it. But he'd use his position to cripple me in the deestrick. The present Congressman tried that on—'n' you ain't so much as heerd his name mentioned fur a renomination. But it was bother 'nough to squelch him. I ain't goin' to hev it to do all over agin."

"Right you air, tew!" Milton responded.

The Boss held up his hand to forbid interruption, while he looked curiously at his visitor, as if puzzled by his acquiescence. He went on:

"Ef you was a man of any readin' you'd hev heerd of a custom among Europe-ian kentries, when one whips another, of makin' the under dog in the fight pull aout his front teeth like. The beaten kentry has to tear daown its forts, 'n' blow up its men-o'-war, 'n' so on, jest as a guarantee not to make any more trouble. Well, ef I'd concluded to hev any dealin's at all with Fairchild, that's what I'd hev done with him. I'd 'a' made him turn over the appintment of all Dearborn's men on the deestrick

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Committee; 'n' I'd 'a' had a written agreement that half the postmasters in Adams 'n' Dearborn, as well as all in Jay, should be o' my namin'. My wife's brother should hev hed the Thessaly post-office, tew, right under Fairchild's nose, so's to keep an eye on him. It's the duty of every man to purvide for his own fam'ly."

"Nothin' small about *you!* You only wanted the hull airth!" chuckled Milton, ingratiatingly.

"No, it was Fairchild who wanted the airth 'n' thought he'd got it, 'n' while he was deliberatin' whether he'd have it braowned on both sides or not, lo 'n' behold! I went in 'n' took it away from him slick 'n' clean."

The Boss rose as he was speaking, reached for his overcoat and put it on. "Time's up!" he said, sententiously.

Milton had risen, too, and placed himself between Beekman and the door. "There's seven minutes yit," he said, eagerly; "I've got something yeh can't afford to miss. Don't you want th' nomination yerself?"

"No. What good 'd Washington be to me? New York State's big enough for me. If yeh don't understand that I put my name before the Convention jest to hold my caounty together 'n' block Dearborn, yer a dummed sight bigger fool than even I took yeh to be."

"But s'pose Dearborn's votes cud be thrown to you! They'd nominate yeh! What 'd thet be wuth to yeh?"

"What 'd it be wuth?" mused the Boss, looking intently at Milton.

"Yes! in ready money, here! naow!"

The Boss took up his hat, meditatively, and gazed at his companion again. "Did you knaow th' man that brought yeh here?" he asked.

"Yes—'twas Jim Bunner, wa'n't it?"

"That man 'd wade threw fire 'n' water fer me. Yeh couldn't tempt him with a hundred thaousan' dollars to so much as say an evil word abaout me, let alone injure me. Yit he's desprit poor, 'n' th' unly thing I ever did fer him in my life, excep' givin' him a day's work naow 'n' then, was to help him bury his child decently ten years ago. But *I* know my *men!* Here Fairchild has took you off a dung-hill, where all yer hull humly, sore-eyed, misrubble fam'ly belong, 'n' made a man of yeh, trusted his affairs to yeh, clothed yeh, fed yeh, yes, 'n' let yeh fatten yerself on the profits of his farm—and naow yeh turn 'raound 'n' offer to sell him aout. By gum! I was right. Fairchild hain't got no sense! 'N' you, yeh skunk, git aout! Don't yeh walk on the same side of the street with me, or I'll swat the hull top of yer head off!"

"We'll nominate Ansdell 'fore you git a chance!" snarled Milton.

The Convention met, depressed by the evident feeling of disappointment among the spectators, who swarmed on all the high, pew-like seats back of the bar-railing, while the delegates sat in rows of chairs inside the space reserved in term time for the lawyers. There was ground enough for this disappointment. Fairchild had not come, and the prospects of a good speech, or even a bitter personal contest, were fading away. No one had an explanation for his absence. The Dearborn delegates were more in the dark than outsiders even, for they had been told to meet him in Tyre, before the Convention, and that he would breakfast at the Turnpike Tavern. Milton reassured them for a time by enlarging upon the bad condition of the roads, but even he ended, as they took their seats, by professing some fear of an accident. "However, I'll cast th' solid vaote, th' same as before, I suppose?" he said, and the bondsmen nodded assent.

The proceedings opened tamely. The Chairman was a professor from the Tecumseh Academy; the other counties each had a secretary. Two written announcements were handed up to be read, one that Milton Squires was authorized to cast seventeen votes for Dearborn County, the other naming a man to perform a similar function for the ten votes of Jay. There was to be no break yet awhile, apparently, in the two machine counties. But—what would Adams do?

As this question flashed through the minds of the assemblage one of the Adams delegates rose, walked to the bench, gave a paper to the presiding officer, and then joined the little throng of spectators at one side. Did this mean that he left the Convention? What *did* it mean? Experienced observers

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began to feel that something startling was coming.

The paper, being read, turned out to be an announcement that Abram K. Beekman had been substituted in the Adams County delegation for the delegate who had just vacated his seat, and as the words died away the Boss himself pushed his way down the aisle, threw his long leg over the bar-rail, and took his seat. The master of Jay County getting substituted for Adams County —here *was* a mystery! Did it portend that Adams had been won for Beekman's candidature? Yes, it must mean that —and Tyre's heart leaped for joy. Or no—it couldn't mean that. The Boss would hardly thrust himself forward in that brash way if he were sure of winning—and Tyre's heart sank again, sadly.

The Chairman announced that balloting would be resumed; that the counties would be called in alphabetical order; and that, in the case of Adams County, which did not signify a desire to vote as a unit, the names of the delegates would also be called in that order. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth, a hundred shrewd brains had discovered that this meant Beekman's being the first name called. But what was his game?

So perplexed were the men of Tyre with this problem that they almost forgot to cheer when their man rose to his feet, in response to his name. It was rarely that one saw Abe Beekman in conventions; he preferred to run them from the outside; and no one in the hall had ever heard him make a speech. Imagine how they listened now!

He spoke with an almost boyish nervousness, resting his hands on the table before him, and clinging, as it were, with his eyes to the Chairman, for support. What he said was brief, to the point, and worth repeating here:

"I got substituted, ez p'raps some of yeh hev guessed, because I wanted a word at the very start. I hev my reasons. I ain't a-goin' to mention no names"— he darted a swift, significant glance over toward the Dearborn County men, singling out Milton for a second, then reverting his troubled gaze to the Chairman—"but I kin feel it in my bones that things ain't on the square here. Ther's a nigger in the fence. Mebbe it's no business of mine to yank him aout, but it's only fair to my caounty that we shouldn't let anybody git ahead of us in doin' what we want to dew. It's trew that D comes ahead o' J in the alph'bet, but"—and there was a momentary relaxation of his eager, sombre face as he enunciated this undoubted fact—"it's jest as trew that A comes in front o' D. Ef any set o' men —mind, I mention no names, but—ef any set o' delegates come here with the idee o' sellin' their man aout, or o' makin' a combination which'll put them solid with the next Congressman, and leave Jay aout in the cold, perhaps 'fore I'm threw they'll see thet they bit off more'n their jaws could wag.

"Mr. Cheerman, I don't want to go to Congress. I never've hed the least hankerin' after it. This State of aours is good enough for me. I wouldn't feel like myself ef I had to stan' 'raoun' 'n' see chaps from Rhode Island or Floridy puttin' on airs, and pretendin' to cut as big a swath as New York did. I'm too much of a State man fer thet. I'd be itchin' to jump on 'em all the while. So I want to say that I withdraw my name——"

The Hon. Elhanan Pratt rose here, his weazen little figure coming up with a spring like a jack-in-the-box, and squeaked out sharply: "I rise to a point of order. The Abram K. Beekman whose name is before this Convention is a Jay County man, nominated by Jay County, and voted for alone by Jay County. No Adams County man"—there was an elaborate sarcasm in the tone—"has any right to withdraw that name."

"The point of order is well taken," said the Chair.

"Well, in thet case I won't ask to withdraw my name," responded Beekman. "But I don't think it'll make much differ'nce. A wink is as good as a nod to a bline man. P'raps you kin git an idee by this time haow the Jay Caounty cat's goin' to jump; p'raps you can't. I'm goin' to vaote fer Mr. Richard Ansdell, 'n' I wan' to say——"

He was interrupted here by a stout, sharp burst of hand-clapping from the

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Adams delegates and the few Adams men in the audience. The Tyre crowd were taken aback for an instant, and sat bewildered; then the fact that their man had played his game, and was acting as if he had won, inspired them to join tumultuously in the applause, though they were in total darkness as to the nature of the stakes played for.

The Boss went on: "I wan' to say that I've never laid eyes on him but once, 'n' never spoke a word with him in my life. But I ain't lived all this while 'thaout learnin' to read somethin' of a man's natur' in his face. I believe he's honest and straight-aout; I don't believe there's a crookid hair in his head. P'raps he's got some naotions that we'd look on as finnickin' up here in Jay, but I ain't afeard o' them. It's better to hev a man standin' so upright that he bends back'rd, then to hev—to hev—the fact is, Mr. Cheerman, I think I've said 'baout enough. Th' other candidate hain't showed up to-day! P'raps it's jest as well fur him that he hain't. I guess he'll consider that he's got abaout threw with deestrick politics—but I don't want to appear to be rubbin' it in. The lawyers hev a Latin sayin' abaout speakin' nothin' but good o' the dead——"

Beekman stopped short. The Chairman had risen to his feet. Half the delegates had followed his example, and were gazing intently at one of the tall, small-paned windows on the right side of the room. The three reporters who were sitting in the clerk's desk had begun climbing over the rails and weaving their way between the chairs toward this same window. A hum of rising murmurs was running through the audience. Beekman, finding suddenly that he had no auditors, and disconcerted at the interruption, looked about the room for a moment, in search of an explanation. Then he followed the direction of the faces, and saw his retainer, Jim Bunner, clambering in under the lifted sash, and making strenuous, almost frantic, efforts meanwhile to attract his attention.

The man was breathless with excitement. He had climbed to the window from the roof of a low, adjoining shed, and he could be heard now, as he found a footing on the back of the bench, in panting explanation of his conduct: "I *hed* to come this way! It'd 'a' taken me tew long to've got threw the crowd at th' door. I've got news for th' Boss that won't keep a second!"

He pushed his way roughly through the throng now, brushing the reporters aside with especial impatience, and stood whispering, gasping his tidings in Beekman's ear. The assemblage, silent now as the midnight watch, read in the deepening shadows and shocked severity of the Boss's face that something far out of the ordinary had happened. Beekman appeared to be asking some questions, and pondering the whispered answers with increasing emotion.

The waiting hundreds, all on their feet now, watched him in a tremor of expectation.

At last he spoke, in a low, changed, yet extremely distinct voice:

"Mr. Cheerman, when I spoke abaout sayin' nothin' but good o' th' dead, I spoke unbeknaown to myself like a prophet. My friend here brings some awful news. Mr. Fairchild, o' Dearborn, has jest been faound, stark 'n' cold, crunched under his hosses 'n' carriage, at the bottom of Tallman's ravine!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"YOU THOUGHT I DID IT!"

When Seth awoke next morning, the position of the shadow cast by the thick green-paper curtain which covered the upper half of his window told his practised faculties that it was very late, and impelled him to get out of bed before he began at all to remember the several momentous events of the previous evening. As he dressed he strove to get these arranged in their proper order in his mind. Curiously enough, there were certain inchoate recollections of feminine screams, of bursts of hysterical sobbing, of low but rough and strange male voices, doleful and haunting, which confusedly struggled for place in his sleepy thoughts, and seemed now to be a part of the evening's occurrences, now to belong to this present morning, and to have come to him while he was nearing the end of his sleep.

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As he passed his Aunt Sabrina's door on his way to the stairs, he heard from within the same sound of suppressed weeping. This much at least of the unlocated recollections must have belonged to the first stages of his waking. "Another quarrel with Isabel!" he thought, as he descended the stairs. "Why is it that women must always be rowing it with each other!" Then his own dispute with Albert came fresh and overpowering in distinctness of impression across his mind, and the grounds of his grievance against the temper of the other sex faded away.

The living-room was vacant — the breakfast-table still standing in the disorder of a meal just finished, and the shades down as though the day had not yet begun, although the clock showed it to be past ten. One of the folding-doors of the parlor was open and he heard Isabel's voice—it struck him as being strangely altered toward harshness of fibre—calling him to enter.

She stood, as he remembered her once before, in front of the piano. In the dusk of the drawn curtains—how gloomy and distrait everything about the house was this morning!—her figure was not very clearly visible, but her face was so pale that it seemed to be independent of any light. Her eyes had the effect of slight distention, and in the shadow were singularly dark of tint. They were gazing at him with a strange, intent, troubled look, and the expression of the pallid face went with this to disturb him vaguely. He said to himself, in the moment of waiting for her to speak, that he must keep his troth with Annie resolutely in mind, and, if needs be, not shrink from avowing and standing by it.

Isabel did not offer him her hand, or tender him any greeting whatever—only looked him through and through with that searching, unaccustomed gaze.

"I wouldn't let them call you," she said at last, speaking slowly, as if with an effort to both form these words and repress others. "I knew that you needed the sleep."

"I am sorry if I put anybody out by my laziness. But it is such a relief to be able to sleep like that once in a while, instead of having to get down to the office by eight."

"I heard you go out last night. I heard you come in this morning. But not another soul in the house suspects that you were out—not one!"

The tone was unmistakably solemn, and weighted with deep feeling of some sort. Seth uneasily felt that a scene was impending, though he could not foresee its form. He felt, too, that the part he must play in it would of necessity be an awkward one.

"Yes," he answered, "the night seemed too fine to stay in-doors. Besides, I was nervous, and it did me good to walk it off. You can't imagine how light-hearted I was when I returned, or, for that matter, how heavy-hearted when I went out."

"Seth!"

The word came forth like the red flash from clouds which can no longer retain their pent-up, warring, swelling forces—an interjection of passion, of dread, of infinite troubling, of doubt wreathed in struggle with pain. She swayed slightly toward him, her hands clasped and stretched down and forward with a gesture of excessive perturbation, her great eyes lustrous with the excitement of this battle of emotions. Seth fancied that the dominant meaning of the look was reproach. He could not in the least see his way through the dilemma, or even understand it. He could only say to himself that the enchantment was ended, and that, come what might, he would not forget Annie.

The woman glided a step nearer to him. She put one hand to her brow with a sudden movement, and rested the other upon the piano, as if all at once conscious of needing support. With a painful little laugh, hysterically incongruous, she said:

"I am almost beside myself, am I not? I cannot speak to you, it seems! And yet there is so much to say—or no! isn't silence better still?" Her voice trembled as she went on: "For what *could* we say? How meaningless all our words would be in the face of—of—"

She swept both hands to her eyes with an impetuous gesture. Her form seemed to totter for a moment, so that Seth instinctively moved toward her. Then with a wild outburst of sobs she threw herself upon his breast, convulsed with

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incessant paroxysms of passionate weeping.

They stood thus together for some minutes. The young man, moved to great tenderness by her evident suffering, the cause of which he vaguely referred to the previous evening's events, put his arm about her, whispered gently to her to be comforted, and stroked her hair with a soft, caressing touch. His hand touched her cheek, and she shuddered at the contact; then swiftly took the hand in hers and raised it to her lips, murmuring between the sobs:

"Ungrateful! was it not done for me? Ah, dear, I shall not shudder again."

She kissed the hand repeatedly, and pressed it to her bosom as she spoke. She was still trembling like a leaf in his arms.

"What could it all mean?" he asked himself—and found no answer.

"We must be brave, dear," she whispered now. "We must be on our guard every instant! Oh-h! they shall tear my heart out before they learn anything—so much as a syllable! We must keep our nerves." She looked up into his astonished face, with almost a smile in her effort to strengthen his courage. "We *will* be brave, won't we, mine? The test will come soon now. Perhaps in an hour they will bring—*it!*"

The trembling seized her frame, and shook it with cruel force. She buried her face in his breast with a long, low cry of anguish, and sobbed there piteously, clinging to his hand still. Once she bent as if to kiss it again, but stopped, then turned her head aside, groaning, "Oh, how terrible! how terrible!"

The mystification now demanded light of some sort.

"What is it that is so terrible, my poor girl?" he asked. "What are they going to bring in an hour? Tell me, Isabel—my sweet sister—what does it all mean?"

She looked up into his face, with flickering suggestions of a mechanical smile at the corners of her pale lips, and with soft reproach in her eyes:

"Are you going to pretend to *me*, too, dear one? As if it were not all here in my heart—all, all! Ah, they sha'n't get it! They sha'n't get the shadow of a hint. You were home here all the while! You were asleep, sound asleep! If it be necessary I could swear that I *knew* you were asleep, that—but no, there might be suspicion then. That we mustn't have! Don't fear for me, dear one! I shall be so discreet, so circumspect, watching, weighing every word! But oh-h—shall we dream of *it?* What if we should, and should cry out in our sleep? Oh-h, my God! my God!"

She sank again, convulsively clutching his hand, and quivering, with feverish sobs, upon his breast.

"Upon my soul, I don't in the least know what you are talking about, Isabel! Do try and be calm, and tell me what it is!"

"*He* asks *me!*" she cried, with the same jarring, painful half-laugh he had heard before.

He held her from him, so that he might look into her face.

"Come, come! You are acting like a tragedy-queen on the stage. Do be sensible, and tell me what the matter is. You make me out of patience with you!"

He spoke in the vexed tone of a man needlessly perplexed with foolish mysteries. To her strained senses the simple expression of impatience was cruel mockery. She drew herself still further back from him, and dropped his hand. She was able to speak collectedly now:

"It is *you* who are the actor. You persist in playing the part—to *me!*"

"Still in riddles! *What* part, Isabel?"

"You *will* have me tell you? You want to hear the thing—in words?"

"Yes, by all means."

She had never once taken her frightened, fascinated gaze from his face. "You insist on hearing from my lips that while you were out last night your brother was murdered——"

"What!"

"Murdered not four miles from here, as he was driving on the road, and his body thrown down into a ravine. Some boys found it. Fortunately, everybody thinks it was an accident. The men who brought the news thought so."

She had spoken the words coldly, as if they were commonplaces and had been learnt by rote; but all the passion of

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her being was flaming in her eyes, which transfixed him with their stare.

"Mur-dered!" the young man stammered, feeling his senses reeling. "Albert murdered! Oh-h, this must be nonsense! It is too terrible to think of even! You are out of your mind, Isabel!"

Her lips quivered. "It would be no wonder if I were, after *this!*"

The darkened rooms, the sobbing of his aunt up-stairs, the sounds of anguish that he knew now had partially awakened him, the crazed demeanor of Isabel —all these rose around him, like a black fog, to choke and confound his mind. Her fixed gaze burned him.

"Tell me what you know!" he cried, wildly.

"Wouldn't it be easier to tell me what *you* know?"

The chilling tone of the words startled him, as might a sudden contact of warm flesh with ice, before his bewildered brain had grasped their meaning. Then, like the crimson, all-pervading outburst of a conflagration, the thing dawned upon him, and his thoughts seemed blood-red in its hideous light. He pushed her from him fiercely, returning her piteous look of fright with a glare, and biting his tongue for words that should be great enough to fairly overwhelm her. As she cowered, he strode toward her.

"You thought I did it!" he shouted at her.

Her only answer was to bury her face in her hands and sink weakly at his knees.

He stood relentlessly glowering down upon her. The bitter, brutal words that might be heaped upon her, nay, that ought to be, crowded upon his tongue. It was too great a task to restrain them, to keep silence.

"*You* thought *I* did it," he repeated. "And you didn't object—you didn't shrink from me! Why, I remember—my God!—you kissed my hand! You said, 'It was done for me!' Oh-h!"

The woman at his feet, her face hidden, had been sobbing violently. She lifted her eyes now, and strove appealingly to conquer him with their power. She rose, unaided, to her feet, and confronted him. Terror and tenderness visibly struggled for the mastery of her facial expression, as for the mood behind it.

"Don't, Seth, don't! Can't you see how I am suffering? Have you no pity? How *can* you have the heart to speak to me like this?"

"*You* talk about pity—about hearts!"

"How long ago was it that they were on your tongue—that you had your arms stretched open for me?"

"Don't recall it!"

"If I were to die this day, this hour, it would be the one thing I should want to remember, the one thing of my life that I should hug to my heart. What is changed since then? A man dead?—a man dies every minute of the day somewhere in the world! Suppose I was wrong! Suppose it *was* an accident—yes, we'll say it was! *Don't* you see—how little that is, how unimportant, compared with—with—"

She finished the sentence by a faltering step toward him, her arms outstretched, her lips parted, her form offering itself for his embrace with a sinuous seduction of moving outlines.

The old witchery flamed up for a second in his pulses; then it was emberless ashes.

Without a word he turned and left her.

Aunt Sabrina opened the door of her room in response to his strenuous rapping, and wiped her tear-stained face with the end of her shoulder-shawl as her nephew entered. At his behest she told all the tidings that had come to the farm. Its master had been found at the bottom of Tallman's ravine by some boys who had climbed down to see if the beech-nuts were turning. The whole equipage had pitched off the narrow road which crossed the gulf at this point high above. The buggy was smashed. One of the horses was dead; the other had two of its legs broken. Half-hidden under the carriage and one of the beasts was Albert, quite lifeless and cold. The men who brought the news believed every bone in his body must have been broken.

As she concluded the bare recital of facts, the poor old maid began her sobbing afresh.

"I might uv knaowd it'd 'a' come to

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this," she groaned; "'pride goeth before a fall,' ez Solomon says. I hed my heart tew much sot on his goin' to Congress; I was exaltin' my horn tew high. I was settin' by the window, that very minute, watchin' Sarah Andrews go by perked up in their democrat wagon, with her injy shawl 'n' all her fine feathers on, 'n' never so much 's turnin' her head this way, 'n' I was sayin' to myself, 'M' lady, you'll come daown a peg 'r two off 'n your high hoss when Albert goes to Congress'—'n' there the men was comin' in the gate, thet identical minute, with the news. I tell you!"—she roused herself into indignant declamation here—"men like Zeke Tallman ought to be hung, who're tew shiftless or penurious to fix up their fences on pieces o' raoad like thet, sao's to keep folks from drivin' off in the dark 'n' killin' themselves! That's what they ought!"

"But it wasn't dark, Aunt Sabrina," said Seth; "the moon was so bright all last night you could have seen to read by it."

The old lady was too occupied with her own thoughts to even think of inquiring as to her nephew's source of information. She only rocked to and fro, desolately, and said, as if talking to herself:

"Sao much the wuss, Seth. It *was* to be! Nothin' could 'a' stopped it. Thet old witch, M'tildy Warren, is right. There's a cuss on aour fam'ly. Here, almost inside tew years, Sissly's gone, 'n' Lemuel's gone, 'n' naow it's poor Albert! 'N' he was gittin' so like his grandfather, the Senator, tew, gittin' to look like him, 'n' ack like him; I kin remember my father——"

Seth left the room with soft footsteps. He would go at once to the scene of his brother's death.

At the outside door, as he opened it, he stood face to face with Annie. She gave him her hand silently. Her face was paler than he had ever seen it before, and she looked on the ground, after the first little start of surprise at the meeting, instead of into his face.

"You have heard?" he whispered.

"Yes. Isn't it awful?"

"Will you go up-stairs and see Aunt Sabrina? She is in her room. I think the sight of you would do her good."

"Yes. What a terrible shock it must be to her! And——"

"The widow? You'll find her in the parlor. Strange enough, she was weeping her eyes out when I last saw her." He could not keep the bitterness out of his tone.

"Poor woman!" was all that Annie could find it in her heart to murmur, as Seth passed her on his gloomy errand, and she entered the house of mourning.

(To be continued.)

SILENT SORROW.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

If she unclosed her lips and made her moan,
  She would not be so weary with her woe—
  A burden shared is lightened: even so
The weight is heavier that we bear alone,
And anguish pent within turns hearts to stone.
  The fellowship of sorrow to forego,
  To suffer and be silent, is to know
The blackest blossom from the black root grown.

And yet great joys and greatest woes *are* dumb.
  Small is the sum that reckoning can compute—
  The shallows babble, but the depths are mute—
The great mid-sea our measure may not plumb;
King Love, King Pain, King Death, in silence come,
  And, meeting them, we silently salute.

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FRENCH TRAITS—THE SOCIAL INSTINCT.

By W. C. Brownell.

THE apparent contrast between modern Frenchmen and the crusaders, between the "café-haunters" and the cathedral-builders, stimulates speculation as to whether the present interest of France is commensurate with her historic importance. The noblest monuments in the world attest the part she once played in the drama of civilization. Were Rheims and Amiens, Bourges and Beauvais, the embodied aspiration of the race whose activities one observes along the Paris boulevards to-day? Are there any signs in the actual Normandy of the spirit which dotted the North coast with the stone temples beside which their differentiation across the Channel seems often flimsy and superficial? Or, at the other end of France, as one descends the magnificent thoroughfare which consoles the Marseillais for the greater general splendor of Paris, does any lingering reminiscence reach one of the instinct which covered the Midi with the massive monuments of Provençal Romanesque? As one observes the audience which listens to Guignol, it seems fabulous that the Frank ever crossed the Rhine. As one notes the gayety, the *bonhomie*, the bright graciousness of a Parisian or provincial crowd, the Merovingian epoch seems a myth. Is there any traceable relationship between St. Remy at Rheims and St. Augustin at Paris, between St. Jean at Lyons and the Nouvel Opéra, between the Sainte Chapelle and the Panthéon? The difference is as vast as that between gloom and gayety, between the grandiose and the familiar, the mystic and the rational. From the Palace of the Popes at Avignon to the Marseilles Cannebière, from the Chartres sculpture to M. Falguière, from Plessis-les-Tours to the Tuileries, is a long way. The contrast seems not in epoch, but in character. In no other country is it marked in anything like the same degree. In England the same character is traceable in the London Law Courts and the ruins of Kenilworth; Oxford Street and Piccadilly but deepen the impression of Chester and Warwick; there is a subtle sympathy between Westminster and St. Paul's. One is sure that the ancestors of the shopmen in the Burlington Arcade and of the owners of the West End palaces fought side by side at Crécy and Poictiers, where they occupied pretty much the same reciprocal relations and entertained, *mutatis mutandis*, pretty much the same notions of life, art, and foreigners. In Germany it is not very different. The cavalrymen of 1870–71, who sabred the damask and stole the clocks of the French châteaux, were lineal descendants of the Lanzknechts of the Rhine. Cologne Cathedral was finished within the decade. Bavaria goes wild to-day over the stories of the meister-singers. Even Dresden figurines and Saxon baroque in general are gothic in the last analysis—quite without the grace born of the renaissance passion for the beautiful, and still as clumsy as perfected knowledge will permit. The succession to Winckelmann is certainly as little frivolous as Burgmaïr and Schöngauer, and German criticism is still metaphysical and scholastic. Italy, from the time of the Pisans down to the decline of the high renaissance, and from the return of the popes to the French Revolution, visibly illustrates a natural evolution. The same may be said of Spain. And since the Revolution, whatever is distinctly modern in Italian or Spanish character and culture, any note of discordant modification, is to be attributed in no small degree to the French occupation. Only in France does there seem to be a break.

The times change, and the most acutely alive change most in them. Since the days of Louis le Gros, when the national unity began, France has most conspicuously of all nations changed with

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the epoch ; in those successive readjustments which we call progress she has almost invariably been in the lead. She was the star of the ages of faith as she is the light of the age of fellowship. The contrast between her actual self and her monuments is, therefore, most striking ; but at the same time it is superficial only and perfectly explicable. And its explanation gives the key to French character ; for there is one instinct of human nature, one aspiration of the mind, which France has incarnated with unbroken continuity from the first—since there was a France at all France has embodied the *social instinct*. It was this instinct which finally triumphed over the barbaric Frankish personality ; which during the panic and individualism of the Middle Ages took refuge in the only haven sympathetically disposed to harbor it and produced the finest monuments of Europe by the force of spiritual solidarity ; which, so soon as the time was ripe, extended itself temporally and created a civil organism that rescued the human spirit from servitude ; and which, finally, in the great transformation of the Revolution, obtained the noblest victory over the forces of anarchy and unreason that history records. Thus in the days when the mediæval spirit of authority, of concentration, of asceticism, of individualism was almost all-powerful in Europe, the French social instinct triumphed in the only sphere in which exalted effort was productive ; and now that this instinct has been brought into harmony with the Time-Spirit, now that solidarity is not only secularized but popularized, France illustrates its new phases as perfectly as she did the old. There has really been no break in her historic continuity. The cathedrals are not feudal. They were the product of a spirit partly ecclesiastical, partly secular, but always social—the true Gallo-Roman spirit which, great as was the perfection attained by German feudalism in France, constantly struggled against and finally conquered its foreign Frankish foe. The cathedrals, in a word, are merely the bridge by which France clears the Middle Age. They are grandiose links in the chain which unites the Revolution to the twelfth century communal movement for equality. They mark a phase of the long struggle of solidarity with anarchic forces, as do the anti-ecclesiastical movement of Phillippe le Bel, the national condensation of Louis XI., the renaissance reversion to classic social as well as artistic ideals, and finally the burial at the Revolution of moral and material Byzantinism.

There is accordingly even a closer spiritual identity between the Nouvel Opéra and Notre Dame de Paris than there is, for example, between the English Cathedral and its perfunctory reproduction in the British Houses of Parliament—the identity of instinct differing only in phase. And this instinct is, as I said, the key to French character and the most conspicuous trait whereby French character differs from our own. French history is the history of this instinct. The fusion of Gallic characteristics with Roman institutions apparently developed a disposition of Athenian interdependence and solidarity, all of whose accomplishments were to be organically wrought, and whose failures were to come from the subordination of the individual member involved in the supremacy of the general structure. The Catholic Church came next, and contributed an influence to the moulding of modern France which it is impossible not to recognize on every hand.

No one can pass from a Protestant to a Catholic country without being struck by the numerous characteristic differences which force themselves upon the sense and the mind. The two shores of the English Channel, of Lake Geneva, of the Hollandsch Diep, the two sides of the Vosges—wherever the two systems come into contact the contrast is marked. To a Protestant entering France the influence of Catholicism is especially striking, because in France, owing to French clearness and method, what elsewhere are only Latin tendencies become perfectly developed traits. It is indefinite at first, but very sensible nevertheless. Long familiarity deepens the impression. The absence of the individual spirit, the absence of the sense of personal responsibility, the social interdependence of people, the respect for public opinion, the consequent consideration for others, the free play of

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mind compatible only with a certain carelessness as to deductions, and a confidence that society in general will see to it that the world roll on even if one's own logic be imperfect—a dozen traits characteristic and cardinal one associates at once with the influence of the Catholic Church. The great work of the Reformation was to quicken the sense of personal responsibility by awakening the conscience. The predominant influence of the Catholic Church has been to enforce the sense of social interdependence among men, to destroy individualism by organizing and systematizing, and then itself assuming entire charge of the domain of the conscience. The conscience is, of course, the most important of the springs of human action. In proportion as the individual charges himself with soliciting and following its oracles his character is fortified and concentrated, his individuality intensified. In proportion as he resigns this charge into other hands, to that extent he places the true centre of his moral nature outside himself, his individuality becomes less marked, and his relations to others more sensible, more important. Is he not, indeed, vitally connected with something external which charges itself with the direction of the most powerful moral agent of his nature, and are not all his fellows thus connected also? The bond of union between men is thus infinitely stronger in Catholic communities than in Protestant, and in this way directly comes about by gentle gradations of logical consistency that considerateness, that deference, that sense of dependence upon others, that feeling that one's true centre is outside of one and in a safer place, so to speak, the respect for public opinion, the harmony with one's time and environment—all the fruits in fine of the social instinct re-enforced by religious system. This is the direct, sensible influence of Catholicism, as on the other hand the direct, sensible influence of Protestantism has been to isolate and to individualize. But the indirect influence of each system for being less sensible is not the less real or important, and the indirect influence of Catholicism has tended to social expansion as potently as its direct influence to social concert. Renunciation and asceticism, ecstasy and elevation, the mediæval virtues, in fact, are often called especially Catholic virtues. They are, indeed, eminently virtues of the Catholic Church, but they have never been virtues of a Catholic society. Renunciation shines out beautifully and bountifully from the pages of the Legends of the Saints. History is full of instances of the divine self-forgetting of monks and nuns. Even Catholic fanaticism has always been marked by it. Ignatius had as much of it in his way as Saint Theresa. But in Catholic societies themselves, the Catholic Church in this regard has always strictly separated itself from the world. It has been in them, but not of them. It has, so to speak, organized its renunciation, and its organized renunciation has sold indulgences to society in general. The result has been, of course, that society in general—that is to say, everyone with no clear vocation for thorough-going renunciation—improves its opportunity and uses its indulgences freely. That in France it never did, and certainly does not now, use these to their utmost limit is due to the native French talent for sobriety, but it is evident that the instinct for social expansion has been fortified by Catholicism, as it has been repressed by Protestantism in the same way that one system has quickened and the other lessened the sense of mutual interdependence among men. Just as, in contrast to the separatism of Protestantism, Catholicism has tended to unify and nationalize, to render organic the structure of society, so it has tended to develop all those sides of man's nature which relate him to the external world, and we have in France, as a result in great part of Catholic influences, not only a people intensely organic and *solidaire*, but a people possessed of the epicurean rather than the ascetic ideal in morals, its unmoral nature harmoniously evolved without restraint from a higher spiritual law, its intelligence so highly cultivated as sometimes to supplant the soul in the sphere of sentiment, and its social and mutual activities carried to an extent and refined in a degree of which we have ordinarily a very inadequate idea.

The preponderance thus of unifying

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over controversial and separatist forces has rendered it the most homogeneous in the world, and, accordingly, if it be ever excusable to speak of a people in the mass, it is excusable in the case of the French. What one notes in the individual is more than anywhere else apt to be a national trait. There is, of course, differentiation enough, but it begins further along than with us, and is structural rather than fortuitous. They vary by types rather than by units. The class only is specialized. Their homogeneousness is not uniformity, but it is divided rather in the details than in the grand construction. The Parisians so bore each other often by force of mutual sympathies and identical ideas, that *ennui* itself has probably had a large share in the variety of their political experimentation and in the evolution of their elaborate Epicureanism. They are infinitely civilized. Individuals are of less import than the relations between them; hence manners and art. Character counts less than capacity; hence the worship of the intelligence. They have little or none of our introspectiveness. They understand themselves thoroughly, but by instinct, and not as the result of examination. They are far more interested in you than in themselves, and contemplate you much more closely. This indeed they do very narrowly, and an American who is himself enough addicted to "taking notes" to remark the practice under its skilful veil of interest and civility is apt to find it irksome. But even in your personality their interest is never pushed to the extent of considering such of its complexities as arise from counter-currents of mind and feeling and will—such as a writer like George Eliot, for instance, or Hawthorne, or Thomas Hardy, is so greatly attracted by. They seem always to fancy you "a plain case," and only solicitous to learn what label to take from their assortment (an assortment, by the way, far more comprehensive than any other people's) with which to ticket you. If your complexity is the chief thing about you, they ticket you "fin" (for which our word is "subtle"), and so pigeonhole you without further examination. It is humiliating to the American sense to note how often this is really all that the case calls for; the suggestion is irresistible that much of our personal "hair-splitting" is as nebulously unprofitable as the refinements of Teutonic metaphysics. With the French, at all events, the process of working out any social equation is always marked by the use of the personal factor as a known term. "X" is never you, but your capacities, your manifestations, what you, with your Anglo-Saxon self-concentration, describe as your mere "phenomena." "Un original" is an eccentric person.

Idiosyncrasy, in a word, has little interest for them. Until it has been embalmed in legend it is rather resented than tolerated, even in its grandiose manifestations. There is little hero-worship that is either blind or vague. There is absolutely no French sympathy with the notion that heroes are made of essentially different stuff from the rest of mankind. Great men are, if "nobler brothers," most of all "one in blood;" and it is by sufferance only that they are permitted to "lord it o'er" their fellows, in Sterling's phrase, by either "looks of beauty" or "words of good." There is the Hugo, the Millet, as there was the Napoleonic *légende*, but their inspiration is mainly decorous and conformed to the prevalent regard for the fitness of things rather than emotionally sincere. "Cher maître" is a title borne by scores. M. Dumas *fils* is a "cher maître." And the popularity of this attitude is ascribable to the vanity which seeks association or identification with celebrity, not at all to the Germanic quality of admiration. Of Goethe's three kinds of reverence—for what is above us, for our equals, and for what is beneath us—the second only, that is to say what is more properly called deference, is commonly illustrated by Frenchmen. Such a book as Mr. Peter Bayne's "Lessons from my Masters" would be a solecism in France. The proceedings of the Browning Society would excite amazement. The spirit of the Molièristes and that of the Goethe adorers are in complete contrast. The intense emotion which led one of Carlyle's secretaries publicly to express a sense of spiritual indebtedness to him next after his "Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ," would seem whimsically exces-

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sive. No Frenchman so surrenders himself to any personal influence; awe and abjectness are equally un-French. The anecdote of one contemporary English poet going, footstool in hand, to sit at the feet of another, indicates rather the French order of hero-worship, which if less cockney in its expression is characterized by the same sense of the importance of the impersonal function discharged in common by the hero and his worshipper.

Character, being thus less considered, develops less energy. "That which all things tend to educe—which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions go to form and deliver—is character," says Emerson, with transcendental confidence. Yes! but not character as we understand it, not individual character independent of its environment. Freedom goes to form and deliver that, most assuredly, but not necessarily intercourse, cultivation, revolutions—of which the French have had far more than they have had of freedom. "Trust thyself!—every heart vibrates to that iron string." In France every heart thus vibrates only when the said string sounds a harmonious strain in concerted music. "The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company," says Thackeray. In France the giants are as rare as the pygmies. The social instinct is inimical to both. The great Frenchmen, it has been acidly remarked, are apt to be Italians, and in effect the way in which individual Italians and the entire French people have united, at various epochs in history, in the accomplishment of great works is exceedingly instructive as to the tendencies of either civilization. The great Frenchmen are generally great on their human and social sides, by distinction rather than by energy. They are never monsters. No ascetics are numbered among them. Their minds are lofty, but they are not self-gathered in them. Even the French heroes have less egoism than vanity; it is Henry IV., not Napoleon, that is truly national. And, as history reminds us, they are not found isolated but in groups, whose members are mutually dependent and supporting. But for this, and for the general elevation of the subsidiary groups around them, the eminence of many of them would be more conspicuous than it is; many merely eminent names in French history would shine heroic and grandiose on the roll of almost any other nation, because of this difference in perspective. But the great accomplishments of France have, in general, been the work rather of the nation than of those heroes who "look at the stars with an answering ray." Wherever the task of progress has demanded intellectual inspiration or moral energy, it is the Spaniard, the Italian, the Englishman who excels, but it is the French people entire. The individual work of its exceptional volcanic spirits like Mirabeau, like Danton, is apt to be incomplete. Solider-building is done by the nation organized—despotically under the Corsican Bonaparte, autonomously under the Genoese Gambetta. The Revolution, the conquering of Europe, the freeing of the human spirit, which the kings of the Continent and the aristocracy of England could only temporarily reimprison, in 1815, at Vienna, were Titanic works wrought by the social instinct of the most completely organic people in history.

In the familiar and every-day, as well as in the exceptional and heroic work of life, the power and importance of the social instinct show themselves in France in a way of which we have no experience. The relations between individuals being exalted into a distinct social force, apart from the personalities therewith connected, these relations are regulated, utilized, and decorated to very noteworthy ends. They are used with us mainly for business purposes; it is chiefly, perhaps, the commercial traveller who exploits them. The rest of us enjoy them or neglect them as the case may be, but take no thought to organize and direct them. The social instinct, nevertheless, being native to man, even to man in our environment of riotous individualism, it incurs the risk of becoming depraved if it be not developed. This, indeed, is its very frequent fate in many of our communities, and the amount of positive debauchery due to a perversion of this instinct, which perversion is itself due to neglect, is very suggestive. And positive debauchery aside, the pathetic

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failure of genial but weak natures that in a truly social *milieu* would certainly have succeeded is still more significant because it is still more hopeless. In France social capacity is a principal part of the youth's equipment for his journey through life. In virtue of it young men rise in the world, obtain "protection," and acquire vantage ground. With us, hitherto, a turn for what is called society is fully as likely to be a bar as an aid to a young man's success, being accepted often as indicating frivolity, if not extravagance and dissipation, and, at all events, hostile to the industry and severe application which pass for credentials of solidity. Success in an industrial society does not depend on the favor of women, and we are wont a little to contemn the large and interesting class of *petits jeunes gens* of which French society makes so much. On the other hand, we have many accentuated types wholly peculiar to ourselves and generated by the struggle of the ambitious and intensely concentrated individual with an amorphous and undeveloped society which he can in a measure mould as well as figure in, provided only his energy be sufficient to the task. Never was there such a field for the parvenu as that we furnish. Never was the parvenu so really estimable and distinguished a person. With energy and persistence, a man who only yesterday ate with his knife may to-morrow lay down rules of etiquette, a beneficiary dispense charity, a country merchant regulate a railway system—merely by the force through which strenuous personality imposes itself on a society whose solidarity is too feeble to protect it against assault from without and treachery from within. In most instances, indeed, our pretence of solidarity is pure snobbishness, and our parvenus really—as was said of Napoleon—*arrivés*.

The Frenchman's instincts and impulses receive, on the contrary, a social rather than an egoistic development. His position in the world, the esteem of his neighbors, everything, in fact, except looking for the resurrection of the dead, which prevents him from being of all men most miserable, are obtained by a far more complex exercise of talent than that ascetic concentration of effort known among us as "looking out for Number One." Look out for "Number One," the Frenchman certainly does in the most unflinching and devoted manner; but the process is with him adapted to gregarious rather than insulated conditions. He easily spares more time from business than we do from idling to expend in the expansiveness necessary for elaborate social development; furthermore, social conditions with him prevent time so expended from being, even in an indirect sense, wasted, so that he is never more profitably occupied than when he is, so to speak, least concentrated. He conquers in love, war, affairs, and society, not as with us, with the Germanic peoples generally, in virtue of strenuous personality, but through many-sidedness, appreciativeness, perception, sympathy—in a word, less by energy than by intelligence. And this intelligence itself is socially developed. M. Caro says of the Abbé Roux that his genius, "formed in solitude, outside of all intellectual commerce, of all expansion," is characterized by "an inner spring and source of ideas in their native state, charged with parasitical elements neither purged by essay nor filtered by discussion; by ignorance which astonishes in connection with certain points of view truly striking; by faults of taste unavoidable in the absence of all exterior control and points of comparison; by a certain awkwardness, sometimes a singular want of discernment, and hence a defect of proportion and development between thoughts really new and those which seem so only to the eyes of the artist who believes himself to have discovered them." One could not better describe the traits which, in our life, as well as in our literature, our individualism throws into sharp relief in contrast with those of the French.

In his "Pensées d'un Solitaire" the Abbé Roux himself observes that "men of talent, so long as they have only intuitive experiences, are bound to commit follies," and the universal prevalence of this conviction in France secures great openness and spiritual reciprocity. There are no people whom it is "difficult to know," who are very "reserved" in the presence of strangers, who are

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particularly "reticent" about their own affairs, who have "secrets" and resent familiarity. A high development of the social instinct makes short work of these varieties of a type well known and rather highly esteemed among ourselves. It unmasks them at once as in some sort pretenders, as people who devote a large share of their attention, while the battle of life is raging, to keeping open the communications in their rear either for opportunities of retreat or in order to execute some brilliant flank movement. In other words, either their self-distrust or their self-conceit is shown to be excessive. In France the battle of life is, socially speaking, nearly a pure figure of speech. The foe is at any rate impersonal. No one's individual attitude is hostile or suspicious. There is none of the exciting competition which with us exists, among friendly rivals even. Hence, beyond those matters which are essentially private, being nobody's business and rightfully appealing to nobody's interest, people generally have nothing to conceal. The *milieu* is not only friendly, but it is intelligent. Neither timidity nor strategy, of the kind we are familiar with, would avail much with it. It would be impossible to disguise them. The "reserve" of our young ladies, their true opinions on public questions, the secret they are thinking about, which young men are rewarded by being permitted gradually to discover as they become better and better acquainted, are, for example, peculiar to ourselves; but in France, especially, they would be purposeless for the same reason that inquiries as to the secrets of freemasonry or the composition of patent medicines are—namely, not because they are undiscoverable, but because what is worth knowing about them can be divined. There is, of course, the contrast between the *bavard* and the *nature condensée*, but the latter is none the less a frank and not a secretive nature. There are no prigs.

Competition is a great word with us, but socially it implies a solecism. It means egoism, and the difference between our individualism and French social interdependence is very well shown in the correspondence of our egoism to French vanity. How far egoism may be carried, what bleakness it may introduce into life, and how it may blight existence one may easily guess; but its baleful influence has never been so vividly shown as in that very remarkable book published a few years ago and entitled "The Story of a Country Town." A more important contribution to sociology has not been made within the decade. No one can have read it without being affected by its gloom, its moral squalor, its ashen tone. There is nothing more depressing in Russian fiction, and, like Russian fiction, it is wholly unfactitious. It is a picture entirely typical, and typical of one hesitates to say how many American communities. And no one can have read it attentively without perceiving that the secret of its dreariness is its picture of the excesses of individualism. Lack of sympathy with each other; a narrow and degrading struggle for "success;" a crying competition; a dull, leaden introspection; no community of interest, material or ideal, except of a grossly material religious ideality; duty ignorantly conceived; sacrifice needlessly made; generous impulses leading nowhither, and elevated effort clogged by the absence of worthy ends; the human spirit, in fine, thrown back on itself and operating, so to speak, *in vacuo;* and the partly tragic, chiefly vulgar, wholly sterile conclusion of all this Mr. Howe has painted for us with a master-hand. Beside his picture the wild orgies and bacchanalian frenzy of a society in decadence appear sane. Beside it, at all events, French vanity seems antiseptic. Vanity has its origin in approbativeness, and to study to please is a safeguard against many evils in morals as well as in manners. It is, to be sure, mainly through their vanity that the French show to us their weak side. It is a characteristic that in excess causes character to atrophy. It stimulates cowardice in the face of ridicule, and leads infallibly to puerile confusions of shadow and substance. And the French have far more of it than any other people. Stendhal never tires of reproaching his countrymen with it, and declares it responsible for his exile in Italy. Only the other day M. Albert Wolff, whose competence is conspic-

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uous, declared it epidemic, affirming French society entire to be *frappée par le fléau de la vanité*. But vanity as the French possess it, and modified as it is by their all-informing intelligence, is a not too unpleasant, as it is an inevitable, concomitant of the spirit of society. Its absence would mean, logically, infinitely more loss than gain in social relations. "Nothing," says Voltaire, "is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged," and together with its obvious vanity it is impossible not to see in the remark a feeling of fraternity as well.

In France, indeed, fraternity is as it were in the air. This sentiment, which is the poetic side of the notion of equality, to which the French have been so profoundly attached since the very beginnings of modern society, during the break-up of the Middle Ages, is to be read in the expression and demeanor of everyone to be met with in the streets as unmistakably as it is stamped on all the buildings belonging to the state. Insensibly you find yourself setting out with the feeling that every stranger is amicably disposed. Arriving from London, either at Paris or at the smallest provincial town—Calais itself, say—the absence of individual competition, of personal preoccupation, of all the varied inhospitality, the stony, inaccessible self-absorption which depress the stranger in London whenever he is out of hail of an acquaintance, the conspicuous amenity everywhere suffuses with a profoundly grateful warmth the very cockles of the American's heart. At first it seems as if all the world were really one's friends. People with such an aspect and deportment would be, certainly, in New York; in New York you would feel almost as if you could borrow money of them without security. You look for the personal feeling, the warmth, the glow which such evident amenity stimulates in your own breast. You find no real response. You feel somehow imposed upon and resentful. Nothing is less agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon heart than to discover that it has beaten with unreasonable warmth, that the occasion really called for no indulgence of sentiment. You understand Thackeray's feeling toward the "distinguished foreigner" whom he met crossing the Channel, and who "readily admitted the superiority of the Briton on the seas or elsewhere," only to discover himself, the voyage over, in his real character of a hotel-runner—or, as Thackeray puts it, "an impudent, sneaking, swindling French humbug." Nothing could be more unreasonable; you are not in London or New York transformed by the millennium, but in Paris—or Calais, as I said. The Apocalyptic thousand years' reign of absolute satisfactoriness is still in the distant future. Self-interest is still a motive, and if a cabman is less extortionate than in New York, or a policeman more specific and personal in his directions, or a fellow 'bus passenger more affably communicative, it is not to greater delicacy of moral fibre that it should be attributed, but to a universal feeling that mankind is a fraternity instead of a vast mass of armed neutrals, and that, *cæteris paribus*, there is greater pleasure to be got out of the lubrication than the friction of points of contact between individuals. This, elevated into a positive system, produces the amenity which is as clearly a boulevard as it is a *salon* characteristic in France.

Bonhomie is not necessarily *bonté*, but it is an extremely pleasant trait to find on every hand—in the promenade, in shopping, travelling, theatre-going, gallery-visiting, wherever, in fact, one encounters his fellow-men closely. It is pleasant not to be jostled and elbowed in crowds, to be greeted in entering a shop, to be spoken to civilly and copiously by a casual companion on a bench in the *Champs Elysées*, to be treated in every way, in fine, humanely and urbanely. Urbanity is a Latin word, and still retains its significance in Latin cities, notably in France; whereas with us it is in general "fine old country gentlemen" who chiefly illustrate the quality, and except in the interior of houses, urban and urbane are epithets of broadly differing significance. But charming as the urbanity of French out-door existence is, that other quality of *bonhomie*, of good-humor, with which it is in France so closely associated—and of which it is, indeed, more the outward expression than the twin trait even—is quite as charming. Urbane the *citadins* of Spain and Italy are, almost invariably; but their

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urbanity decorates a different quality—a high-bred chivalry, or, among the lower classes, a fine natural simplicity—Fernan Caballero's vaunted *naturalidad* in Spain, and in Italy a rich geniality which sometimes breaks quite through the urbanity and recalls our own Westerner. The French good-humor seems idiosyncratic.

It is not very deep. Often, in fact, it shows itself to be so shallow that very bad humor is easily perceived to lie in some cases disagreeably near the surface. There is a good deal of varied light and shade about the social instinct. Mr. Henry James permits the "roaring Yankee" of his "The Point of View" to speak of the Parisians in the mass as "little, fat, irritable people." In many respects Paris is not France, and probably nearly all the *genus irritabile* to be found in France is concentrated in the capital. At Paris you certainly hear, first and last, a good deal of scolding. Your landlady is sure to scold the servants from corridor to corridor, and these latter—such is the spirit of fraternity—are sure to scold back. More or less scolding is sure to force itself upon your attention out of doors. The *cocher* scolds his horse, the gendarme scolds the *cocher;* now and then you see groups actively engaged in this kind of mutual remonstrance. It is to be borne in mind that they never come to blows. "It costs a lot to punch a Frenchman's head," I heard a compatriot remark one day—this condition of affairs demonstrating a high state of civilization, or a decadence of manly spirit hedging cowardice about with tyrannical regulations, as one chooses to consider it. Certainly one might pass a lifetime in Paris without witnessing anything similar to a scene of which in London once I was an excited —until I observed that a nearer policeman was a placid—spectator, namely, a young man choking and cuffing a crying young woman who exhibited every sign of pain and anger, but no sense of outrage. Individualism fails in various ways to decorate and render attractive the daily life of a great city; below a certain rank, composed of the surviving fittest, moves an amorphous mass of units, specifically unattractive owing to their profound lack of interest in themselves and their conspicuous moral dejection, and—owing to the prevalent individualism—destitute in the mass of any organic or homogeneous interest. Even where individualism has to contend against the kind of fraternity with which it is not inconsistent—the kind we illustrate in contrast with the English, the kind born of large human sympathies exercised under a democratic system and over a continent's extent—even in New York I remember a characteristic incident which one could never expect to see paralleled in Paris. Two friends had quarrelled in a Bowery saloon, and having, in reporter's phrase, "adjourned to the sidewalk," one was speedily on top of the other, who, unarmed himself, clutched desperately his foe's uplifted hand which held a knife over him. A crowd quickly gathered and a stalwart fellow rushed toward the struggling pair, apparently to interfere, but drawing a clasp-knife from his *poche américaine* (as it is called by French tailors), he opened it and thrusting it into the hand of the under-dog, exclaimed: "Here's a knife for you, too, young fellow!" A policeman supervened and closed the incident. At Paris this would have seemed savage to a "professional" assassin. In five cases out of six the passion which produces in London and New York blows and pistol-shots, and in Naples and Seville knife-thrusts, exhales itself in vocables, and expends its force in gesticulation. The French nature is frivolous and superficial, is the explanation given in all the English books—the books which, having none of our own, and knowing no other language, we read exclusively; querulousness takes the place of passion, bluster and storming the place of blows, adds the American observer—the implication being the same; indeed, Mr. Henry James sums it up in so many words in one of his sketches of travel: "The French are a light, pleasure-loving people, and the longest study of life on the Boulevard des Italiens does not change the impression." Certainly not, in fair weather; when the skies are clear and life is good there is no evidence of moping along this thoroughfare. But, seated at one of the innumerable little tables that fringe its gay terraces, the

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sentimental traveller may read in his Baedeker the suggestive statement that the asphalt beneath him was substituted by the crafty Napoleon III. for stone pavement because of the chronic disposition of the Parisians to transform the latter into barricades. *Cela donne à penser.* Readiness to get yourself killed upon slight provocation hardly attests frivolity, but seriousness in the English sense; readiness to sacrifice one's life in defence of ideas witnesses the same quality in the French sense. A gradual and cumulative progress in every revolution of importance since the days of Divine Right testifies to the seriousness of the Parisian people in every sense. Having regard simply to separate municipalities, that of Paris, in fact, seems the only serious one since the Middle Ages.

Nothing is more common with us, however, than to treat this same characteristic of the Parisian as not only marked evidence of his frivolity, but as merely the occasional exaggeration of his habitual querulousness. But nothing also is more superficial, and one cannot live long in Paris without perceiving that the querulousness which at first strikes one is itself simply the defect of the quality of amenity, which is, after all, universal if not profound; just as blows and general brutality are the defect of the estimable quality so highly prized in Anglo-Saxon communities of absolute and profound personal sincerity. There is nothing absolute or profound about French amenity. Rightly apprehended the nature of the quality excludes the notion of profundity. It is rather a gloss, a veneer, a mere outward husk, but the veneer and husk of that very solid feeling of fraternity which is so integral a part of the French gospel. In England, and among the large and increasing class of anglicized Americans in this country, fraternity is still, of course, a subject of philosophic controversy; the school of Mill on one side, thinkers like Mill's implacable critic, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, on the other. Sir James Stephen, for example, whose feeling comparison of the Comtist regard for humanity to "a childless woman's love for a lap-dog" is a fair measure of his sympathetic quality, maintains that "the French way of loving the human race is the one of their many sins which it is most difficult to forgive," and that "it is not love that one wants from the great mass of mankind, but respect and justice." But the brutality of the Anglo-Indian is apt to be as mistaken as it is brilliant. Respect and justice are precisely the qualities of French fraternity, and the "love" with which Sir James Stephen objects to being "daubed" is quite foreign to it. The propagandism of the Revolution was rational, not sentimental. No doubt it and other manifestations of French feeling toward foreigners shine in friendliness and kindliness by contrast with the respect and justice accorded by Sir James Stephen's compatriots to their fellows in India and Ireland, but impatience with prejudice and tradition and an ardor for the rational and the real are their central characteristics. The Frenchman feels under no necessity of either disliking you or else becoming familiar by intruding his personality—which seems a not uncommon Anglo-Saxon affliction. We know best, perhaps, how to treat each other in intimacy; Frenchmen, in the general situation. *Fraternité* has slight relations to "Friendship," as Thoreau rhapsodizes about it, and as the classic examples illustrate it. In friendship the individual element is intensified, in fraternity it is extenuated. Fraternity, in a word, is not a militant virtue; it is simply the unfailing accompaniment of the social instinct, and in France, therefore, is universally accepted so much as a matter of course, as the necessary and natural basis of human relations, that its praise is become merely subject-matter for perorations, political and other, as the praise of freedom, for example, is with the English and with us. The moment such a sentiment becomes a commonplace, the moment such an idea is popularly esteemed a platitude rather than a principle, men no longer fall upon one another's necks in illustration of its potency and in witness of their personal adhesion to it. All the same, it loses little of its vitality. The members of those large families which, as an English writer astutely remarks, are not apt to be very "civil-spoken things," certainly do not act among us as if they had con-

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stantly in mind the precepts of the 133d Psalm, with which, nevertheless, they may be presumed to be in full accord. "A good father in conversation with his children or wife is not perpetually embracing them," says Thackeray; but the fact of relationship is none the less potent as a pervasive influence on conduct and demeanor. And so the mutual activities of a society which, like that of France, resembles very closely a large family are thus influenced in a very delightful way, if not to an intense degree, by the decorous and decorative virtue of fraternal kindliness and good feeling. The home, the interior, may mean less to Frenchmen than it does to us, but the community means incontestably more, and the feeling for country easily becomes supreme.

Patriotism, in fact, takes the place of religion in France. In the service of *la patrie* the doing of one's duty is elevated into the sphere of exalted emotion. To say that the French are more patriotic than other peoples would be to say what is in its nature incapable of substantiation. But I think it incontestable that, more than any other people, they make patriotism the source and subject of their profoundest emotional life. Only here do they lay aside reason and abandon intelligence to surrender themselves voluntarily to the sway of instinct and passion. Only in regard to *la France* do they permit themselves illusions. Only here does sentiment triumph freely and completely over calculation. Patriotism thus plays a far larger part in their national existence than in that of other peoples. None of its manifestations seem absurd to them. The classic remark regarding the charge of Balaclava, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," is, to be sure, a protest against the excesses of corporalism. But such a sacrifice in direct illustration of patriotism would be regarded in France almost as an opportunity; it would be looked upon as the early Christians looked upon martyrdom.

Sir John Fortescue, exiled in France during the Wars of the Roses, writes: "It is cowardise and lack of hartes and corage that kepith the Frenchmen from rising, and not povertye: which corage no Frenche man hath like to the Englishman. It hath been often seen in Englond that three or four thefes for povertie hath set upon 8 true men and robbed them al. But it hath not been seen in Fraunce that vii or viij thefes have been hardy to robbe iii or iv true men. Wherefor it is right seld that Frenchmen be hanged for robberye for that they have no hertys to do so terrible an acte. There be therefor mo men hangyed in Englond in a yere for robberye and manslaughter than there be hangid in Fraunce for such crime in vij yers." Sir John writes, you will observe, very much in the spirit of modern English criticism of the French. This is the feeling of which Thackeray, for example, can never free himself, which inspires *Punch*, which all the Paris correspondents display, which underlies every French allusion in our own anglicized journals. In citing Sir John, however, M. Taine, who shamelessly records as current statistics "42 cases of highway robbery in France against 738 in England," explains, in a footnote, the reason for this lamentable lack of "hertys" on the part of his countrymen. "The English," he says, "always forget to be polite, and miss the fine distinctions of things. Understand here, brutal courage, the disputatious and independent instinct. The French race, and in general the Gallic race, is perhaps among all the most prodigal of its life."

That is the difference, exactly. The social and the individual instinct operate here, we perceive, each in its own way. One has only to think of the title of France to be called a military nation (even Prussian military terminology is French), or of the suggestions contained in the word "barricade" to appreciate how reckless of everything men selfishly prize in this world are all Frenchmen when patriotic takes the place of personal feeling. No country, it is probable, except perhaps our own Southern States, ever made such immense sacrifices of life and treasure, after all reasonable hope was over, as France did between the fall of Metz and the Treaty of Frankfort. In no other country would such resistance to overwhelming force as that of Gambetta have proved a statesman's chief title to

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fame; nowhere else would even the enemies of such a man so readily admit that to raise ill-armed, half-starved, under-aged, raw levies, and oppose them to disciplined troops of twice their numbers with a steadfastness that had outlived hope, was to save the honor of the country. The public opinion which thus magnifies patriotism into a religion is a force of which it is difficult to appreciate, and impossible to exaggerate the strength. A vivid illustration of it is given in an incident of one of the stories grouped by M. Ludovic Halévy under the title, "L'Invasion." A poor woman, whose husband and son had been taken by the last conscription, ejaculates as the mobiles are leaving the village: "What cowards the French must be to let themselves be dragged to the war like that!" The utterance was a cry of individualism wrung from the egotism of a mother's heart, but M. Halévy chronicles it as extraordinary, and it only serves thus to emphasize the strength and universality of the feeling against which it protested, and of striking instances of which M. Halévy's little volume is full.

It is, indeed, a record of heroic self-sacrifice on the altar of country which in certain qualities it would be hard to match. The tone is low and quiet, there is no exaggeration, and there is no disguise of the near proximity to gayety in which Gallic gravity always exists. I venture to translate the following incident related in M. Halévy's words by a nurse in the military hospital at Vendôme: "I remember especially," says the *infirmier*, "a young man, almost a child—he was eighteen years old. He was brought to us, with a ball in the chest, December 16th. He had been wounded quite near Vendôme. He died three days afterward. He must have suffered much, for his wound was very deep indeed. He made no complaint, however. He told us that he was an only son—that he had volunteered in July, at the beginning of the war. His mother opposed his project, wept bitterly, and tried to retain him. But he had done that as a duty. He had set out in the Army of Sedan; he had succeeded in escaping through Belgium; he had continued the campaign in the Army of the Loire; he had become a sergeant. Before dying he confessed, and in the presence of everybody he received the sacrament with a wonderful tranquillity. During the three days in which he was dying—for we had seen at once that he was lost—he gave way only when he spoke of his mother; then the tears stood in his eyes and he gazed long at a photograph of her which he had taken with him. He asked pardon of her for the chagrin his death would cause her. He had asked us to lay aside his tunic with his chevrons of sergeant to be sent to his mother after the war. He died kissing his little photograph. We were greatly embarrassed. We did not know whether we ought to keep this photograph for the mother or to put it in the coffin. It seemed to us better to put it with him in the bier, and that is what we did." I think no one can fail to remark the admirable simplicity of this, quite unalloyed either with the solemn intensity that is undoubtedly Germanic or with the bravado we are ludicrously apt to fancy natural to the Frenchman. There is a distinct shade of elasticity of spirit noticeable in the moral attitude of this youth that is typically French. A contained exaltation quite unassociated with what we ordinarily mean by conscious renunciation seems to be his support or rather his stimulus. He is not a hero in any explicit way; his social side is uppermost. The same phenomenon is observable in death-bed scenes in which for the sacraments of the church the decoration of the State is substituted. And this discloses the real truth about this patriotism which is the religion of Frenchmen, in whose sphere calculation is lost in sentiment and interest is transmuted into self-sacrifice—namely, that it is the sublimation of the social instinct in a more eminent degree and more conspicuous manner than the patriotic sentiment of any other people in the world. All purely personal feeling is absorbed in it. Every personal aspiration is satisfied by it. To an American dying of a wound received in the defence of his country the presentation of a bit of red ribbon by the government of his country would undoubtedly seem a barren performance enough. His personal sense of duty, discharged, of a supreme sacrifice unselfishly made, would in such

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an hour fill his mind to the exclusion of any demonstrations of a social order that the compatriots whom he was about to leave forever could make. Dying with us is a private affair; the association with it of the paraphernalia of life is apt to jar upon our sense. "The world has been my country, to do good my religion," is a more consoling dying thought than the *dulce et decorum est* of Horace, even on the battle-field. We have been from our youth up so accustomed to personal concentration, so habituated to being in the world but not of it, so used to considering our environment hostile, that this feeling remains even if we have ceased to look upon heaven as our true home and the celestial hosts as our real family. Emerson's breezy lines,

> Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home,
> Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine,

find an echo in all our hearts, but wherever one meets with anything of the kind in French literature the strain is factitious, the sentiment borders on bravado, and we feel instinctively that what disguises itself as longing is really lament.

Now, the moment we appreciate that in the character of the French people it is the social rather than the individual instinct which predominates, we can see how this is the secret of the French, how it accounts for the differences between them and us as individuals, and for our inveterate misconception of them; how they in distinction from ourselves live for the present world, are alive to actuality, desire passionately to please, are passionately pleased with admiration, have no talent for renunciation, but a very genius for expression and expansion; how practical and prosaic is their disregard for certain ideal qualities of the soul which are with us of a "sacred and secret" nature; how little personal life they have; how much more manners count with them than does character, beyond those points where both are tolerable. And we can see also how, nationally and organically, they have, since the communal revolution of the twelfth century, been not merely the chief but the only highly organized people which has succeeded to the civilizing work of the Roman Empire in itself essaying social experimentation, if not in the interest, at least to the profit, of mankind. "There are no questions," said Gambetta superbly, "but *social* questions." The apothegm formulates the spiritual instinct of France since the days of her national beginnings. It formulates also, I think, the instinct of the future. That is why France is so inexhaustibly interesting—because in one way or another she, far more than any other *nation*, has always represented the aspirations of civilization, because she has always sought development in common, and because in this respect the ideal she has always followed is the ideal of the future. It is, at any rate, inseparable from the visions which a material age permits to the few idealists of to-day.

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THE OWL.

By Charles Lotin Hildreth.

There is no flame of sunset on the hill,
  There is no flush of twilight in the plain;
The day is dead, the wind is weird and shrill;
  Amid the gloom the sheeted shapes of rain
Glide to and fro with stealthy feet and still,
  And wilder than the wood's autumnal moan
  A voice wails through the night, "Alone, alone!"

No bird dips down a moment in its flight
  To fill the silence full of sudden song;
The immemorial music of the night,
  When stars are few and twilight lingers long,
Is hushed; with lone, sharp sound of wintry blight,
  The cricket quavers near the sheltered stone—
  And hark! the haunting cry, "Alone, alone!"

Wan mists on level marsh and meadow rise,
  Like spectral lakes along whose cloudy gleams
Dark boats are driven, unseen of mortal eyes,
  Toward some dim coast, some island-vale of dreams,
While on this desolate shore some watcher cries
  To friends afar in the remote unknown,
  Lamenting through the gloom, "Alone, alone!"

The boughs are shaken in the bitter sky
  With hollow sound of trouble and amaze;
And faster in the dusk the dead leaves fly,
  Like pallid ghosts pursued through lonely ways;
Darkly I watch them as they shudder by,
  While yet again in mournful monotone
  The voice repeats my thought, "Alone, alone."

Night deepens on the haggard close of day
  With wilder clamor of the wind and rain;
Louder the beaten branches groan and sway;
  And fitfully the voice comes once again,
Across the fields, more faint and far away—
  Is it the dark bird's wailing backward blown,
  Or my own heart that cries, "Alone, alone!"?

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A PERILOUS INCOGNITO.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

PART I.

I.

REVENGE! There is something truculent in the very sound of it. But Ewald Nordahl's revenge was not intended to be *truculent*. It was to be rather in the nature of glowing coals heaped upon the appropriate party's head, or something of that sort. It was to be proof positive that Ewald Nordahl was a greater man than anybody in the benighted town of his birth had suspected —particularly than his father, Captain P. T. Nordahl, of The North Star, had suspected. If Ewald could have made a triumphal entry into the town at the head of a conquering host, sentenced his father (and some others whom he owed grudges) to death, and then magnanimously pardoned them, he would have been satisfied. But as he saw no way of accomplishing anything so magnificent, he had to choose the next best thing, which was to land incognito, cut a superb figure in the eyes of the natives, spend money with splendid heedlessness, and at last, when he had set the whole town agog, dramatically unmask. Though he was not aware of it, it was from the Bible he had borrowed this innocent plot. The incident in the story of Joseph where, as governor of Egypt, he says to the frightened Israelites, "I am your brother Joseph," had always thrilled him.

During long years of hardship and toil, Ewald Nordahl had hugged this revenge to his bosom; and though he had a suspicion that it was a trifle boyish, and "dime-novelish," he had grown so fond of it that he could not persuade himself to give it up. The terrible wrong rankled yet in his breast; and even now, after the lapse of fifteen years, he often caught himself groaning at the thought of it. What made it doubly hard to bear, was the fact that he had been, nay, was yet, sincerely fond of his father. That he was the son of the brave captain who had received no end of medallions from foreign governments for saving ships and crews with peril to his own, and performed no end of brave deeds on the high seas, had been his pride and delight. He had looked up to him with all the enthusiasm of boyish hero-worship. There had been a devoted comradeship between them, and each had been the other's heartiest admirer. And now to be wronged and cruelly humiliated by this very object of his most ardent admiration—it was more than the stanchest heart could endure. Ewald felt at first annihilated, and would have remained annihilated, if the desire for revenge had not rekindled his ambition.

To make a long story short, the circumstances were about as follows: Captain Nordahl, after having been a widower for five or six years, took unto himself a new wife. He was then a man in his best years, and, moreover, well-to-do, so there was no reason in the world why he should not marry. His second wife was young and pretty, and she bore him, in rapid succession, half a dozen daughters. Somehow she had not been in the house for a month before Ewald had managed to get on a war footing with her; and his whole boyhood from his eleventh year had been passed in the practice of more or less active hostilities. He could not, by any stretch of charity, be called a good boy; and it was scarcely to be wondered at that his step-mother did not love him. When her husband was at sea, she left Ewald to his own devices, making no pretence of controlling him. But when the captain, during two or three months of the year, made the house resound with his Boreas voice, she invited, by her spasms of educational

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zeal, perpetual conflicts. She filled his ears with tales of his son's depravity; and when he, in his easy-going way, replied, "Well, mother, don't be too hard on him. I was a tough case myself when I was a boy—but I have turned out a pretty decent sort of man after all. Let him work off his spirits in mischief; then he will be rid of them," it soon became evident to Mrs. Nordahl that her husband had a tender spot in his heart for his only son; while all the little girls with which she had enriched him came in for a much smaller share of his attention. And it was this vicarious jealousy on her children's behalf which made her resolve, by fair means or foul, to get the boy out of the house. It happened that twenty-five dollars had disappeared from the captain's desk, and she had no hesitation in accusing Ewald of the theft. She would not have done it, perhaps, if she could have foreseen the effect upon her husband. He sat speechless for some moments and stared into the empty air. He turned pale; and his eyes grew small, pinched, and wicked. "How do you know it?" he burst forth, hoarsely.

She gave, somewhat tremulously, her reasons, which were all invented. Then the captain rose; he was ugly to look at. His eyes had an unpleasant sparkle in them; the muscles about his mouth had a fierce, pained tension, which changed his whole face. He walked upstairs with stiff sea-legs, and the stairs creaked under his weight. His red neck, with its queer little "curlicue," had a look so angry and threatening that it sent a terror to his wife's heart as she gazed after him. And the same terror spread through the whole house. The little girls played with a sort of hysterical unconcern, but stopped every now and then to strain their ears as the sound of heavy blows was heard from above.

"Is papa killing Ewald, mamma?" they asked their mother; and they meant it literally. No, the mother replied, with uncontrollable tremulousness, he was only punishing him, because Ewald was a bad boy.

Her heart shot up into her throat. Doors and windows shook. There was a tremendous noise, and at last a heavy fall. She heard her husband descend the stairs and walk out of the house.

"Oh, God!" she cried, clasping the first child within reach, in nameless terror, "why hast thou brought this calamity upon us?"

She thought, indeed, that her husband had killed Ewald. She feared to open the door of the room where he lay, and yet hovered about it, listened at the keyhole, and mumbled snatches of prayers and meaningless words that flitted through her brain. She sat up all night waiting for her husband's return; but he did not come. In the morning she summoned courage to open the fateful door. The room was empty. Ewald was gone.

Fifteen years had now elapsed since these occurrences. Ewald had somehow found his way to America; had been a gold-digger in California; had then gone into the cattle business, in the early days, when there were fortunes to be made on the great Western plains, and had finally, in a daring land speculation, swept in a sum which made him momentarily dizzy. He was now rich enough to carry out his plot, rich enough to play the transatlantic Crœsus with *éclat*. His father was yet alive, but he had read in the papers that his stepmother was dead; that was a pity, for he could ill afford to miss her face among the witnesses of his triumph. There was, however, on the other hand, an advantage in her absence, for he had feared that her keen eyes might have prematurely penetrated his incognito. His full, close-cropped beard, the long, blonde, drooping mustache, an additional eight inches of growth, and fifteen years' added maturity would seem a sufficient disguise to ordinary eyes, and only the eyes of hate or of love could possibly have unmasked him. As with the lapse of time the memory of his boyish exploits had faded, he felt assured that he had neither the one nor the other to fear: an absolute neutrality of feeling prevailed in regard to him throughout the town.

During his tent life in California Ewald had found much pleasure in imagining the scene of his landing attended by two gold-laced servants. But when he arrived in London, where he had

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meant to engage them, he had a series of comic disasters which would of itself fill a lengthy chapter. He had some twenty or thirty interviews with aspirants for the position; but some of them, he felt, took a critical view of him, and perhaps laughed at him in their sleeves; and others had such an imposing presence and such formidable side-whiskers, that he might, in the end, feel tempted to wait on them. The fact at the bottom of his perplexities was his sound democratic aversion for the very pomp which in his boyish dreams he had accustomed himself to regard as indispensable. And the end of it was, that he started out for Norway alone and unattended, carried his valise with his own hands, and made no sensation whatever. He drove to his hotel in a primitive-looking vehicle (which was the only one to be had), and finally found himself alone in a house which professed to be a hotel, although, like a genteel person who has come down in the world, it discreetly veiled its public character. Ewald felt like an intruder as he sat down with the landlord and his wife to an awkward triangular dinner, and was disposed to take offence, as if an improper question had been addressed to him, when at the end of the meal mine host handed him the register and begged him to sign his name. It had half escaped his mind that, like a disguised prince, he was to travel incognito; and as he once more weighed the risks of his plot, he sat irresolute, looking at the pen as if in doubt as to its use. However, it was absurd to back out when he was on the eve of his triumph. So he boldly scrawled the first name that came into his head: for the purpose of concealing his own, one name was as good as another.

William Graham, Chicago, Ill.,

was the entry in the register.

"William Graham—William Graham," he repeated, mentally, as if to impress the sound upon his memory. He had a vague recollection of having met in a casual way a man bearing such a name, but he could not recall either his appearance or any other circumstance connected with him.

"How is the shipping nowadays?" he asked the landlord, handing him a cigar across the table.

"Very little money in it, sir. The English underbid us in all markets."

"Who are the largest ship-owners in town?"

"Oh, that is hard to tell. There is Reimert & Co., who do a big business yet, and Berg & Martensen, who have been in luck of late years, and old Captain Nordahl, who would have scraped together a snug pile if he hadn't had so many daughters to raise for other folks to marry. He has had three weddings now in the family in one year, and I tell ye, sir, it takes a long purse to stand that sort of drain."

"But I suppose the captain's can stand it as well as any," said Ewald, merely to give a fresh start to the landlord's garrulity.

"Well, having no sons, ye know," the unsuspecting host continued, "he can afford to do handsomely by his daughters. He had a boy once, but he was a bad lot. God only knows where he is now—I reckon he's dead long ago. They say it went hard with the old man, for he set much store by the youngster. When Nicolas Reimert, his second wife's brother, died, a couple of years ago, he took his two children into his house, too; the boy he has sent to England to learn business, and the girl—well, they say she twists the captain round her little finger. And I tell ye—the captain is as tough a customer on a ship's deck as ever sailed the seas. If you sail under him you've got to have an eye and an ear on each finger."

"I declare, you make me quite curious to see him," the young man remarked from out of a cloud of smoke which hid his blushes.

"Ye are too late for that, sir. He started a couple of weeks ago for his country place, Fossevang, which he bought from the Reimert estate."

"Too bad, too bad," murmured Ewald. He pulled Baedeker from his pocket and fell to studying the steamboat routes. After a brief tour of inspection through the town, and refreshing of ancient memories, he boarded the boat, which took him northward to Fossevang.

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II.

SOMBRE green, light green, and silvery green alternated in patches, some large and some small, on the southern slope of the valley. The sombre shade belonged to the pine forest which crept up the mountain-sides, interspersed at its lower edge with the fresher tints of birch and alder. In the middle of the slope lay a large two-story, white-painted mansion, whose red-tiled roof and tall chimneys loomed out of a dense orchard. That was Fossevang. Beyond the garden stretched broad fields of rye and barley. Through the depth of the valley shot a river with brawling rapids and eddies and yellow foam. Out toward the west there was a glimpse of the fjord and a vista of colossal mountain-peaks, which in fine weather swam in a blue ethereal mist, and with delicate susceptibility reflected every mood of the sky.

Ewald Nordahl's heart beat uneasily as he rode up from the steamboat-landing to the River Inn. He matured rapidly his plans, and hearing that there was good salmon-fishing in the river, determined to hire it, whatever the price might be, for the season. Syvert Gimse, the owner of the best rapids, was sent for, and a bargain was struck which made Syvert give a whoop, as soon as he was out-of-doors, and turn a somersault in the air from excess of happiness. He had got the American to board, too, and meant to turn a pretty penny before he was done with him. He said nothing to him about the dispute which had existed for years between himself and Captain Nordahl of Fossevang, who claimed right of ownership in the rapids. The pugnacious captain, he reckoned, knew well enough that every American was a peripatetic arsenal, and he would think twice before molesting him. People stood staring in dazed envy and amazement as Syvert carried off his prize in a rickety red-and-green painted cart which threatened every moment to throw its occupants forward on the loins of the pony. They crossed the river and reached Gimse without accident, however, and Ewald was installed in a large, low-ceiled room, containing a canopied bed with flowered chintz curtains, some clumsy furniture, and a couple of dozen fat and boozy flies, which bumped against the window-panes in their surprise at being disturbed. To air out the mouldy smell which pervaded the atmosphere, Ewald engaged in a struggle with the windows, which, after having vindicated their power of resistance, yielded to the inevitable and let in a fresh current of oxygen. The prospect up and down the valley was so beautiful that it made his heart swell. And opposite, in full view, lay the objective point of his campaign, the stately Fossevang.

How to get acquainted with the family over there, that was the next thing to consider. To get acquainted with your own father—it was really an odd situation! Ewald had not come to a decision the next morning when he started with his fishing gear for the river. He looked quite sportsman-like as he strode with long steps across the fields, carrying a new-fangled rod and a fish-basket, and wearing on his head a helmet-hat, the rim of which was fringed with red and blue and yellow flies. There was a certain fling in his bearing which was of the prairies, not of the drawing-room. His clothes fitted neither very well nor very badly, but looked in keeping with the out-of-door style of the man. A good, manly, open-air countenance, well bronzed by sun and rain, carried out the same impression. That was, at all events, Miss Olga Reimert's opinion as she kept the above-described figure in the focus of Captain Nordahl's telescope, which she had borrowed to inspect the stranger. The rumor had promptly reached Fossevang that an American named Graham had rented the rapids of Syvert Gimse, and they were having a council of war to determine upon hostile measures.

"He has blue eyes," said Olga, gazing through the telescope.

"Blue fiddlesticks," said the captain, gruffly. He was sitting at her side on the balcony, sullenly smoking his morning cigar.

"He is good-looking," reported Olga, "but his mustache is bleached, and too long."

"I'll have him in jail before night if he doesn't clear out," growled the captain.

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"Will you allow me to arrest him, uncle?" asked the girl, still with her eye at the telescope. "It would be such a lark."

"I'll allow you to give him warning that he is trespassing. Then, if he doesn't mind, we'll talk about the arrest."

"Englishmen are awfully headstrong, uncle."

"And Yankees are still worse. They'll shoot you just as soon as wink."

"This one won't shoot, uncle; at least, he won't hurt me, unless he should take aim at my heart."

As the object of their colloquy was by this time hid by the trees at the river-brink, Olga screwed the telescope together and handed it back to her uncle. He flung the stump of his cigar over the balustrade, muttered an oath, and walked into the house. The girl sent after him a look of deep filial concern. He was in one of his sombre moods to-day; she knew by his worn and haggard face that he had had a bad night. That which afflicted him was but as a dim legend to her—the story of the wayward boy, his only son, whom he had loved so dearly, and who had cruelly disappointed him. She had once, in her girlish devotion, thought of starting out in the world disguised as a man and making it the object of her life to bring back this lost son and reconcile him to his father. But then it had occurred to her that the prodigal might be such that his presence would prove a greater affliction than his loss. So, being of an ardent temperament, with a hunger for self-sacrifice, she had resolved to stay with her uncle, and compensate him, as far as possible, for the loss of his son. It was by no means an easy vocation she had chosen; for the old man, since his retirement from the sea, had become a prey to melancholy which sometimes was not distinguishable from despair. It was said that it was his unequal temper and sudden outbursts of wrath which had induced his daughters to seize the earliest opportunity to get away from home; and when the last of them was married, the captain would have been alone with his ghosts if his niece had not taken pity on him. If it had been a matter of convenience with her, little credit would have been due to her; but her father had left a large estate, and she was rich enough to do what she liked. Preliminarily she had chosen the eccentric course to refuse some of the best offers in town and to devote herself to a stern and irascible old man who, as some thought, was more than half demented. It was common report in the town that it was a debt of gratitude she was paying off: that her father upon his death-bed had told her how Captain Nordahl, during the great commercial crisis, had saved him from ruin, at the risk of losing all that he had accumulated during a long life of toil.

Ewald Nordahl was standing on a boulder in the middle of the rapids, making his fly dance on the smooth current, when a human voice seemed suddenly to break through the roar of the waters. He looked about him, and presently saw a tall young girl bending aside the alder boughs for an old man who was following close behind her. She wore a tight-fitting blue walking dress, and on her head a wide-brimmed straw hat. The face that showed in half-shadow under its drooping curves was fair and young, yet gently accented with hints of character. The upper half of it was aspiring, imaginative; the lower half keenly perceptive, worldly, commercial. The bold arched brow, rather full over the eyes, gave a glimpse of noble ambition; the dark-brown eyes spoke of passion and enthusiasm, but the fine, slightly curved, diplomatic nose contradicted the former, and the exquisite chin and mouth held the latter in restraint. On first meeting her, you would have said: "What a charmingly frank and natural girl!" But at the second meeting you would have added: "She is critical: with all her engaging frankness, she studies you." If you were anything of a connoisseur of women, and there is no branch of study in which connoisseurship brings acuter delights, the reflection would perhaps occur to you that her appearance suggested generations of wealth: not on account of any pride or display (for that would have been an indication of recent acquisition), but by a certain refinement of feature and

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suavity of demeanor which is only the result of inherited prosperity.

The old man who walked behind the girl would have been six feet tall if he had carried himself as erect as his companion. But he stooped heavily. His great grizzly head, with the fierce blue eyes, the glance of which was like a sting, and the bushy brows, had a look of defiant suffering—of fallen greatness. He walked without a stick, though he well might have needed one; but he regarded such an artificial support as unbecoming to a sailor. He wore a blue pea-jacket which measured an enormous width across the shoulders, wide blue trousers, and on his head a slouched felt hat.

The girl, having bent the branches aside, turned half toward him and offered him her hand; but he waved it impatiently away. The sun which shone upon the glossy leaves threw trembling glints of light upon their faces. Upon the humid ground the ferns grew out of last year's dead leaves and wound their tufts of rusty green filigree about the old man's knees. Round about, the sound of falling, swirling, brawling water, with a vague rhythm in it, filled the air. It seemed even to blow away in visible gusts through the tree-tops. Ewald Nordahl's heart shot up into his throat. He had a sensation as if both his legs were asleep. He shifted his weight from one to the other, and slowly reeled in his line. His fingers seemed numb, and a sudden sense of the unreality of all things took possession of him. It was his father who stood there before him! That gray, venerable head awakened again the boyish admiration which he had so long smothered. It was well the rapids were between them, or he would have betrayed himself.

"My father, my father!" he murmured, while unseen tears suffused his eyes. It seemed good to pronounce the name. An overwhelming tenderness for the old man filled his soul. The weight of years and sorrow had bent, but not broken, him. Like Jacob, of old, he had wrestled with the Lord; and though ravaged by the conflict, he stood yet upon his legs. The son thought, with humility, of his own vain and flimsy woes, which were but boyish resentment and wounded pride; and his cherished plans of revenge vanished like smoke. They seemed too contemptible to merit a formal dismissal.

He kept his eye steadily fixed upon the old man, and saw him step close down to the river-brink, straighten himself with difficulty, and wave his hand imperiously over the water. Then there came a sound like the roar of a hoarse lion, distinctly audible above the boom of the rapids.

"I forbid you, in the name of the law, to fish in this river."

He spoke English, and Ewald, quickly collecting himself, shouted back in the same language:

"I have rented the rapids of Syvert Gimse."

"He has no right to rent them. They are mine."

"That is a question between you and him. I shall fish here until the law has decided between you."

The captain gave a growl of impotent wrath, and glowered with the eyes of a beast of prey across the water.

"You will hear from me," he roared; "I'll have you in jail before night."

Ewald, for an answer, calmly dropped his fly upon the river; and it had no sooner touched the water than it was gobbled up, and the line flew with a hum off the reel. In the same instant a mighty splash sent the spray hissing toward the underbrush, and the speckled, silvery sides of a splendid salmon flashed through the current, bounded into the air, and struck the water again with tremendous vigor.

Ewald, though he had no desire to irritate his father, "played" it, slowly reeled it in, was obliged again to give it line, tried to beguile it in upon the shallows, where he could reach it with his landing net, but was every time checkmated by some unforeseen stratagem on the part of the fish. When finally, after half an hour's fight, he got it safely ashore, he glanced anxiously toward the alder-bushes. His father and Miss Reimert were gone.

So far, the Fates were propitious. This fight about the river furnished the coveted opportunity for personal contact. It saved no end of ingenious ma-

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nœuvring. As he learned from Syvert Gimse, the ownership of the rapids had been a source of difficulty between the proprietors of Fossevang and those of Gimse for generations. He naturally maintained that his own right was as clear as the day. If there was any doubt about it, it could only be decided by litigation. No sheriff or judge, he maintained, would dare to grant an order of arrest for trespassing before the courts had rendered a decision. The captain would no doubt apply for one; but he might with equal likelihood of success apply for an order to have him beheaded. In these conjectures, as it turned out, Syvert was right. The captain threatened the magistrates in vain: they could not be induced to molest the American.

III.

Ewald was walking up the hills to Fossevang. He had resolved to seek a personal interview in regard to the fishery question. He had no fear of being recognized, and yet his heart beat tumultuously at the thought of standing face to face with his father. He thought for a moment of giving up the whole plot; of saying, as Joseph did, with the proper modification: "I am your son, Ewald." But then the boy in him, with the adventurous spirit, made him cling to the dramatic complication, even though it no longer subserved any special purpose.

It was about six or seven o'clock in the evening. The sun, which at this season of the year keeps a wellnigh perpetual vigil, hung, large and red, a few degrees above the horizon. There was a tremendous blaze of color behind the western mountain-peaks, while those of the east stood cool and bluish-black, cutting their sharp silhouettes against the faintly flushed sky. Something of the strange, glad impressions which in his boyhood had been associated with "the long light nights"—vague glimpses of an eternal, unchangeable fairy-world—returned to Ewald as he strolled along the path between the tall rye and the luxuriant, top-heavy barley. Poppies—mere bright splashes of color—and blue cornflowers gleamed among the yellowing stalks of the grain, and the corn-crake's rasping scream broke like a policeman's rattle through the summer stillness. As he approached the Fossevang mansion Ewald stopped and looked about him. A curious hallucination took possession of him. Olga Reimert, clad in some light summery stuff, and with a parasol over her head, seemed to be floating toward him over the tops of the rye. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. There could be no doubt about it. It was the girl he had seen with his father in the morning! Only she was not moving, but resting quietly on the rye-field; or rather, on the border-line between the rye and the barley. She was looking with a trance-like stare out over the nodding heads of the grain. The late sunshine filtered through her pink parasol and gave a rosy flush to her face. Ewald Nordahl, in all his prairie and gold-mine experience, had never seen anything so beautiful. He stood still and drank in the sight in long, thirsty draughts. He discovered by accident that there ran a low fence between the fields, and that she was sitting on an invisible stile. That removed something of the miraculous in the sight, but did not interfere with the enjoyment. There she sat, raised up above the billowing, silvery-green surface, like a mermaid rocking upon the sea. He found himself presently within the field of her vision, and felt her eyes resting upon him. With the promptness of a frontiersman he shook off his dreamy mood, and lifting his hat, walked up to the stile.

"I came to see Captain Nordahl," he said; "perhaps you could kindly tell me where to find him."

She returned his greeting distantly, and with eyes that expressed neither pleasure nor surprise.

"Captain Nordahl is not at home," she said; "you will find him somewhere in the orchard or in the fields."

"Thanks!"

He lifted his hat once more, and finding no pretext for lingering, betook himself away. He glanced back and saw her beautiful profile against the sunset with a fiery halo around it.

After a quarter of an hour's walk, during which the girl had half displaced the

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captain in his thoughts, he discovered in a sandpit, at the outskirts of the estate, a bent and lonely figure, in which he recognized his father. The old man sat boring his heels into the sand, as if to give vent to a desperate energy. Now he half rose up, then sank down again, muttering to himself, and pressing one clinched hand into the hollow of the other. Once or twice he groaned aloud, clasped his head between his palms, and pressed it as if he would squeeze it to pieces. Then he sat for a long while motionless, resting his elbows on his knees, and staring down into the brown sand. At last he arose with a sigh and stalked up the hill-side. Ewald, half stunned and awe-struck by what he had seen, hastened away in the opposite direction.

The next evening he repeated his visit, and found the captain and his niece seated on the balcony, overlooking the wide valley. He introduced himself, apologized for the intrusion, and was received with cool politeness. The captain looked worn and exhausted, but yet defiant; and the young lady made no effort to mitigate, by an extra cordiality on her part, his unconciliatory demeanor.

"I come," said Ewald, after having seated himself in the proffered chair, "to settle the question of dispute between us."

"It can't be settled," growled the captain.

"What's then to be done about it?"

"Law."

"But before your suit can be reached I shall have caught all the fish I want and be back on the other side of the Atlantic."

The old man sent his interlocutor one of his stinging glances, rose, and walked into the house. In a moment he came back and said, with enforced calm:

"If I had been twenty years younger, Mr. Yankee, I should have found the means to stop you without the help of any law."

"Pardon me, I have no right to the title of Yankee," replied Ewald, ignoring the taunt; "in the first place, I am a Westerner, and in the second place, I am of Norse descent. I can speak Norwegian with you quite as well as English."

"I haven't asked you to talk with me at all," retorted the captain, in a somewhat milder tone; "but since you have come you may as well unload your cargo and be done with it."

"I wish to be fair to both parties," began Ewald; "I will rent, at your own price, the lower rapids, which, I understand, belong to you without dispute; and you may, if you like, charge me enough to compensate you for your claim in the upper rapids, in which I am now fishing."

The old man sat pondering awhile with his head resting in his hands; then he glanced up suddenly and looked the American square in the face. The magnanimity of his offer made it seem almost incredible; yet he could not afford to make peace on too easy terms. His self-respect demanded a little mock quarrelling. "So you think it is the pennies I am after," he said, gruffly; "I had just as lief make you a present of the money; but I won't sell my right."

He took again a turn on the floor, and his loudly creaking boots made even his silence defiant. Ewald followed him admiringly with his eyes, and his heart was filled with love and pity. How should he now manage to throw off his disguise? Every hour that passed spun a net of duplicity about him which became harder and harder to break through. He began to talk about commonplace things with Olga, upon whom he felt that he had made a favorable impression. She asked him about America, which she had been accustomed to view through Bret Harte's haze of oaths, whiskey fumes, and pistol smoke. She was frankly astonished at everything he told her, and particularly at his patriotism. She had never imagined that anybody could have any sentiment for a mere geographical definition, she said.

"What is America," she ejaculated, "but the rag-bag of the Old World, into which Europe stuffs all the pieces that are worn out or won't fit in her own social fabric; or, I should rather say, a lumber-room, where all sorts of human trumpery which the Old World would not know what to do with is loosely scattered over an enormous tract

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of land, where each can be as insane as he chooses without troubling the others."

He took up the gauntlet, of course, for the country of his adoption, and an animated dispute followed. He touched incidentally upon his varied experience as a cow-boy, a cattle-owner, a miner, and a land speculator, and filled her fancy with pictures which fascinated by their very strangeness. Here was a man who spoke of his experience in the lowliest positions without a shadow either of shame or of ostentation; who by the labor of his hands and his brain had accumulated a fortune and gained an insight into life in its most varied phases. There was a healthy, out-of-door atmosphere about his whole personality—his energetic, sunburnt face, his straightforward manners, and his unstudied talk. She had never met such a man before, and being a girl, could not well avoid making this one a hero. But what was of much more consequence to him, he perceived in his father's demeanor a slight relenting—a growling consent, at least, to cease hostilities. Olga, too, made the same discovery, and was emboldened, when the American rose to take his leave, to invite him to stay to tea. There was nothing unusual in this in a country where a man is scarcely ever permitted to leave a house, even if he has come only on business, without having partaken of something to eat or drink. By a little manœuvring the captain was induced to relate, at table, one of his own American adventures, the moral of which was that Americans, as a rule, were a rascally lot. Here he was promptly taken up by his guest, who insisted that there was not a large seaport in the world where similar experiences were not to be had by anybody who went in search of them. The captain stood by his guns bravely, and the American did the same; and when the bombardment came to an end, over the coffee and pipes, each imagined that there was nothing left of the other except his admirable pugnacity. Olga had the wisdom to remain neutral, though her sympathies were plainly with the guest. What interested her, however, far more than the question at issue, was her uncle's animation. She concluded that what he needed was contact with men rather than the care of women; and she welcomed the American as an ally in restoring him to cheerfulness and equanimity.

And yet, as the evening progressed she noticed something feverish and untamable in his outbursts of mirth which caused her anxiety. He shook his great hirsute head and laughed until the house shook; but there was no mirthful ring in his laughter. Sometimes he fixed a helpless, devouring stare upon the American's face, then sought shelter behind a great cloud of smoke which he blew out like a spouting whale. Ewald began to feel uneasy. There was a struggling recognition in that glance, or rather a dawning doubt—a hungry desire, a hope against hope.

"There is something in your face which remotely recalls my son Ewald," that glance seemed to say; "but of course it is an accident—my uneasy conscience conjures up his image to me in every strange face I see."

The scene of the night before returned to Ewald with terrible vividness. Could it be possible that his father, after the lapse of fifteen years, mourned him with so acute and overwhelming a sorrow? Was it not rather the wrong he had done him that tormented him? Was it not the still, small voice of conscience whispering through the vigils of the night? Whatever it was, he meant to come to his rescue—and to do it soon.

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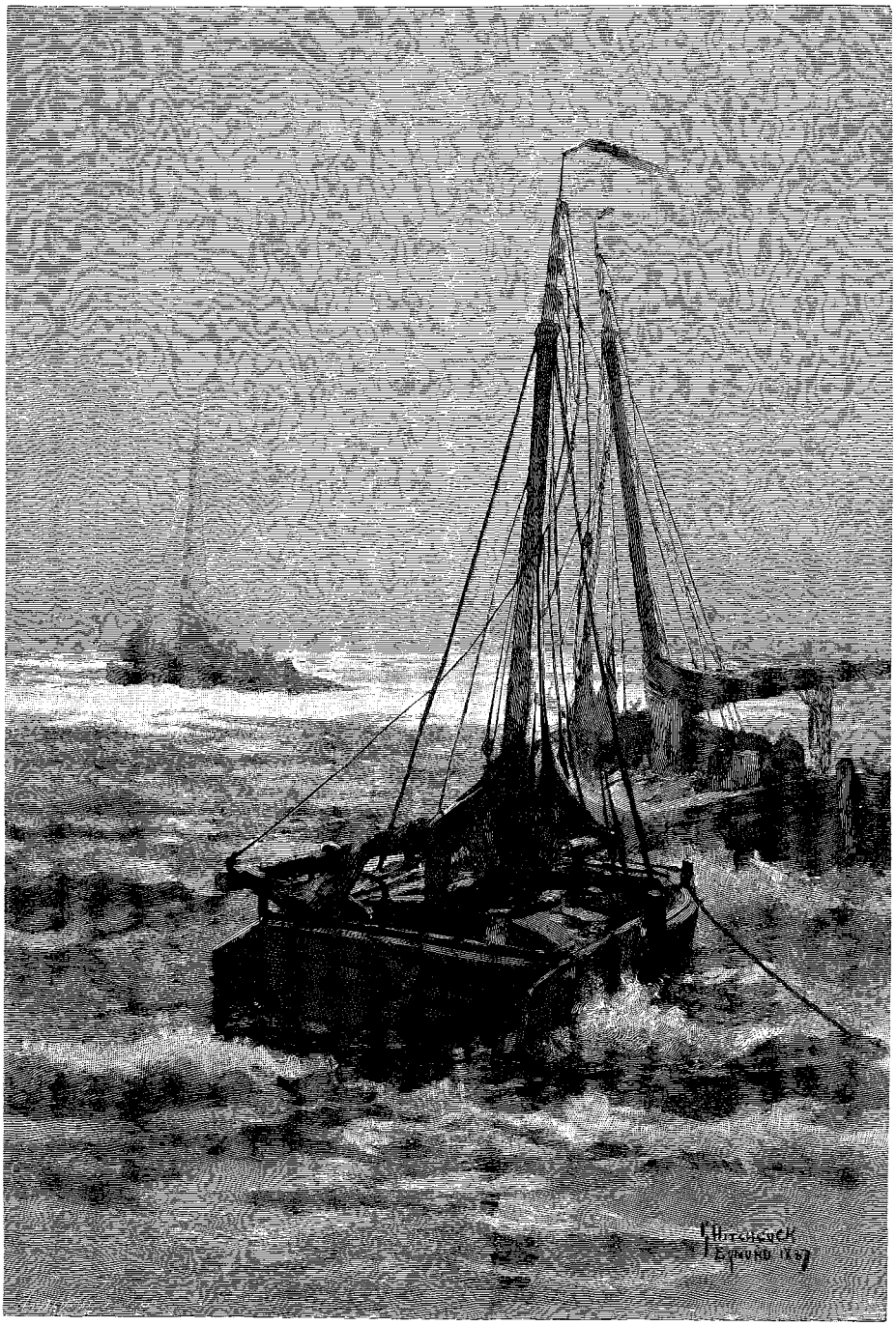

DUTCH FISHING-BOATS AT ANCHOR IN THE SURF—AFTERNOON.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

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